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September 25, 1937

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Collier's

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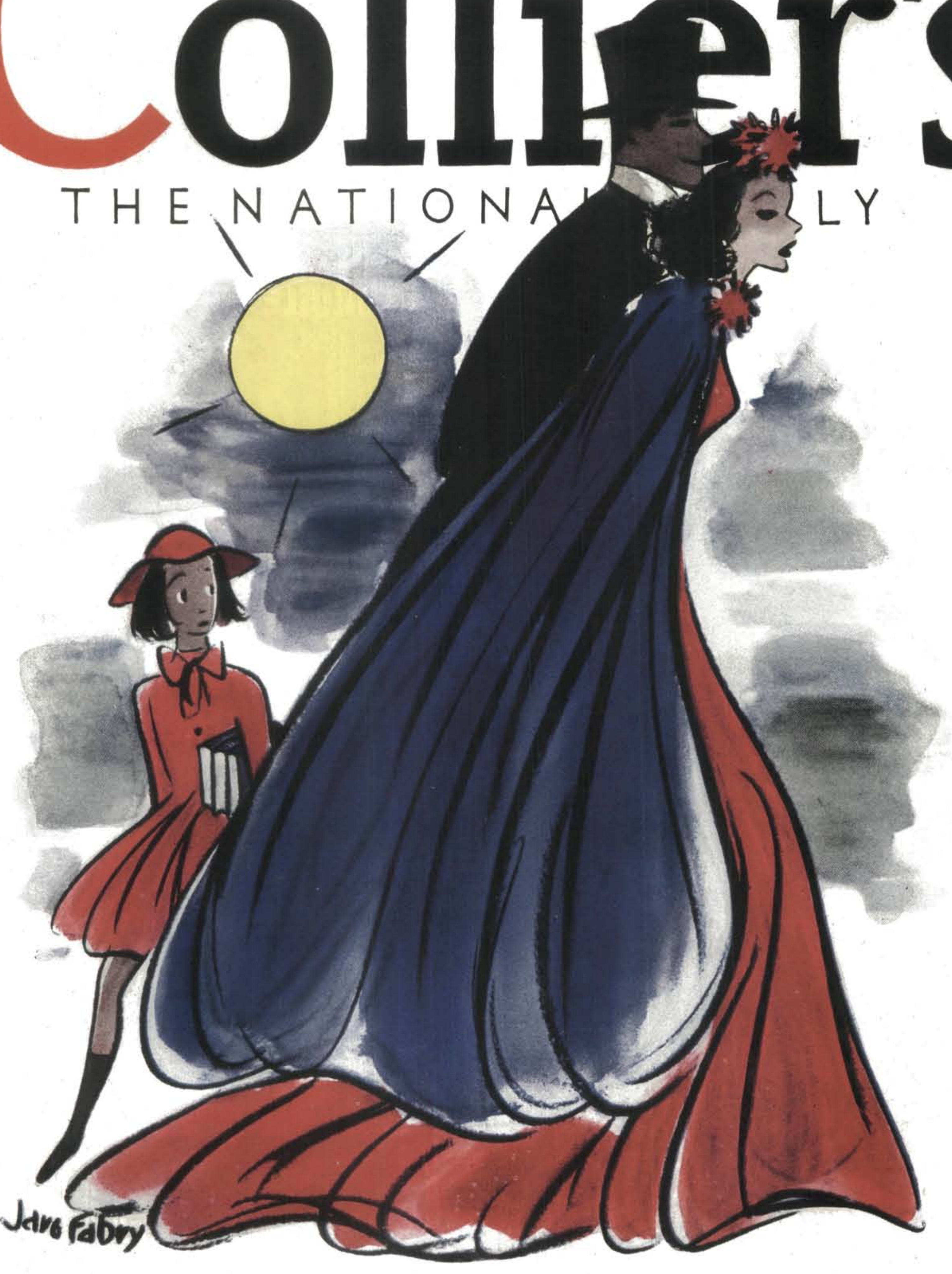

SUNDOWN JIM A NEW NOVEL **BY ERNES**

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Sept. 25, 1937

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
INTRODUCES CLOTHING

Styled f
the Stars

...PRICED FOR YOU!

See **HENRY FONDA** *wear this smart*
SAVILE LOUNGE MODEL *of*

*Triple Test Worsted**

in his new Walter Wanger production

"I MET MY LOVE AGAIN"

Don't miss "I Met My Love Again" when it comes to your town. And particularly—don't miss the clothes Henry Fonda wears.

For the good-looking Savile Lounge suit that you'll see him in was designed and tailored for him of smart, sturdy, Triple Test Worsted by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

While clothes like Henry Fonda wears are "styled for the stars," *they're priced for you*—cost no more than ordinary clothes.

"I Met My Love Again" is playing now, or will soon be released, at your local theater. See it! Then step into the store in your town featuring Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes and see how well this trim, new style looks on you.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR

A 50TH ANNIVERSARY
1887 1937
VALUE

...A BIG THING TO FIND

** Triple Test Worsteds are tested three times: once for quality, once for style, and once for value.*

Pathetically Childish in her Dental Beliefs

—thousands of intelligent adults neglect their gums

Modern dental knowledge calls for massage to help keep your gums in health

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"... Guard against becoming a "Dental Cripple"... Change to IPANA and Massage Today

MERE CHILDREN—many who are not yet up to "long division"—know more about modern dental health hygiene than their own parents. For, thanks to classroom drills in gum massage, they are better informed than thousands of grown-ups—*intelligent adults*—who have yet to learn that the *care of the gums* is just as important as the proper care of the teeth.

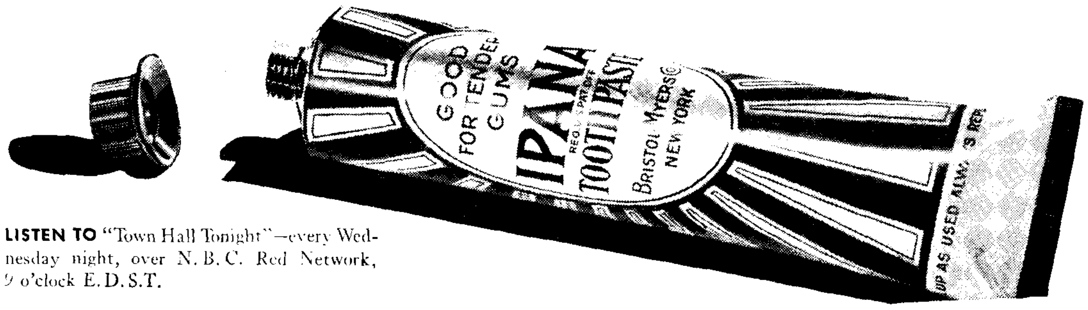
Gum massage is encouraged by thousands of dentists — taught in many schools — practised widely in American homes *because:*

- Our modern menus are often a menace to our gums. Soft foods—foods that are creamy, well-cooked—deprive them of stimulation, allow them to become tender. Gums grow lazy, weak and flabby. And very often that tinge of "pink" appears—a warning you dare not ignore.

The very first time your tooth brush shows "pink"—*see your dentist.* While it may not mean that there is serious dental trouble in the offing, your dentist is the only one to decide. Often, however, his verdict will be "gums that have suffered from neglect"—"gums that need hard work, more exercise"—and as many dentists advise —"gums that usually respond quickly to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth—it's the dentist's able assistant in the home. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation in the gum tissues is improved. Gums become firmer, stronger—teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Start the Ipana and massage dental health routine, today—help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile *winning*, attractive!



LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock E. D. S. T.

IPANA
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Collier's

September 25, 1937

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
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Associate Editors

Next Week

RUFE LANDERS grew up in Putnam County, New York. He grew along the general lines of a Percheron, although, his father used to say, a sight harder to hitch. Just the same, when the winter of '64 found him staring across the Rapidan at Lee's army, Rufe was cold and lonely. He missed the buxom lasses and the country dances.

It was then that he met Cass. Cass was a Reb, but he promised to take Rufe to a dance. In "Swing Your Partner," Clifford Dowdey describes the swift flowering of romance behind the enemy lines.

"THE only thing certain about the next war is that it will begin on a Saturday." That's what they say in Vienna, where the rumors of war are thickest. It's a joke, but a joke based on fear and bewilderment, as the clatter of arms and the roar of planes grow louder and tension tightens over Europe. If the break comes, what chance have we to stay clear? Winston Churchill discusses that question in a brilliant and important article.

BLANCHE was a competent waitress at a truck-drivers' pie wagon. That means that she was postmistress, matchmaker, doctor, lawyer and mother confessor to the tribe that rides the highroads. But the big fellow who drove "The Arkansas Traveler" and got sore if you called him Pink was something new in her experience. Their midnight adventure is told by James H. Street.

THIS is the time to start thinking about the flowers that bloom in the spring. There'll be some new ones in your garden, for American bulb growers have been experimenting again and have turned up with some very gaudy results. Not long ago all the really fine bulbs came from Europe; now, if you want the best, go to California. "It Beats the Dutch," says Frank J. Taylor, and proves his point.

SAM REED was as nice a youngster as you could wish to see and threw the fastest ball in the big league. Verna, his wife, was a darling. But they had a child. Sam's contract stipulated that his family should travel with him. In "Little Lovey," Frank Condon shows you what one small boy can do to a ball club.

FREDERICK NEBEL, Quentin Reynolds, Thomas Rourke, Frank Buck, Ernest Haycox, George Creel, Agatha Christie, Katharine Roberts and others complete the issue for your enjoyment.

This Week

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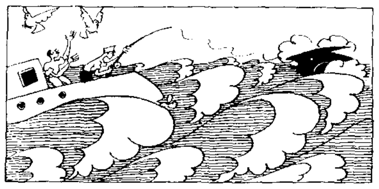
COVER JARO FABRY

Any Week

MR. JOE PARKER, JR., of Manasquan, New Jersey, works seven days a week. His principal objection is that there are but seven days. He is fifteen years old and is owner of the Parker Pigeongram Company. A great many private fishing expeditions put out from that stretch of the New Jersey shore. By brilliant and persistent salesmanship Mr. Parker, Jr., has convinced all skippers that fifty miles off shore, the playground of the tuna and other big game fish, is much, much too far to go without taking a pair of homing pigeons along. Suppose the wireless equipment went gaga with peril impending? Or if you wanted to notify the world that you'd boated a two-ton marlin? So young Mr. Parker has fifty carrier pigeons which he rents out at fifty cents apiece for just such emergencies. Business is splendid. In the winter he takes his pigeons to Florida. Next year he will have a hundred and fifty of them. He seems to be going places.

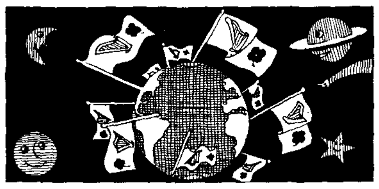


MR. STANLEY KORPAN of Worcester, Massachusetts, is "an analytical student of comparative Russian history although not pedantic." He finds "congenial intellectual relationship between Czar Ivan the Terrible and the current autocrat of all the Russias." Says Mr. Korpan: "Nothing irritated Ivan more than to be notified by his ministers that all was serene within the empire. . . . I can visualize Joseph Stalin today growing similarly suspicious of those aides who tell him, upon his arrival at his Kremlin office, that there are no generals nor commissars to liquidate that morning. That makes it somewhat imperative to liquidate the bearers of such reassuring tidings on the theory that they are traitorously withholding the true facts."

IT ISN'T profitable to be too cheerful. A friend of ours reports that his father is one of those who are to decide upon the new minister for their church. Thus far Father isn't satisfied with any of the trial preachers sent to them. Father says they are too light-minded. "Six days a week," said our friend's father, "I get a headache trying to keep cheerful about business and the government. I don't want to be pestered with happiness on my day off."

IN THE meantime we've displeased Mr. W. W. Williams of Vancouver, British Columbia, by printing in these conservative columns a letter from a gentleman who told us that Canadians were not pleased when called Britishers. "Please be advised," says Mr. Williams, "that you are completely incorrect. The nationality of your correspondent should be Polish. I am a Canadian Britisher like several million others, and all of us are proud of it."

NOW all we have to do is wait for several indignant letters from Polish ladies and gentlemen. As indignant, perhaps, as one we've just received from Miss M. Gallon of Boston, Massachusetts. Somewhere in this courageous magazine Miss Gallon read (or says that she read) "a slap in the face for the great land which gave America her finest politicians, actors, café owners and mothers—Ireland. But mark my word," goes on Miss Gallon, "the day will come when Ireland will conquer England, America and all the rest of the ungrateful whelps of nations. Shame on you, you pup of England."



QUITE confidentially we think that Miss Gallon has the wrong magazine. Only the other day we suggested to one of our numerous superiors in these offices that we hadn't said anything about Ireland for a long while and didn't he think it was about time? But maybe we'd better let matters go on as they have been. No matter what we'd do, we'd probably have trouble with Mrs. H. R. Nunnamaker of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. "I have read your magazine for fifteen years and have not found one thing in it that can be called the truth. I will read it no more until there is something in it I like."

THE line of eager citizens awaiting fresh issues of this magazine forms on the left and is constantly growing. Frankly, it threatens to get completely out of hand. So Mrs. Nunnamaker's place will be taken by Mrs. M. MacArthur of Napier, New Zealand. Mrs. MacArthur writes: "I should be very grateful if you would send me a specimen copy of your journal."

SORRY, Mrs. Nunnamaker, sorry.

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A MILLION PEOPLE LIVE IN TELEPHONE CITY

775,000 SECURITY OWNERS

Only five cities in the United States have populations exceeding the number of security holders and employees of the Bell System. There is one security holder for every 165 people in this country.

More than half are women. No individual or organization owns as much as 1% of the stock of the A. T. & T.

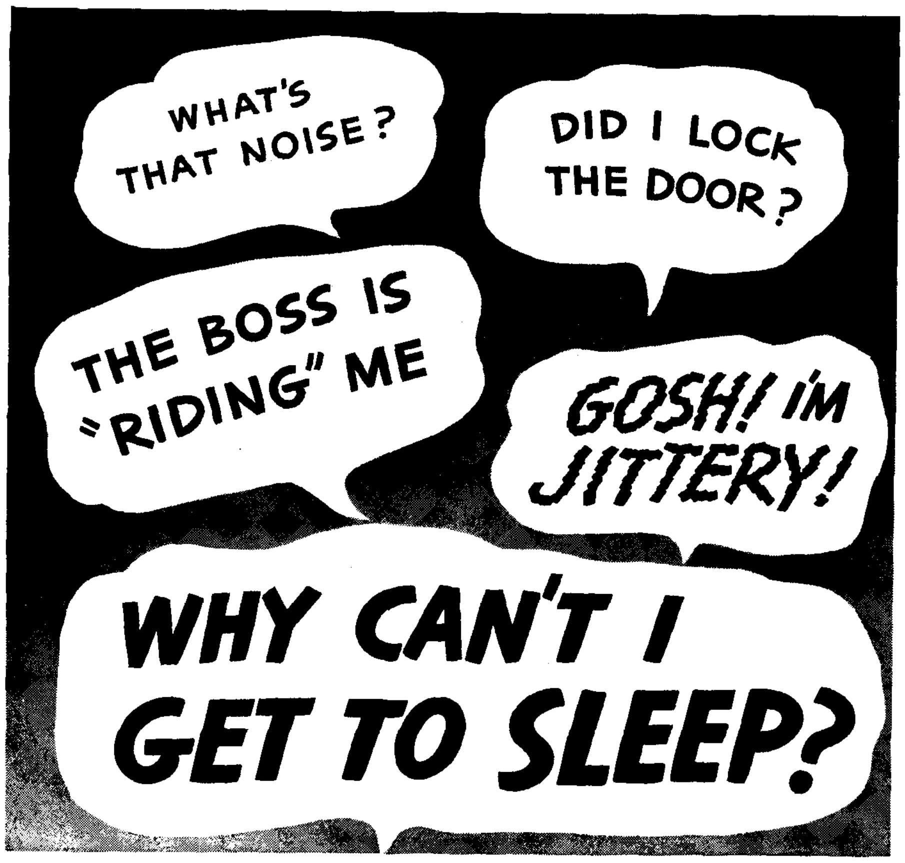
315,000 EMPLOYEES

Anywhere you go in this country you will find an owner of Bell System securities or a Bell telephone employee. The average length of service of Bell System employees is more than ten years.

Nearly a third of the 315,000 employees own Bell System securities.

A fair deal for the public, the employee, and the men and women who have put their money in the industry is just good business

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES


WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
DID I LOCK THE DOOR?
THE BOSS IS "RIDING" ME
GOSH! I'M JITTERY!
WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP?

If *you* can't get to sleep at night, *here's news:*—

THERE IS NOTHING like the dread of sleepless nights!

There is nothing like the fear of not being able to *get* to sleep—of lying awake half the night, tossing and turning, living the day over again . . . and then of waking up after a few hours' restless slumber, perhaps . . .

If *you* are suffering such nights you deserve sympathy. But, far better than sympathy is this news:—

Thousands of people say that they get to sleep quickly, and sleep the whole night through—simply by taking a cup of hot Ovaltine at bedtime! . . .

Just what is *Ovaltine?*

Ovaltine, the Swiss food-drink,* is used in 57 countries. It is approved by doctors. It not only promotes *quicker* sleep, it helps to give you sleep of better *quality*.

Its action is explained in this way:—

1. It tends to draw blood from the brain to the stomach. This helps to "compose" the mind for sleep.

2. It gives the stomach a light digestive job to do. This relieves that "hollow," restless feeling which so often keeps people awake.

As a result, that feeling of inner tenseness which bothers so many people, is lessened. There is greater *relaxation!*

And the result of *this* is usually a much sounder night's slumber and greater "next-day" energy.

Why not try it yourself?

If you do not get to sleep at night easily—if you toss and turn and awake before the night is over—why not try Ovaltine and see what it will do for you?

Remember that Ovaltine is not a drug, in any sense of the word. Not a narcotic. It is a food, as pure as any food which you may know.

Ovaltine promotes *natural* sleep, the kind that's absolutely necessary to abundant energy. The kind that contributes to a full enjoyment of life.

That's the kind of sleep *you* want, isn't it? Then try Ovaltine. *See* if it won't help you get to sleep quicker—sleep better—and feel like a new man next day.

Just get a can at your grocery or drugstore. Mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls into a cup of hot milk. Drink it as a "nightcap." Tonight.

WHAT GREATER BLESSING is there than a good night's slumber? It wipes the day's cares away, renews your strength and energy. Are you enjoying a good, restful night's sleep every night?

*Now made in U. S. A.

What They Say

Here are two testimonials, typical of many more . . .

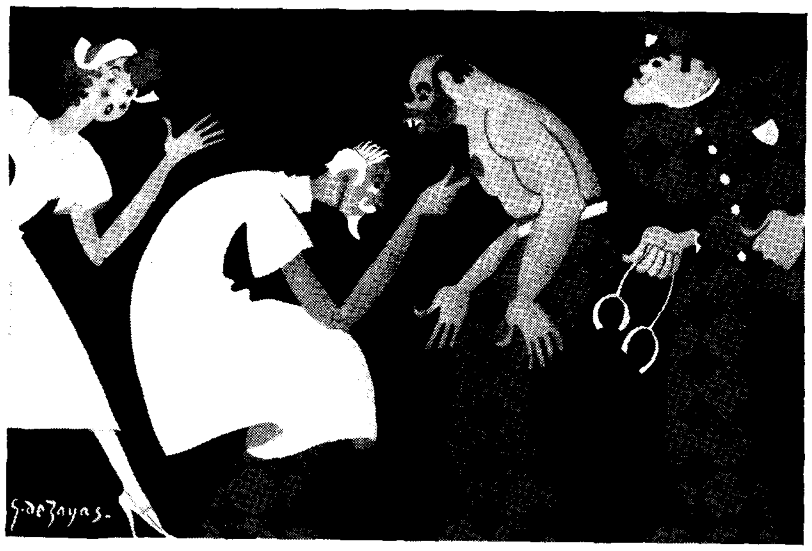
1. MRS. A. WATSON, *of Hubbell, Nebr., says,* "For four months I had not slept an entire night. I would wake up at 3 o'clock in the morning and would not be able to go back to sleep again. A sister in Lincoln recommended Ovaltine . . . It has not failed me one night. Ovaltine has removed the terror of sleepless nights for me."

2. MR. B. L. H. WILSON, *Pittsburgh, says,* "I'm a clerk in the County Commissioner's office. When bedtime came, I often found it impossible to sleep . . . Since using Ovaltine I sleep well . . ."

OVALTINE

promotes sound, natural SLEEP

Copr. 1937, The Wander Co.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The only known case in which a criminal was identified by his heart occurred a short time ago in New York. After the fellow had been examined by a heart specialist, he assaulted and robbed the physician. Later, the doctor identified the suspect by the peculiar throb of his heart.

According to a scientific study, about 75 per cent of the dirt which accumulates on a window over a long period of time is on the inside of the glass.—*By Merrell A. Wood, Jr., Lakewood, Ohio.*

By some irony of fate, London's former Bethlehem Hospital, or "Bedlam," the once famous lunatic asylum, now is occupied by the Imperial War Museum, filled with the relics of an insane world.

One of the greatest controversies in Boston's history occurred in May, 1854, when Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave from Virginia, was arrested there by a Southern sheriff. The anti-slavery leaders protested hotly against the return of the man to his owner, but without success. On the day the colored slave was taken away, the city was draped in black, as though in mourning for a national hero.

Parisians consider the number 13 so unlucky that they rarely, if ever, use it as a street address.—*By Paul E. Bloomer, El Toro, California.*

On some of the Melanesian islands off the coast of Australia, anthropologists have found natives using 21 different methods of disposing of their dead.

From earliest times, models of ships have hung in numerous Protestant and Catholic churches in the maritime countries of Europe. One of the most recent of these gifts is a model of the "Mauretania," which was given to the Cathedral of Winchester, England, a short time ago by the Cunard Line.

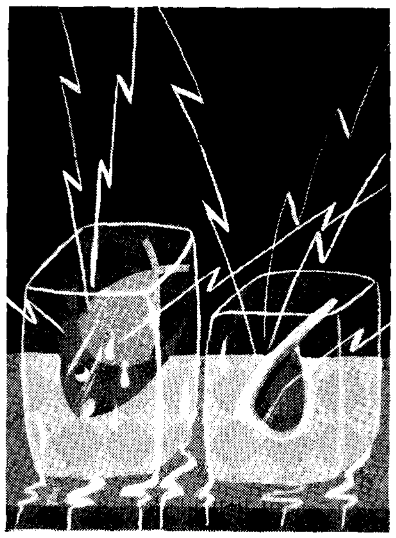
Glass fiber, now woven into a number of insulating materials, is produced at a speed greater than the muzzle velocity of a rifle bullet. —*By Emmett Powers, Akron, Ohio.*

Domestic pigeons are believed to be the only living things among which are found all three kinds of unnatural coloration — albinism (whiteness), melanism (blackness) and erythrism (redness).

The first ceremony in the canonization of a saint is the beatification, which is, in reality, a suit at law. In the Vatican, before a commission of cardinals called the Congregation of Rites, the case is presented by a "postulator" and prosecuted by "the devil's advocate," whose duty is to search for flaws in the documentary evidence.

Not long ago, New York City had a multimillionaire whose investments were so widespread and involved that he could not, by himself, compute his fortune within $100,000,000; a Wall Street broker who, through an odd superstition, always wore long silk stockings; and a politician who, although unable to read or write, was a Commissioner of Records.—*By Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

While incased in blocks of ice, various kinds of food, including fish and large pieces of beef, have been cooked thoroughly by short radio waves.—*By Madeleine Rogull, New York City.*



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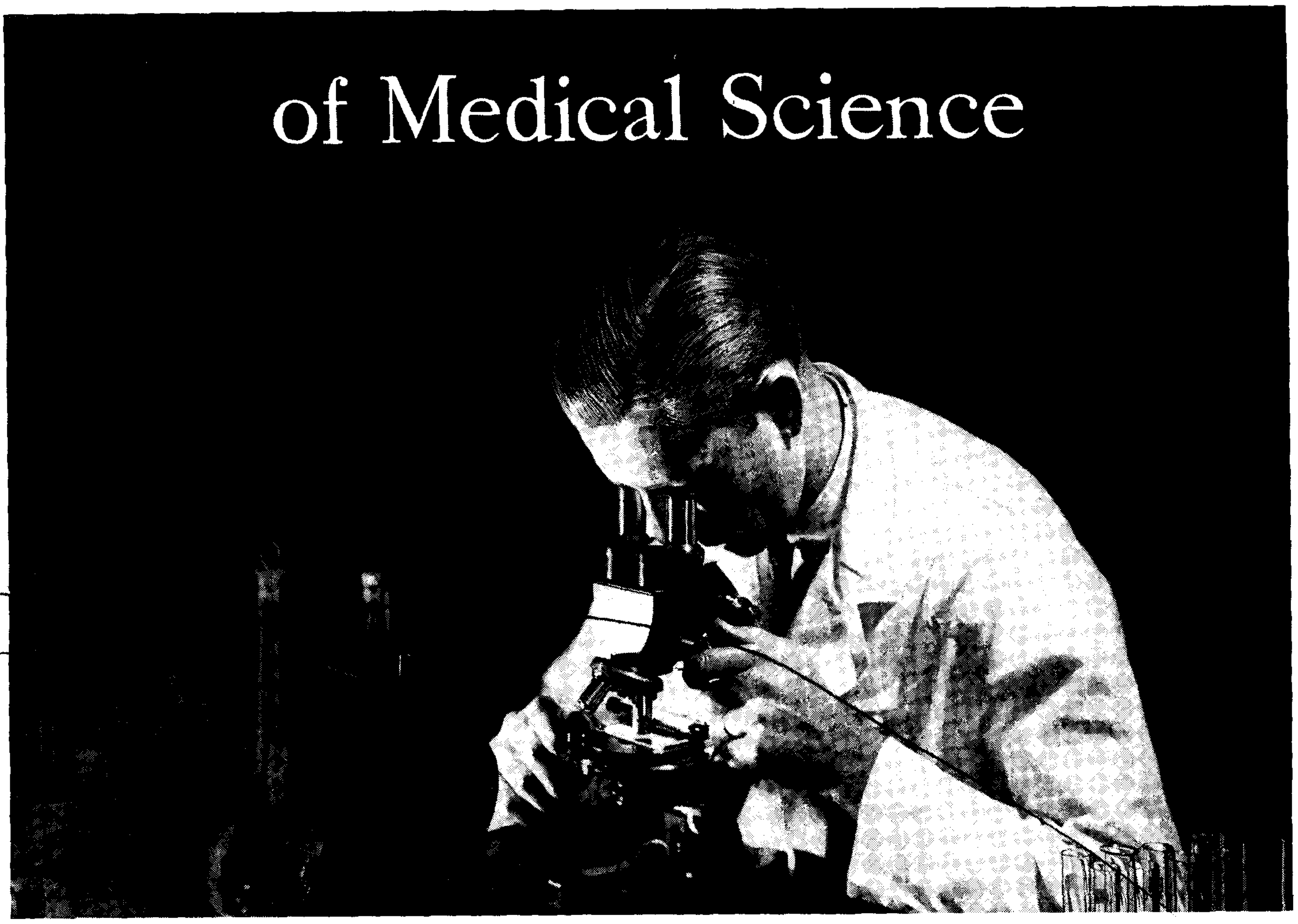
"G-MEN" of Medical Science



MORE lives have been saved by the "G-Men" of medical science than were destroyed by Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, and all the other would-be world conquerors put together. Perhaps you, yourself, are alive and well because Pasteur discovered the nature of germs; Jenner, the vaccine for smallpox; Wright, the preventive for typhoid; von Behring, the means for ending diphtheria.

The determination of these heroes is proverbial. For example, Ehrlich made 605 unsuccessful experiments before he discovered "606"—now used in the treatment of early syphilis.

Many outstanding "G-Men" of medicine have received recognition for their great victories. Many more, unknown and unsung, are giving their lives to exploring, probing, unearthing the secret causes of disease. You hope, with everybody else, that these scientists will discover how to prevent or cure cancer; how to stop the destructive waves of influenza; how to check the early onset of heart disease.

Scientists are already producing effective serums to combat several common types of pneumonia. For the remaining types, they may soon have either effective serums for treatment or a vaccine for prevention. They have made great strides in the fight against tuberculosis. They now treat successfully certain types of blood infection formerly regarded as deadly.

The "G-Men" have shown us how to control diabetes with insulin, and pernicious anemia with liver extract. Today they are perfecting methods to ward off or lessen the severity of whooping cough, scarlet fever, asthma, hay fever, and other diseases which have baffled doctors throughout the centuries.

Largely because of their work, the average length of life of children born in the United States this year is expected to be at least 61 years, although the children born in 1900 could hope for about 49 years and those born a century ago, considerably less. Thanks to the "G-Men" of medical science, you live in an age when more has been done to protect human life from disease than ever before, and you dwell in a community which may profit from their tireless research. You can prove your gratitude by warmly cooperating with health officials, physicians, civic organizations and hospitals that bring these great discoveries to you and your neighbors.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free, "Health Heroes" booklets which I have checked:

☐ "Louis Pasteur" ☐ "Edward Jenner" ☐ "Robert Koch"
☐ "Walter Reed" ☐ "Edward Livingston Trudeau"

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THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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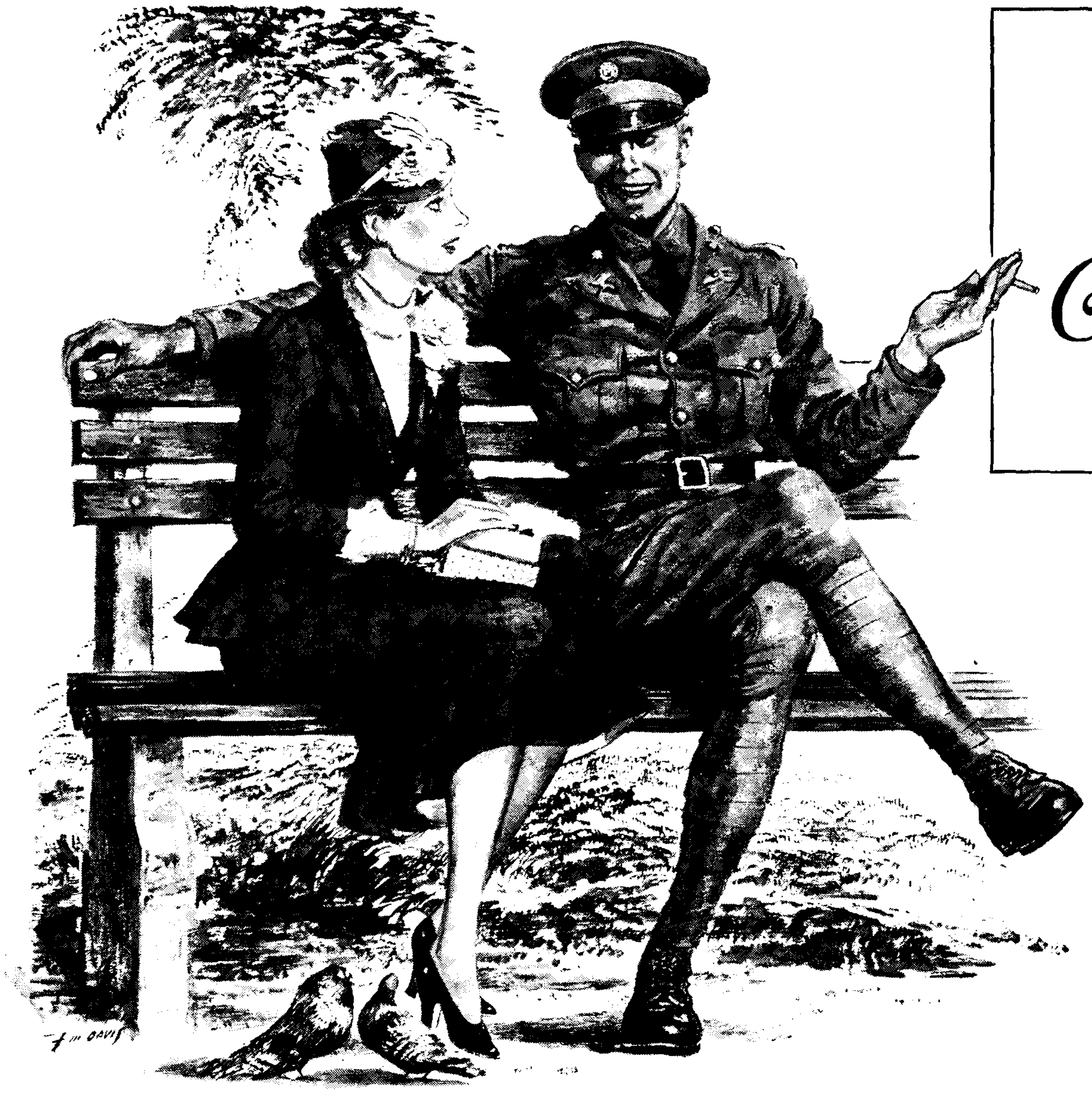
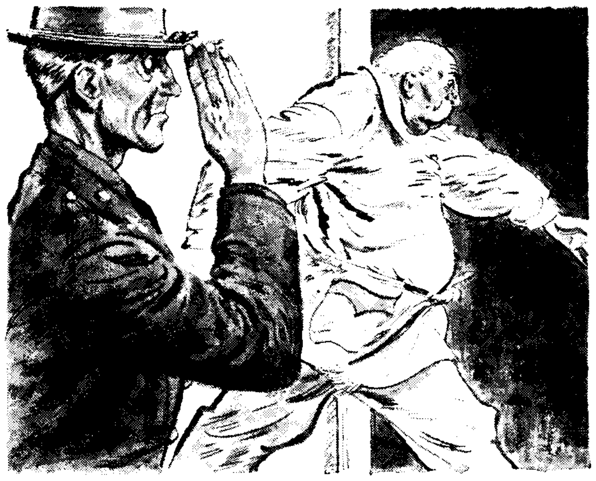
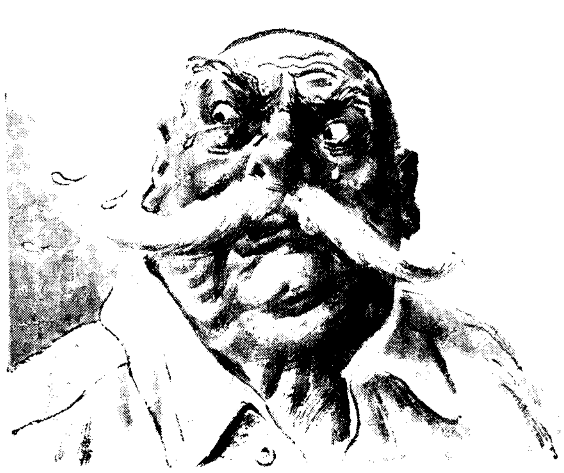


The General Cried at Dawn

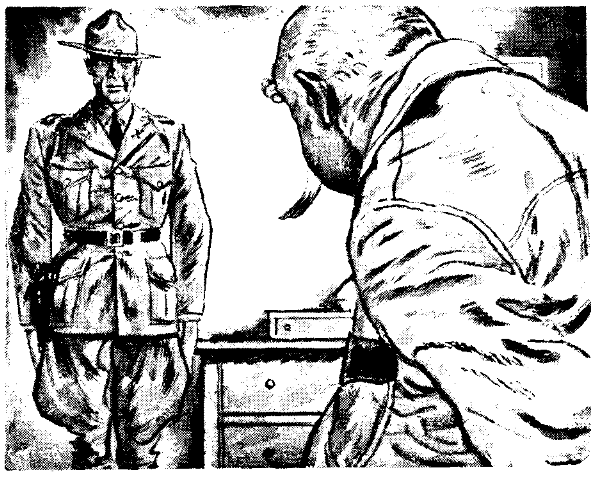
1. I'm assigned to Old Flintface for orderly duty, see—and I say to myself why did I ever leave home and mother? You know what a tough baby he is to work for.



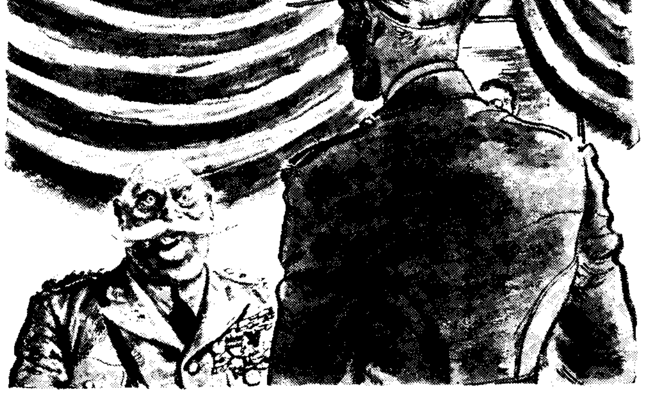
2. The first morning I report to his quarters at the crack of dawn, and find him in his pajamas, tramping up and down like a guard detail—the air blue with his language.



3. You won't believe it, but he has tears in his eyes. "Dash it!" he says, "I haven't slept a wink. And I can't stay away from coffee—the stuff that keeps me awake!"



4. "Sir," I say, clicking my heels and looking straight ahead, "Why don't you try Sanka Coffee? It can't keep you awake because the caffein's been taken out of it."



5. A week later the General calls me in. "Sullivan," he says, "that Sanka Coffee lets me sleep like an Eskimo—and it's as fine a brew as I ever tasted. You're a smart soldier," he says, "And I'll see that you get a corporal's stripes!"

"ATTEN-*SHUN!* HERE'S WHY SANKA HAS AN ARMY OF FRIENDS!"

If you belong to the sorrowful regiment that must choose between good coffee and sound sleep—switch to Sanka Coffee, today, and have both.

Sanka Coffee is real coffee—supremely delicious coffee—rich, fragrant, and soul-satisfying. And, since 97% of its caffein is taken out, you can drink Sanka Coffee till the bugle blows "taps" without being kept awake until "reveille."

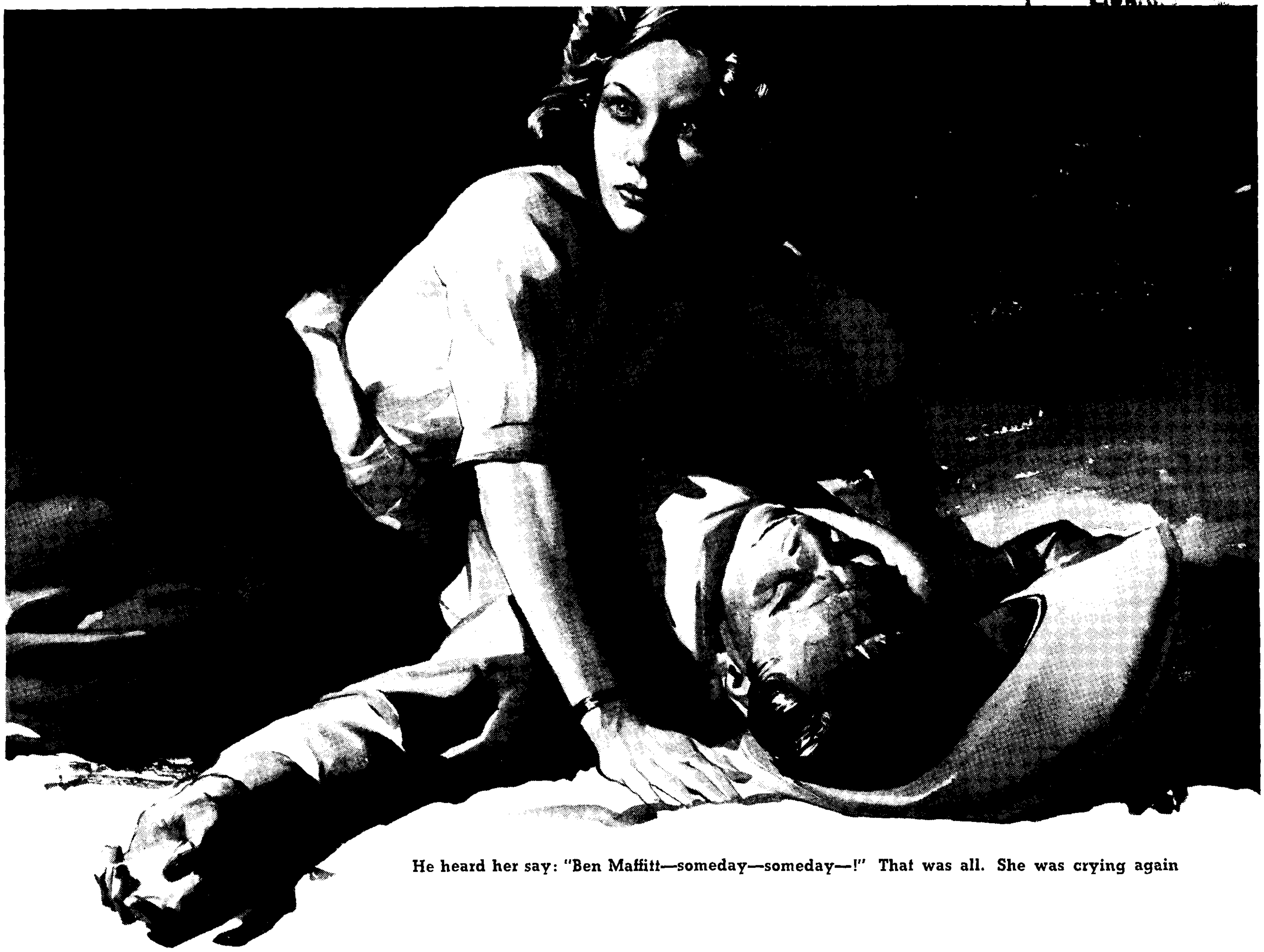
Make Sanka Coffee strong, the way all good coffee should be. Use a heaping tablespoonful for each cup, as much as the spoon will hold. If you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. It is a General Foods Product.

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP



He heard her say: "Ben Maffitt—someday—someday—!" That was all. She was crying again

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

Beginning the adventures of a man who had cold nerve—and needed it. A fascinating story of love and adventure in the cattle country's trigger-finger days

WIND and rain and summer's sun had turned the log stage station a silver-gray. Coming up to the summit of Ute Pass, Jim Majors saw how small the station was against the massive background of rock and pine which, rising tier on tier, faded into the faraway snow fields of the peak country. This was noon, with an overhead sun warming part of the small meadow, yet even then shadows from the surrounding cliffs crept toward the station, grayly staining the earth. Majors watered his sorrel gelding and went into the station for a meal, loitering over it because he had been a-saddle since five o'clock that morning. When he came out a man was crouched on his boot heels against the house's sunny side.

Nothing had changed in scene except the appearance of that man, yet this was change enough. Jim Majors' life had run through hard and dangerous channels and in him was a whetted sensitivity to the call of the wind, the breath of smoke in still air, the dim prints on dusty trails—and to the obscure shifts of men. And this was like a shouted warning.

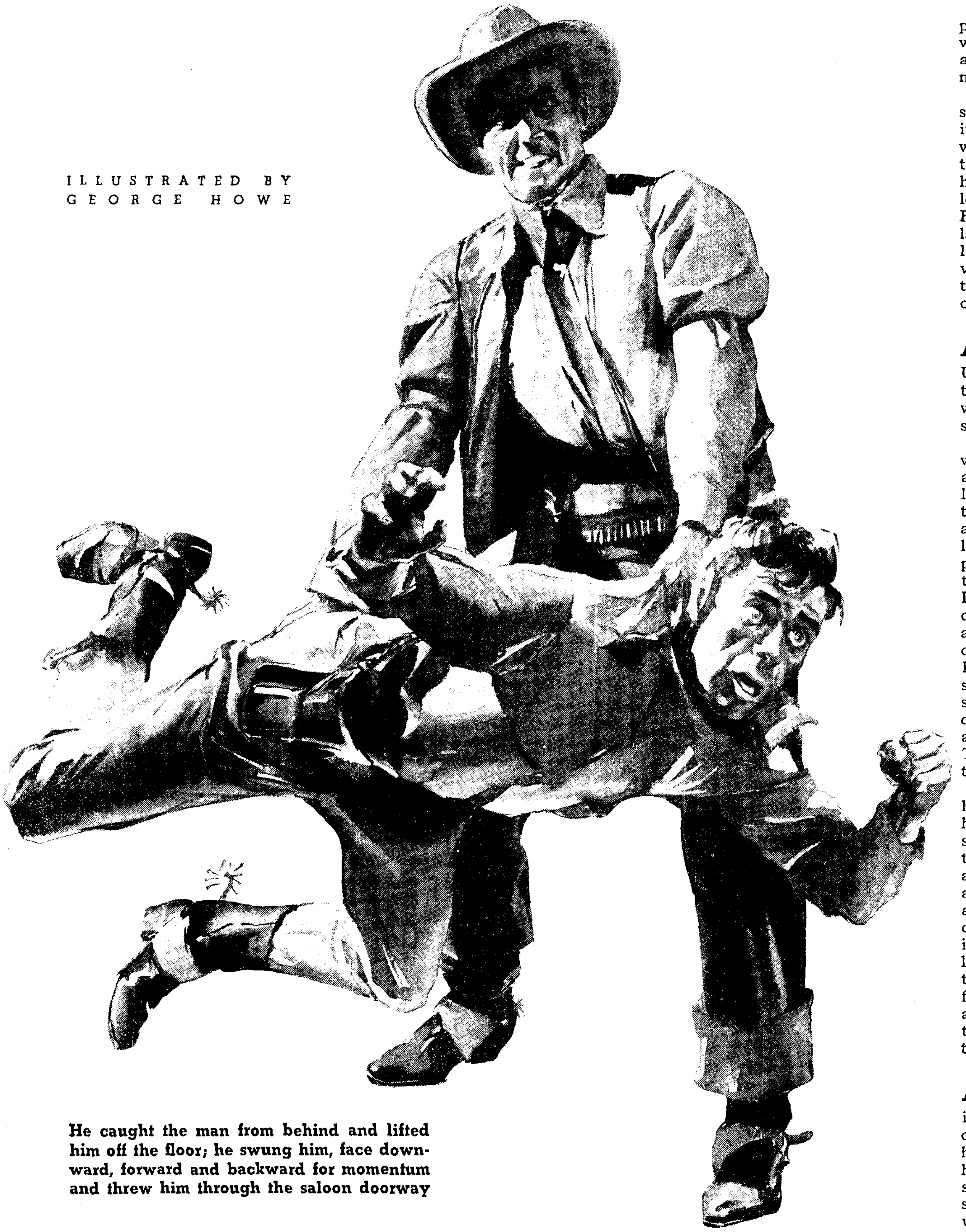
He passed the man and climbed into the saddle and rested that way while he rolled and lighted a cigarette, his glance turned eastward. But he wasn't sure and he wanted to know and he had a trick that he had used before in situations like this. One moment he was wholly idle, with his back to the station; the next moment he wheeled his horse swiftly and caught the man completely off guard. The fellow was a small, nondescript shape against the wall, but his eyes were wide and cool in the way they absorbed the details of Majors' appearance—from the black edges of his hair to the stars stitched into the sides of his boots. Majors showed the man a smile that was tough and long-lipped and narrow, and watched the other one's lids drop and shut out interest; whereupon he rode away.

THE pass meadow hung narrowly between the long rise from the west and the swift fall of the canyon on the east. Back of him—and he chose to look around to see this—was a last view of the far desert out of which he had traveled; before him the road descended into a sunless gorge and turned about a huge rock wall. When he arrived at that turn he looked back again, to observe that the little fellow was on his horse and riding toward a steep side trail into the timber. Majors realized that the news of his approach to Reservation would precede him.

The stage road was a ledge hewn from the vertical face of this dark, damp cliff which reared higher toward the sky as he descended. Now and then it widened to permit the passage of wagons and quickly narrowed again. A mile from the stage station Ute Fork River came out of the northern heights and fell with crystal glitter into the deepening canyon bed. Mist hung here like rain, wetting his clothes; afterward he wound with the sharp loops of the road, the cliff to one side and the white-laced river rapids on the other. Down this narrow gateway he traveled, seeing the print of wheel and shod hoof in the soft dirt beneath, and at last, around the middle of the afternoon, the road fell out of the canyon, left the river's course and struck through a rugged, rolling country solidly covered with pines.

He had shown no particular interest through the canyon, but now his gray eyes searched pines carefully and his ears caught all the stray sounds that ran the drowsy, warm quiet of late Indian summer. There was this vigilance about him, even though he sat on the sorrel gelding with a loose-muscled slackness

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE



He caught the man from behind and lifted him off the floor; he swung him, face downward, forward and backward for momentum and threw him through the saloon doorway

and even though his long lips held a remote smile. He was an inch over six feet and didn't show the bulkiness of his two hundred pounds. It was a distributed weight, lying in the muscles of his chest and upper arms, on the broad flats of his shoulders, in the girth of his legs. He had big bones. His fingers were long and blunt at the ends with a tuft of black hair behind each knuckle joint. His face was broad, its features boldly spaced and faintly irregular; the bridge of his nose showed a small break and on his right temple lay the pale track of some old cut. These were the scars that Jim Majors, at twenty-five, had to show for his life. These scars, and the quickness of his eyes, and that remote and angular smiling. Behind such surface signs was a toughness the years had beaten into him. Behind these signs also were his weaknesses.

The dust-yellow road ran straight between the close-ranked trees and an overhead sun baked up a rank, resinous smell. Cowbirds whirled in a swift dark cloud out of the trees to the left of the road. Majors' shape held its indifference in the saddle, but his glance ran over there, gray and sharp, and it was no surprise to him when a man trotted out of the trees into the road, a hundred yards ahead.

IT WAS something out of a book whose pages he had learned by heart, by disaster and by sweat. The man looked around casually — too casually — and reined down until Majors came abreast; and rode beside him. He was red-haired, his skin ruddy and freckled; and he was young enough to show the glint of laughter in his eyes. His glance touched Majors, its sharpness only half concealed.

"Tobacco?"

Jim Majors fetched out his tobacco sack and passed it over. The other rider let his reins sag on the saddle horn and rolled up a smoke, his teeth making a white flash when he licked the cigarette together. He cupped a match between his palms and bent a little, a net of crow-track wrinkles springing around his eye corners. The edges of his hair were raw-red in the sunlight. He had the huge fists of a good rope hand. In those few moments Majors knew the redhead had gathered all the information that was to be seen.

"Fine weather."

"Yeah."

"Stage is late today, ain't it?"

Majors said: "Didn't pass any."

The other said, "Thanks for the tobacco," and gave him the first direct glance. "My name is Brand. Brick Brand."

Majors drawled: "I didn't ask."

Brick Brand's eyes showed a more ironic amusement. "All right," he said, and cut quickly out of the road, calling back, "Thanks for the tobacco."

Majors watched him fade into the pines, disappearing toward a country which rose and seemed to break into a yonder tangle of gulch and draw. He murmured, "Number Two."

Meanwhile the road maintained its steady descent until late in the afternoon it led him to the brow of the foothills, wherefrom he saw a narrow valley turned amber and blue by sunlight's last hazy glow. Low ridges hemmed the valley on either side and a river—the Ute Fork—made a glittering, willow-fringed lane down its middle; ten miles away a line of bluffs rose apparently to box in valley and river alike. Below him a thousand feet he could see the housetops of Reservation.

AT DUSK he left the last hairpin turn of the road, crossed a branch of the Ute Fork by a covered bridge that ran the footfalls of his horse hollowly forward, and entered Reservation's main street.

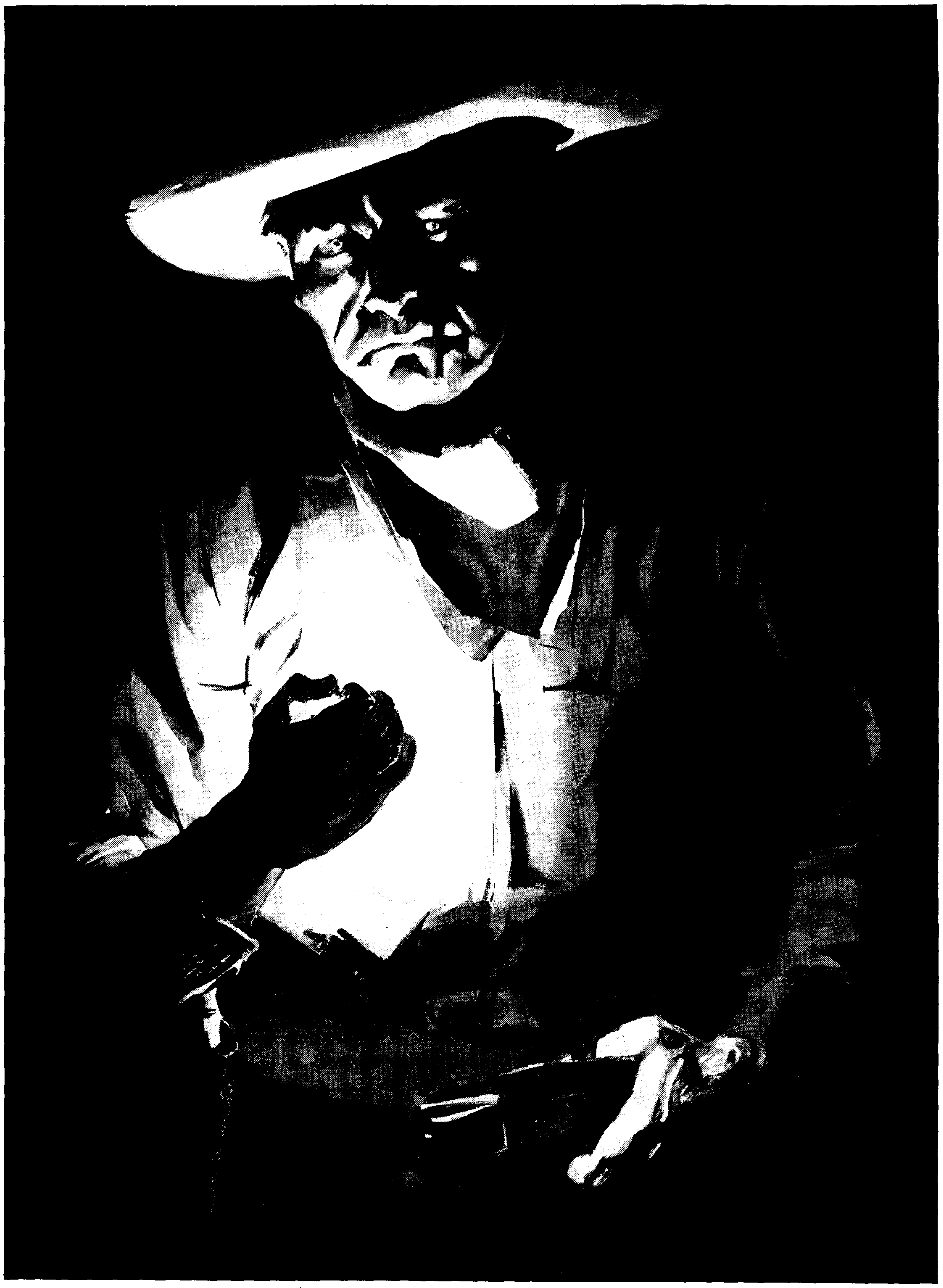
He was a stranger here, yet this town was like a hundred towns he had entered at dusk on many another night of his life. The street was a silver streak between low buildings whose square fronts and overhanging board awnings had long ago lost the shine of fresh paint. He passed a blacksmith shop, the smell of the forge fire hanging in the still air. Lights made a fogged shining-out of dusty windows and locust trees formed an irregular line along the walks. Saddle horses stood here and there before hatch racks and the wide mouth of a stable yawned at him, with a lantern swinging in its arch. Here he turned and dismounted, seeing two men tipped against the stable wall in their chairs. The lantern light showed the pale attention of their eyes.

He said, "Putting up," and left the horse, and went along the walk until he arrived at the intersection of another street running out of the shadows. On the four corners of the square thus created were a saloon, a hotel, a feed store and an empty building. The hotel was across the dust and he could hear the clatter of dishes and the scrape of feet in its dining room. Yet he stood here a little longer, searching the town with that care he could not forget; searching for the change in men's faces, for the lift and fall of voices, for the obscure shifts that now, as all along his past, he had trained himself to see.

A GROUP of riders loitered in the doorway of the saloon, illumined by its outthrown light. Half a dozen Indians crouched against the base of the hotel wall, entirely motionless. Behind him he heard one of the men in the stable say in a quiet tone: "Good horse—strange brand." A long-shaped fellow with a cool face strolled out of the near-by dark and gave Majors a direct glance and passed on to the restaurant. His hat was cocked far back on his head, showing the edge of yellow hair. Up in a second-story window of the flimsy hotel a woman came to a window and looked into the street, her hands holding the curtains apart. Night air, crisp with the touch of coming winter, began to flow down the dark shoulder of the Silver Lode range.

He crossed the street and entered the hotel's narrow lobby, wherein one man swung himself in a rocker, apparently controlled by vast gloom. There was a raw pine desk and a stairway tacked without grace to one of the walls, and an arch through which Majors saw the dining room. He went over to the desk and picked up a pen and wrote in the register, "J. J. Majors," and waited until the man in the rocker got up and came around the desk.

This one reversed the register with the steel point of a false arm and studied the name, his lips faintly moving. He had



Then a match burst against the dark and by its glow he saw the ruddy face of the blond man

a moon-round face and full, faintly flat features stained by the copper of Indian blood. His glance lifted and skimmed Majors and dropped. He said, "Take Number Four," and went back to the rocker.

THE stairway swayed a little when Majors put his weight on it. On the dark upper landing he turned uncertainly in a narrow hall before finding an open door. He went in and lighted the lamp and saw nothing to distinguish this room from any other. Light flushed a yellow strip beneath the door of the opposite room; he could hear a woman speak in a low, rapid voice; and the brief answer of a man. Then both voices quit suddenly. Majors closed his door, judging that this was the woman who had been silhouetted in the window. He considered this dismal room, his lips lengthening, and walked to the window and looked down into Reservation's square—and at that moment saw a man quit the group by the saloon and cross to the stable.

His smile stretched out, thin and tough. There was never any change in this game. All the moves were according to a pattern, which was a pattern he had learned long ago. In a little while another move would be made—and he thought he knew what it would be. He got out of his coat and washed up in the bowl, and flattened his unruly hair and got into his coat again. For a moment he stood like this, his head tipped down so that the shadows in his eyes blackened. His features turned heavier than they had been. Afterward he went to the bed, reached down and tucked in the trailing edges of the blankets, arranging them in a certain fashion to suit him. When he opened his door and stepped into the hall he heard the woman in the other room again break off from her talking. There was a long-drawn whisper, like a warning, and then somebody in there moved away from the door.

HE WALKED down the stairs, cut into the dining room and took one of the vacant tables. A blackboard hung on the opposite wall and somebody had written: "Menu—T-Bone and Mashed Potatoes—Apple Pie. Fifty Cents." Beneath it was the chalked notice: "If You Don't Like Our Grub Don't Eat Here!" Jim Majors laid both big arms on the table. His eyelids narrowed and faint wrinkles cracked the smooth surface of his forehead. There was a door behind him, leading directly to the street. In front of him a half-dozen men sat at one long table; in the corner was a smaller table, occupied by the yellow-haired fellow who had earlier passed him on the street. Majors caught that one's glance, so cool and so distantly bright. A half-breed waitress laid Majors' meal in front of him. When he was all through he put his half dollar on the table and went directly to the street.

He stood with his back to the hotel wall, the shadows covering him while he tapered up a cigarette. A small wind, definitely cold, rolled off the mountains, and the distant peaks cut black spires out of the high sky. The quietness of supper hour had come and had gone and there were little messages running the street now that a man might miss unless he knew the voice of trouble. The tip of Majors' cigarette glowed against the solid disk of his face and grew dim and his eyes ran the street with the need to know what was happening. The Indians had gone. The blond man came from the hotel's dining room, his spurs dragging the walk. He passed Majors, cut over the dust and put a shoulder gently against the corner of the dark building. A hostler drove four harnessed horses from the stable and halted at the square's corner. Light poured brightly from the saloon and more men were gathered by its swinging doors, bunched up and softly speaking. Half a dozen riders whirled in from the darkness and dropped down to join those others. Somebody said, "Hello, Ben." The group gave ground and a rider with as square and solid a body as Jim Majors had ever seen walked into the saloon, towing everybody else behind.

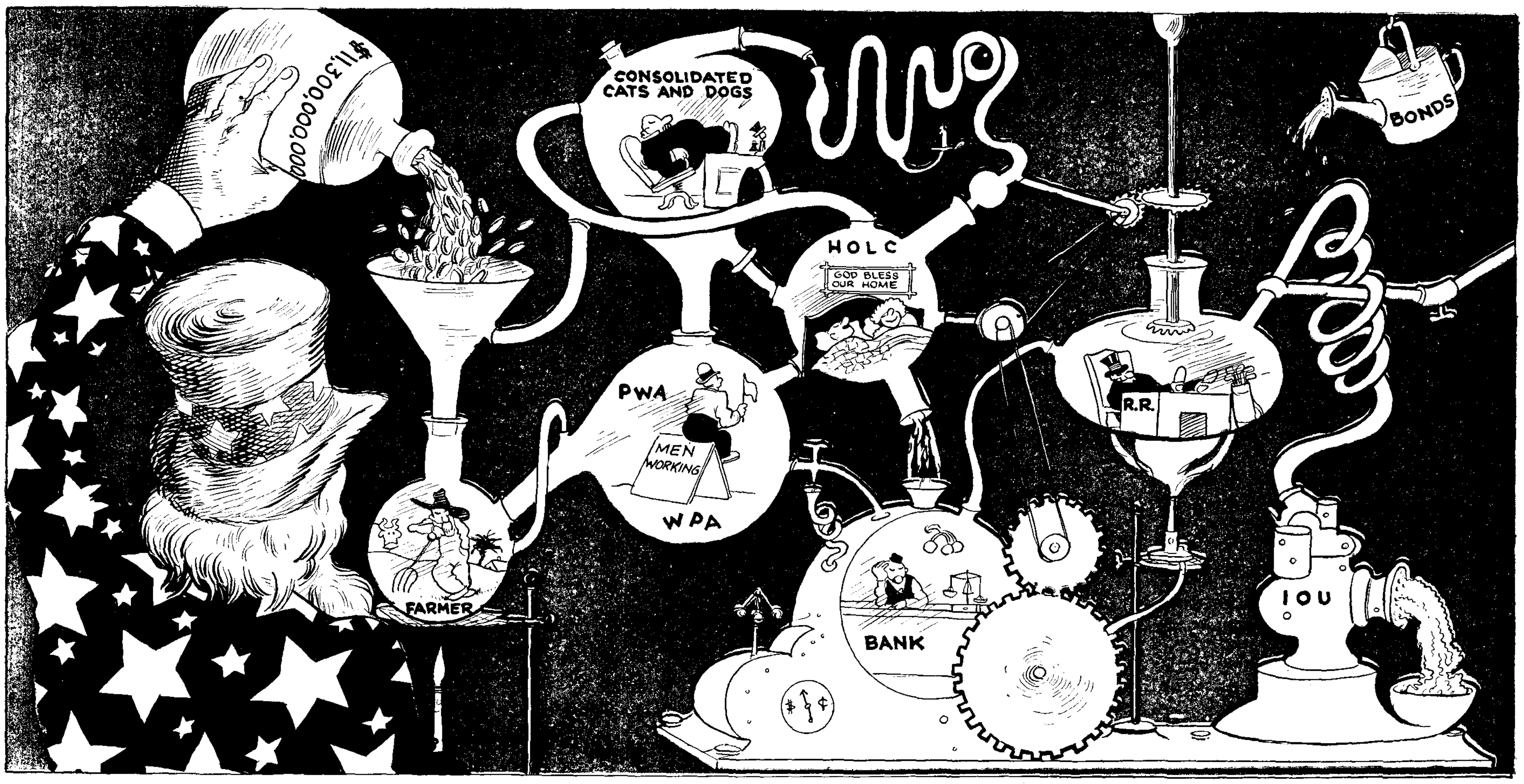
Little things were happening here, like straws blown before a wind. The blond man's head swung toward the saloon and came back and tipped up and Majors saw that he watched that second-story hotel room where the woman was—and where the hidden man was. The hotel man came out of his door and looked at the saloon a moment and turned; he hooked the steel point of his false arm around the doorframe, hauling himself back into the lobby.

Majors threw his cigarette to the dust, watching the sparks spray as it struck. He shook his heavy shoulders together, walked diagonally across the square and entered the saloon.

SMOKE and sound and the flash of light from a back-bar mirror filled this place. Men crowded the poker tables all down the length of the room; men stood up to the bar, their bodies fitted comfortably over its edge. Somebody at one of the poker tables called, "Ben," and the rider with the square body wheeled from his drink, his glance striking out against Jim Majors. Black brilliance lay in his eyes. His lips lay naturally away from big, broad teeth, which gave him an expression of grinning against the light's glare. Jim Majors' quick attention caught all this even while he walked to the bar; this and the deep and square shape of a torso so extraordinary as to make the man's legs seem spindly by comparison.

Majors found a hole at the bar and waggled a finger for his drink. Talk made a steady, humming sound in the room. More riders shouldered in from the street and another voice said, "Hello, Ben." The barkeep came down to Jim Majors with bottle and glass, and

(Continued on page 26)



Uncle Sam's money-lending structure is an intricate one, but it works—the cash goes in and uncollectible I O U's pour out

Forgive Us Our Debts

By John T. Flynn

Eleven billion dollars—that's the sum of Uncle Sam's loans to his citizens. It will pay you to watch what he does about those eleven billions. Some people are urging cancellation. But the government can't cancel the loans. All it can do is shift the indebtedness right over to you

BEFORE we say another word about all this let's be sure that you know what a billion dollars is.

Because we're not going to waste our valuable time talking about chicken feed. No chattering about such pitiful little pocket change as a million dollars. We're going to talk about billions and we might just as well know what a billion is.

To begin with, it's a lot of money. Someone has calculated that if you were to lay one-dollar bills out close together it would take just about a billion of them to cover the area of a good-sized city completely. I have made the following calculation: If you were to save a dollar a day every day and had been doing this every day since Adam was created in the Garden of Eden you wouldn't have a billion dollars yet. In fact, to have a billion dollars you would have had to start saving 2,735,726 years before Adam was born.

It's a tidy sum indeed. You must get it out of your mind that it is just a one and nine naughts, just a collection of three syllables, just a casual commonplace amount which, in our modern way, we are accustomed to toss off the tongue as if it were nothing. This still doesn't tell us what a billion dollars is—a thousand *million* dollars—but it helps to give us a general idea.

And now, having settled this point, we may proceed to talk about our beloved old Uncle Samuel, who has gone into the loan business. In accordance with the good American custom, he started out with nothing—just a shoestring—or, better still, just a couple of expert engravers, and he has run it up to a warehouse full of bales of promissory notes and mortgage notes and I O U's that make the average big Wall Street financial Gibraltar look like the village bank after an old-fashioned 1932 run.

A Creditor Nation Plus

To put the matter down in just plain dollars and cents—Uncle Sam, banker, has been lending money to farmers, poultrymen, stock raisers, banks, mortgage companies, railroads, industrial concerns, home owners, insurance companies, filling stations, share croppers, and similar enterprises until now he has due him on their I O U's in round figures—hold your breath—*eleven billion three hundred million dollars.*

The outstanding loans of all the banks in the Federal Reserve System is around eleven billion dollars. That's how much all the millions of corporations, businessmen, home owners, farmers in every state in the Union owe all of the banks in the Federal Reserve System. It's just about the same as the loan business carried on by the government of the United States.

So the next time you hear some Fourth of July orator swell with pride on how we were once a debtor nation but are now "the greatest creditor nation in the world" you can clap your hands, yell with pride and shout—"And how!"

As a result of the World War Europe owes us eleven billion dollars.

As a result of the depression several millions of people in the United States who are handy on the touch owe us another eleven billion dollars.

Europe, of course, has no intention of ever paying us any serious part of her bill.

What about the hardy patriots at home? Will they lay it on the line when the bill comes due? Or will they make their humble contribution to the legend that our dear old Uncle is the greatest sucker of all times. The old boy has had the bee put on him to date for twenty-two billions. Half of that is just so much old paper to be given to the Salvation Army paper man when he comes around. How much of the balance will the paper man get?

As a private citizen you have probably discovered that *it is not very easy* to keep from lending $11. But it is really not so easy to lend $11,000,000,000. You have got to hire a lot of people, spend a lot of money on typewriters and adding machines, stationery and railroad fare. And this, all by itself, before you have lent a dime or collected one back, runs into money. In fact it takes right now 47,000 employees and costs over a hundred million dollars a year to run this monster government lending plant.

We've Got to Borrow to Lend

As a matter of fact, before you can lend eleven thousand million you have got to get it somewhere. And has it occurred to you that the government hasn't got eleven thousand million to lend? It hasn't got even a pitiful billion. It hasn't, to tell the honest truth, got a red cent. So the first thing the government has to do is to find someone willing to advance it the necessary billions. That is, before the government can lend money it must borrow it.

Of course there's another way. It could gather the money together by taxing us—by taking it out of our collective hides. But that's not so easy. We taxpayers are a tough lot and we set up an awful squawk when you try to wring a few hundred thousand out of us, to say nothing of a few billions. So the easiest way is to borrow it.

But even that is not easy. The government can't borrow it from the loyal citizens for the very good reason that they won't lend it. So Uncle Sam borrows it from the banks. And you simply will not understand anything about this government lending business unless you get a clear idea of the precious invention by which this is accomplished. This is the greatest of all financial rabbits. This is a magic scheme by which you can borrow money from a man who hasn't got it to start with and leave him richer when you are through. Here's the way this trick is done.

Your bank has a million dollars in deposits. You want to borrow ten thousand dollars. You go to the cashier, tell him your needs and arrange the loan. You write out a note for $10,000 and hand over your collateral. But what does the cashier do? Does he give you $10,000 in cash? He most certainly does not. He asks for your bankbook and in that he writes: "Sept. 25, 1937—Deposit, $10,000." You put the book in your pocket and walk out of the bank. You know that you have $10,000 in that bank which you can draw against. But just consider what has happened. You didn't have $10,000 deposited in the bank when you went in. But you have it when you walk out. But you didn't put $10,000 in the bank. When the cashier wrote down that deposit receipt in your book, he made a similar entry in the bank's book. In other words he made an entry on your ledger page that you had $10,000 deposited there. Push this one step farther. When you walked in that bank it had one million dollars in deposits. You borrowed $10,000 from it and walked out, and when you did the bank had $10,000 in deposits more than when you walked in. Thus by the very act of making a loan you increased the deposits of the bank by $10,000.

Uncle Samuel Shylock in Action

Now suppose the government goes into the bank and borrows, not $10,000 but a billion. Of course when the government does that it goes not into one bank but into many thousands of banks. By the process of borrowing a billion it does not deprive the banks of any money they have. Instead it increases their deposits by a billion. And with a billion increase in deposits the banks can make more loans—to the government if asked—and still further increase their deposits. In short the government by the very process of borrowing from the banks creates bank deposits—or bank money—money that did not exist before the government made the loan.

Now that's how the government has been getting the money it has been lending to me, to Tom, Dick, Harry, to the county supervisors and the Consolidated Cats and Dogs Security Corporation.

And so, with a clear idea of what a billion dollars is and hence what eleven billions are and how those eleven billions were created, let's have a look at our dear old Uncle Samuel Shylock, money-lender, in action.

Our blessed old Uncle's open-fisted agents have made loans all the way from $27 to a blacksmith in Tennessee to fix up his forge to a hundred million to a big banking system to keep its doors open.

It's not all done by one bureau or one department or one commission. There are a whole mess of corporations, banks, bureaus. If you examine it all closely you will find, for instance, one big master institution or holding company in the farm field, which owns and controls four or five large holding companies, and these in turn control smaller subsidiaries. There are several of these great master holding companies. If you make a chart of the entire outfit, putting down all the corporations and banks and associations and insurance concerns, what you will see will remind you of a picture of one of those great utility companies or railroad empires like Samuel Insull's or the late Van Sweringen brothers.

ILLUSTRATED BY RUBE GOLDBERG

A Job for a Philadelphia Lawyer

There is Class A stock and Class B stock and bonds and debentures, and the various corporations and banks—all belonging to and owned by the government—borrow and lend money from and to one another, own one another's stock, own one another's bonds and U. S. government bonds besides. The whole thing makes a rather intricate and bewildering structure which only a Philadelphia lawyer or a Wall Street investment banker could unravel.

This complexity is due, of course, in large part to the haste with which some of these institutions were brought into existence. But it is due to something else. This is part of the system which has grown up in which Congress has abdicated the function of appropriating money. Congress merely makes a vast lump-sum appropriation to the executive. Also it authorizes the President and various corporations to borrow in vast sums. Thereafter the function of appropriating money has passed to the President and these great bureaus. So that we find the RFC, one government bureau, borrowing money from the banks and appropriating to other government bureaus. Of course this practice brings to an end the "power of the purse" by which parliaments in free democracies control executives.

And so you find these bureaus supplying one another with money as part of this new system of eliminating Congress from its historic role of controlling the purse strings. The HOLC is created. The Treasury is directed to buy $200,000,000 of stock in the HOLC. The Treasury borrows the money from the RFC and buys the stock of the HOLC. The Farm Mortgage Corporation issues nearly a billion and a half in bonds. It turns these over to the Federal Land Banks and the Federal Land Banks pay for them by turning over to the Farm Mortgage Corporation its bonds. It is an exchange of bonds between two government corporations. Then the Federal Land Banks sell the Farm Mortgage bonds and use the money to finance their operations. Kind of complicated, I know. But I can't help it. If it happened that way it's because they planned it that way.

There are a number of spigots, or shall we say corporations, through which the government's huge loans have been made—the Federal Farm Credit Administration, the Home Loan Banks and, of course, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and various lesser ones.

Of course in any operation in which government funds are being tapped the farmer would inevitably be on the job. The farmer has always been an industrious candidate for government cash. And this didn't begin with the New Deal. It didn't begin even with Herbert Hoover and the Farm Board. It goes even beyond Woodrow Wilson and the Land Banks. As far as I can trace it it was flourishing as early as Peisistratus, the Greek tyrant, who was a sort of combination of Huey Long, Mussolini, Dr. Townsend and Wright Patman. He started buying cows for the Attic farmers and they never got over it. At various times and in various states we have made various kinds of benefits available to the farmer to encourage him to raise crops. In our day we developed this to the fine point where we would give or lend him money either to raise crops or not to raise them.

Out in the farming country the farmer in need of funds will find the Federal Land Banks ready to lend him money to buy a farm or improve it or if he is in distress the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation will take over the mortgage that weighs him down. He can get funds from the Production Loan Corporations to raise his crop or from the Co-operative Farm Banks to help him to market it, or from the Commodity Credit Corporation or the Regional Farm Administration and various other agencies for various other purposes. The offices and agents of all these organizations reach into every county.

But from every county the roads all lead to Washington where all of these agencies are gathered under the wing of one central bureau—the Federal Farm Credit Administration.

The Farmers' Billion and a Half

The Federal Farm Credit Administration, administered by a board headed by W. I. Myers as governor, controls, like a large holding company, a group of immense agencies—the Federal Land Banks, the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation, the Production Loan Corporations, the Intermediate Credit Banks, the Emergency Crop and Seed Loan offices, the Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation and the Agricultural Marketing Act.

Here is a group of corporations in which the government has invested a billion and a half dollars in capital. And in addition they have borrowed three and a half billions on bonds and debentures. In addition there are the surpluses and various other kinds of borrowings so that the actual assets of these corporations are over five and a half billion dollars. Remember we tried to get some idea of what a billion dollars is.

All this began a good while ago—back in 1917 when the Federal Land Banks were formed. Their business is to lend money to farmers to buy farms, to put in capital improvements. These banks seek to operate on sound business principles. But in 1932, when things generally were going to pot, they were not doing much business. Nobody wanted to buy a farm. The farmers were more interested in buying ropes to hang money-lenders who were threatening to foreclose on their farms. In a few places they had even invested in a rope or two to hang judges who dared to sign foreclosure warrants. In at least one place they had the hemp around His Honor's neck.

So in 1933 the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation was formed. It is an emergency agency. Its business is to help the distressed farmer who could not take care of his mortgage and who faced foreclosure or was in default.

Just a Twist of the Wrist

In 1934 over three hundred thousand farmers got loans. At this moment the Farm Mortgage Corporation has outstanding $836,778,000 in mortgage loans, most of them second mortgages.

About the same time the Land Banks found they could get no more money to do business with. They could not sell their bonds. No one wanted to buy bonds secured by mortgages on farms. The Land Bank bonds are not guaranteed by the United States. But the Federal Farm Mortgage bonds are. So the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation issued an additional batch of its own bonds—about seven hundred million—and swapped them with the Land Banks for their bonds. Then the Land Banks sold the Mortgage Corporation bonds and thus got money to go their way rejoicing.

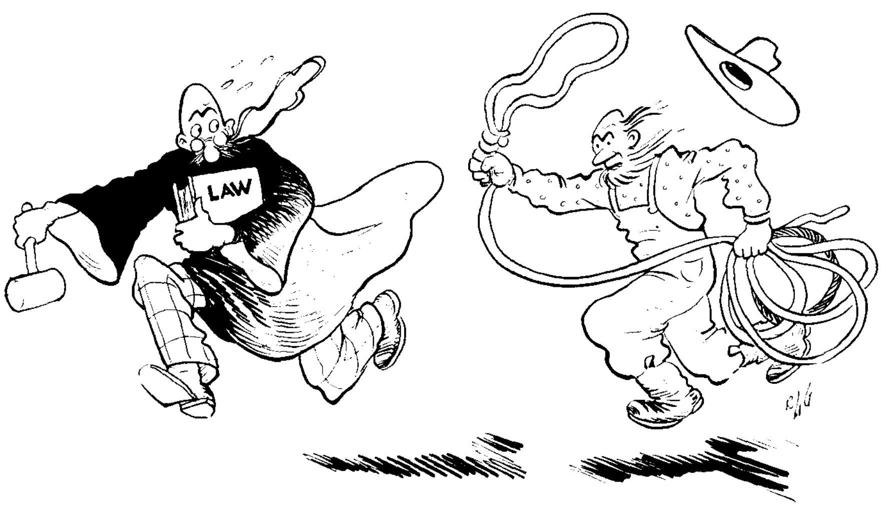
There are several points worth pausing on here. The first is that the Land Banks offer an object lesson of how the government gets drawn into holding the bag. The Land Banks were semiprivate institutions at first. All the stock was owned by farm associations. Then the depression peeped around the corner. So the United States had to subscribe for 124 millions of stock in the Land Banks to supply money. Then it put in an additional 128 millions as a surplus. Then later it supplied 731 millions through this exchange of bonds with the Mortgage Corporation.

These two banks between them—the Land Banks and the Federal Mortgage Corporation—hold mortgages on a million farms or more, valued at nearly three billion dollars.

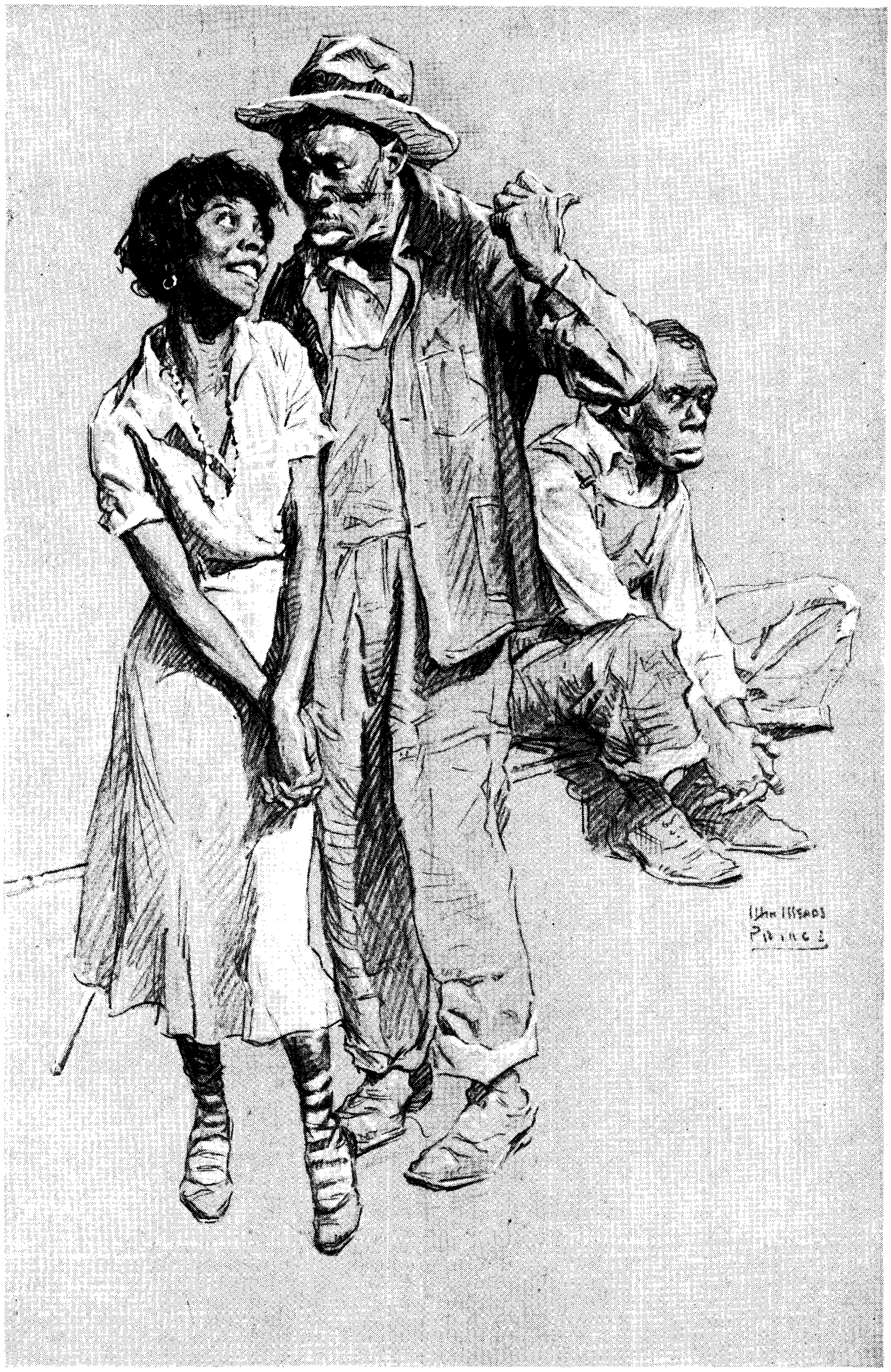
Where did these banks get all these three billion dollars to lend?

Well, you recall our description at the beginning of this story of how money—bank money—is created by the simple process of making loans. The Land Banks and the Mortgage Corporation made loans. That is, the Land Banks borrowed from the Mortgage Corporation and the Mortgage Corporation borrowed from the banks—issued its bonds, which are just I O U's, and placed them with the banks. Some of it came from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation,

(Continued on page 66)



Farmers invested in ropes to hang judges who signed foreclosure warrants



"Hold on," Giles broke in, "who dat sittin' on de po'ch?" "Aw, he a friend er mine," said Mamie T

Too Much Texas

By Roark Bradford

The justly celebrated power of the Texas man over horses and women. Plowing time on Little Bee Bend, with plenty of trouble for Giles

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE porter from Mister Dave's store brought out the telegram and Giles read it with a studied effort at casualness. It was the first wire the foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation had ever received, and although he had been expecting it ever since the Bossman drove west, a week before, Giles could not help feeling important.

It was a relief, too, to get it. Giles had many troubles on his mind. Planting time was at hand, with the unsettled domestic situations that obtained among the sharecroppers when a new crop was to be started. Many women decided they could do better if they had a new husband to plow for them; and the men, before taking a new wife, always considered the prospect's ability with a hoe in the Johnson grass. But the foreman's chief worry was the shortage of plow stock. During several bad financial years, no young mules had been bought to replace old ones getting too old to work, and many had given out completely during the winter plowing.

"De Bossman," Giles announced as if slightly bored with the news, "is shippin' a carload er mules f'm Fo't Worth. Dat's out yonder in Texas."

"Dat telegraph," the porter stated blandly, "say hit's a carload er hosses."

Giles grunted. "Sho' hit say hosses," he admitted. "But mules and hosses is all one and de same to a telegram. De Bossman is shippin' mules."

"Hit say hosses."

"We got hosses," Giles explained. "We got Mis' Patsy for de Bossman to ride, and we got Prince for me to ride. And efn hit's anybody else fixin' to ride, I ain't hyared de news. Us is shawt on mules and dat's how come de Bossman sendin' dat carload er mules f'm Texas. Dat drove er oil-field mules us bought befo' de panic done played out, and us put 'em in de pasture. So de Bossman got in his ot-to and driv out to Fo't Worth to git some mo' mules. And dat's what dis telegram is about."

"Hit say," the porter insisted, "hosses."

Giles lost his patience. "Nigger," he said coldly, "you better git in Mister Dave's ot-to and drag hit on back to town befo' I gits mad and puts you to plowin'. I don't like a town nigger, nohow, and I don't like for nobody to argy wid me. And when a town nigger starts argyin'—" He took a threatening step forward. The porter jumped in the car and started off.

"Hit say," the porter shouted defiantly as he moved away, "hosses!"

After Mister Dave's messenger left, Giles reread the wire:

GILES ARNOLD
CARE ROOS BROTHERS
THE LEVEE SHREVEPORT LA

GILES understood that. The telegraph people wouldn't know him but they would know Mister Dave, and Mister Dave would know Giles. Mister Dave had gotten the message and told his porter: "Take this out to Giles." No doubt Mister Dave had told his man to hurry back, too, Giles figured. But that had nothing to do with the telegram. He read on:

CARLOAD HORSES DUE IN BENTON TUESDAY MORNING STOP UNLOAD WATER IMMEDIATELY THEN BRING HOME AND FEED

That was clear enough. Mules that had been riding on a train all the way from Fort Worth would need water. And they would need corn and hay, too, before they started dragging those cultivators in the Johnson grass. It was all very simple except that it did say horses instead of mules.

Giles adjusted the telegram into his jumper pocket so that about half of the yellow page was visible. There was no good in a man getting a telegram and then hiding it so nobody could see it.

He walked to the bayou path. He wanted people to ask him a lot of questions about the telegram. And he wanted to discuss with the Widow Duck the possible meaning of the word "horses."

The Widow Duck was sitting on her porch, fanning herself and enjoying the colorful brilliance of the spring flowers that were already blooming in her yard.

"Hy-dy, Giles," she greeted. "I hyar you got a telegram f'm de Bossman, all de way f'm Texas."

Giles was disappointed. "Yeah," he admitted. "De Bossman sont me dat telegram, all about de carload er mules he fixin' to ship hyar f'm Texas."

The Widow Duck rocked in her chair a few times. "I hyared," she said, "de Bossman is sending hosses. I hyared a carload er hosses is jue in Benton in de mawnin'. I hyar de telegram say for you to onload 'em and water 'em and bring 'em home and feed 'em."

"You sho' hyar a heap for somebody which don't git telegrams," Giles growled.

"Who, me?" she asked innocently. "Tildy brung de word to me. She got it f'm Mamie T. And I reckon Mamie T got hit f'm Joe Booty. Joe been over to Shrevespo't gittin' a courtin' present for Mamie T. He fixin' to marry her efn he kin. So he buyed her a pair er striped socks!" She chuckled. "But hit'll take mo'n a pair er two-bit socks to git dat gal in Joe Booty's cotton patch."

Giles was not interested in Mamie T's affairs at the moment. "And I ain't wearied about Joe Booty, too," he stated. "Grant is de member which got me wearied in my mind. Ev'y since his oldest twin boy got married and axed for a crop er his own, I been wearied about who gonter run Grant's yuther plow. Grant got to run two cultivators to feed dat family er hisn. And wid Dallas married, dat only leave Ri-o Grande to plow."

"GRANT kin plow," suggested the Widow Duck.

"Sho'," Giles agreed, "but efn Grant is plowin', who gonter manage dat bunch er gals er hisn wid de choppin'? Dem gals ain't gonter work onless somebody manages 'em in de field. Grant kin do dat. Or efn he c'd marry up to some good woman, maybe she could. But who gonter marry up wid him?"

"Not Mamie T," the Widow Duck stated. "Nor neither is she gonter marry up wid Joe Booty. She smart enough to pick and choose her own."

"Whyn't Joe and Tildy git married up?" Giles suggested.

"Dey will," the Widow Duck prophesied. "Tildy done started trompin' 'round barelaigged. Only Joe got two left eyes and ain't seed her yit."

"Well," laughed the foreman, "dey better git settled down purty soon. I'm fixin' to start plantin' quick as hit git dry enough. And wid de sun shinin' like hit done today, de seeds won't mo'n hit de ground to dey start sproutin'. And de same stuff which made de cotton sprout gonter make de Johnson grass grow twice as fast."

The Widow Duck frowned. "Giles," she said, "you better wait wid dat plantin'. You know dem old mules you's pasturin' gonter make you shawt-handed, and dat Johnson'll take ev'y plow on de place, once you gits planted. Better hold off to de Bossman sends some mules."

"Us got a carload er mules comin' in de mawnin'," Giles reminded her. "I'll take and hook dem young mules up wid de stiddy ones and have 'em broke and plowin' befo' dey know what happenin'."

"De telegram," the Widow Duck recalled again, "say hit was hosses."

Giles frowned. There was no need for him to explain to her that people in the bottoms did not work horses. They rode horses. In the hills, some of the poor people who couldn't afford to buy mules had old plug horses to scratch the ground with. But it took big, stout mules to pull a cultivator through the heavy stiff land of the bottoms. The Widow Duck knew that. The Bossman ought to know it, too.

"You reckon," Giles asked seriously, "did de Bossman buy some hosses, sho' 'nuff?"

The Widow Duck sighed. "Ah, Lawd," she said. "He's out in Texas. And f'm what I hyars, you never can tell what a man gonter do when he hit Texas. I hyared some mighty tales around here about dat man's town."

"I hyared Grant set around and lie about what he done in Texas," Giles admitted. "But I never put no stock in Grant's lies."

"Grant never lied about nothin' else," the Widow Duck pointed out. "Maybe he wa'n't lyin' about Texas. Whyn't you go speak wid him about hit?"

Giles pondered. "Efn I speak wid him and he start lyin'—"

"Don't temp' him," she counseled. "De Book say, 'Ax for a lie and you won't be fooled. But wharfo' you seek out de grub and de grain, de trufe shall make you free.' So say de Sperrit, Giles. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

"Go 'haid, Mis' Duck," the foreman growled. "I'm got mules on my mind and you start Bible tawk!"

The Widow Duck bristled. "What de matter wid Bible tawk?" she snapped. "De Bible got mules in hit. And hosses, too."

"Not Texas mules and hosses."

"How do you know?" she demanded. "Hit might be Texas mules and hosses. I reckon de Lawd made 'em in Texas, same as ev'ywhar else. And efn dey suit de Lawd, you got a heap er cheeks to go grumblin' about 'em."

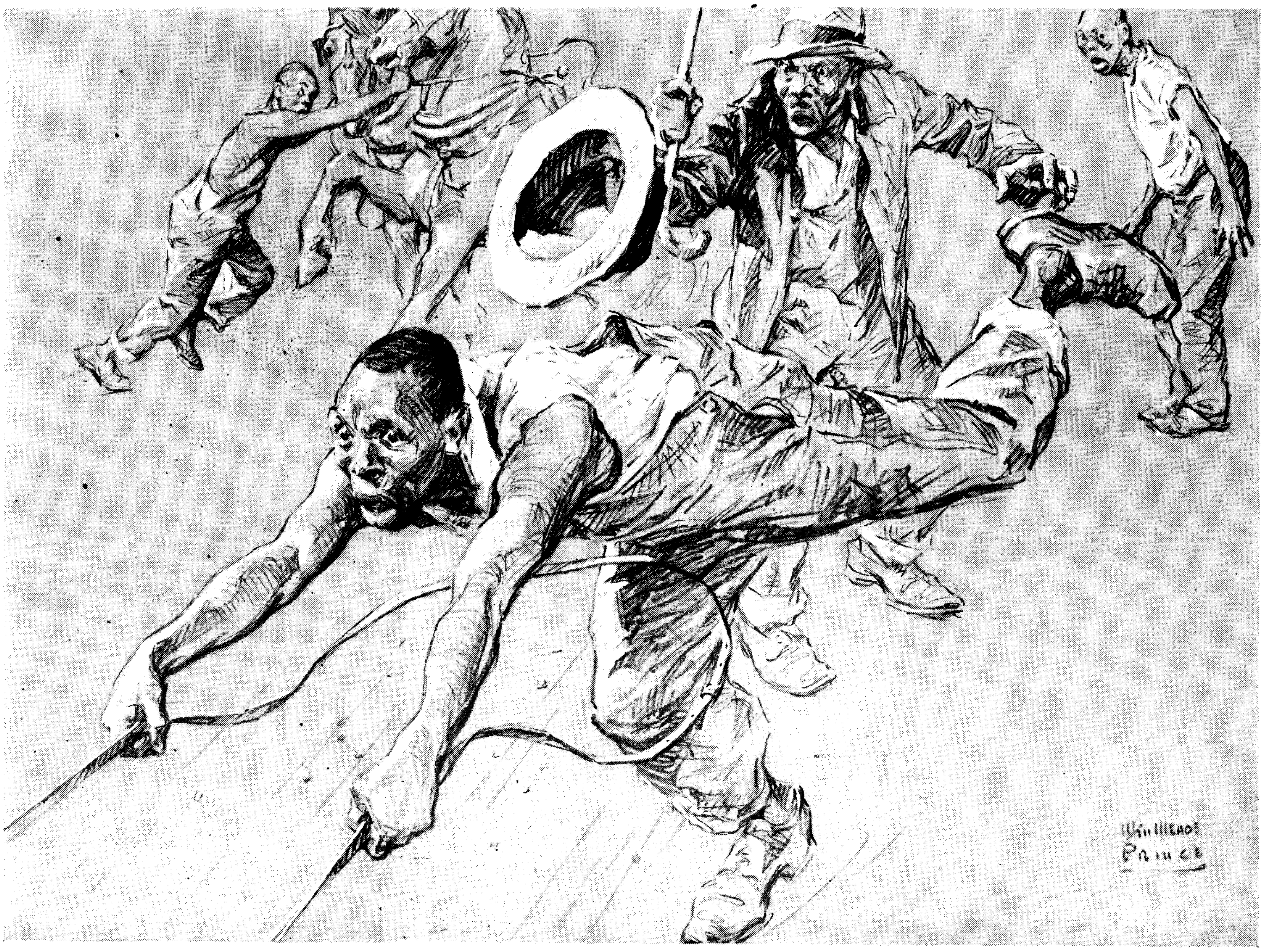
The foreman strutted off in indignation. To begin with, his inability to impress the Widow Duck with a telegram was a bad disappointment. Then, to be almost convinced that the message might be correct in stating they were horses instead of mules worried him. He had a crop to plant and plow, and he knew it would take every one of his thirty-six cultivators going from sunup until dark to keep the grass from choking out the cotton. And it took seventy-two big mules to pull those cultivators.

"HOSSES!" he sputtered. "I put twenty old daid-haids in de pasture 'cause dey couldn't make hit. And now de Bossman go crazy and buy hosses! Humph! And wid all my trouble, Mis' Duck go to tawkin' Bible tawk! Whyn't she think up somethin' smart to do?" The more the foreman thought about how she had failed him in the matter of advice, the more furious he got. "Efn she git me in a jam wid hosses," he threatened, "I'm gonter make her marry up wid Grant herse'f."

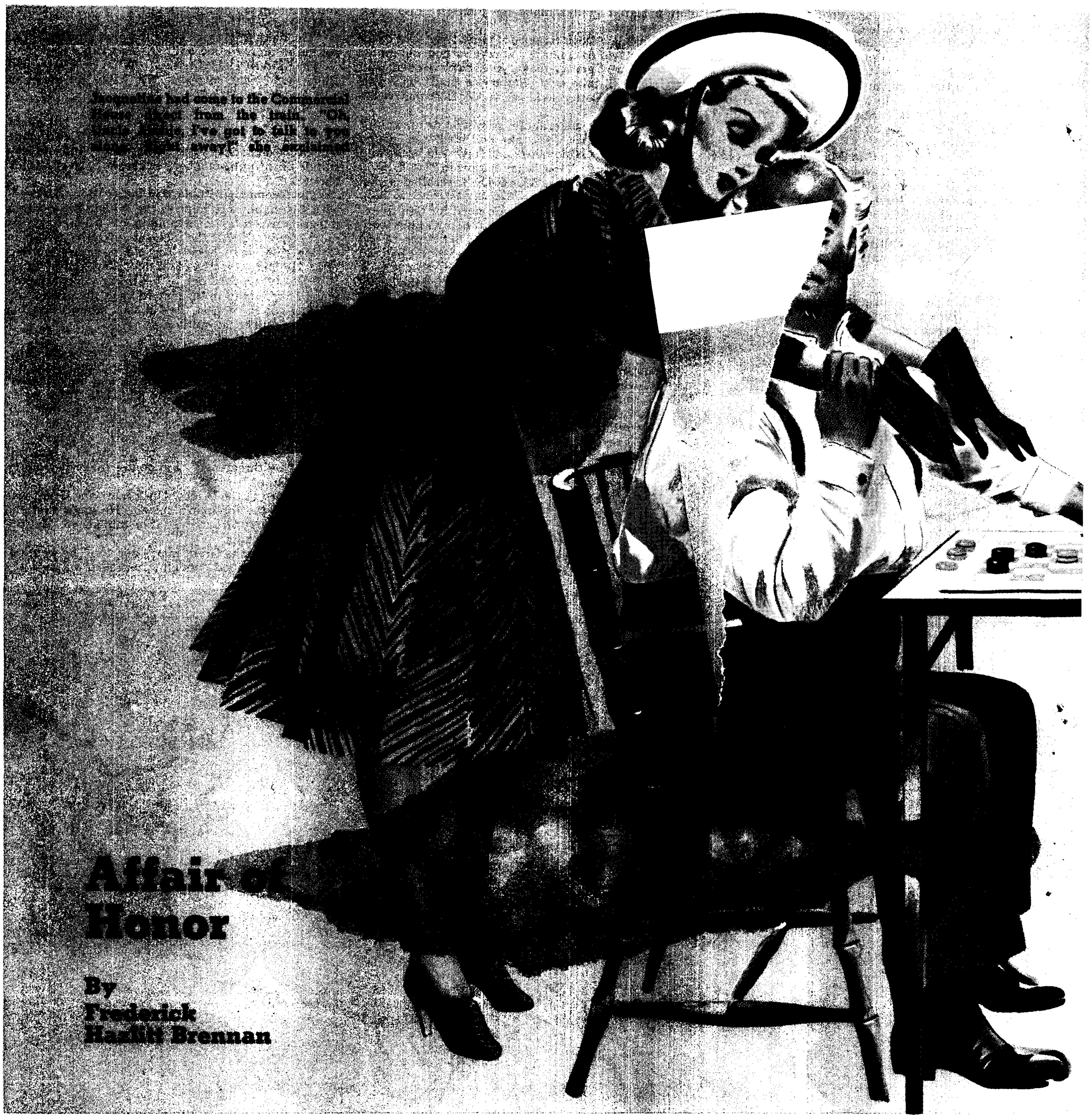
The idea of the Widow Duck marrying Grant was a vent for the foreman's spleen. He knew that she wouldn't marry Grant, even if he told her to. But the idea pleased him.

"And I'll make Grant marry her, too," he went on. "And hit'll be good enough

(Continued on page 46)



"You better bring me a piece er line!" Giles roared. "You better stop dem hosses, or bring me a line!"



Jacqueline had come to the Commercial House direct from the train. "Oh, Uncle Archie, I've got to talk to you alone. Right away!" she exclaimed

Affair of Honor

By
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The saga of Uncle Archie Cowper, sinner extraordinary, whose only weakness was his family pride

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

MY FRIEND, Archibald Cowper, whom I have known since April 5, 1882, is now incarcerated in the Polk County jail through one of the grossest miscarriages of justice it has been my unhappy lot to witness in our pleasant little metropolis of Gem City.

He owes this stroke of ill fortune to his distinguished family. I refer to Archibald Cowper's blood nephew, Judge Tom Cowper; the judge's wife, Nina; her sister, Amelia, and their first cousin, John Sanders. I except from this indictment Archibald Cowper's grandniece, Jacqueline, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Cowper.

Jacqueline, I am happy to say, never shared the critical and unfair attitude of the Cowpers, our first family of Gem City, toward their Uncle Archibald. This young woman, whom I have known since her birth, September 23, 1916, is, in the words of the Immortal Bard, "so tall, so divinely fair" that to impute meanness to her would cause Truth to blush with shame. For Uncle Archie—for so she has always loyally claimed him—thinks of her in his darkest hour of disgrace with none but the tenderest sentiments. He did what he did for her sweet sake; she understands and is grateful.

Would that I might write the same of Jacqueline's family! And, if I may be pardoned a personal note, allow me to interject the observation that I little dreamed I should be forced at the age of seventy-six years to "take down the pen, like a gleaming sword" and again enter the public prints in defense of my friend, Archibald Cowper. But I am, happily, well-equipped for this stern duty. For a matter of seventeen years I served as exchange editor of the Quincy (Ill.) Whig; I was for twenty-eight years Upper River correspondent of the Waterways Journal and have contributed, under the name of "Dr. Samuel Johnson, Jr.," to many of the nation's foremost publications, such as the Sunday Observer and the Poland China Gazette.

What then is the situation or, I might even say, the crisis? Archibald Cowper has been convicted of manslaughter in the shooting of one Ramon Ortega and

Siberian Express

By Henry Wales

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE white-bloused dining-car waiter placed a silver tray on the table. He set out two long-stemmed crystal glasses, a carafe of chilled vodka, a platter of *zakuskas*. As he poured the colorless spirits, ash from his cigarette dropped on the linen cloth. He flicked it away nonchalantly with his napkin and withdrew.

"Somehow, Doctor, I can't get used to a waiter smoking," I said to the acquaintance who shared my compartment in the Wagon-Lits car. "It's like a barber shaving a man with a safety razor."

"Propaganda—to exhibit to us foreigners how completely the new regime has broken down all class distinctions." He spoke in stilted, precise English. "Worse, though, it has smashed the family. Husbands and wives dwell together merely for convenience. Parents have no love for their offspring. Children have no affection for their parents. Maternal instinct has been stifled."

"Mother love and protection of her young can never be eradicated from the female breast," I said academically.

We sat in the wagon restaurant of the Trans-Siberian Express pounding across Asia to the Far East. The spicy smell of Russian leather tanned by birch bark exuded from the boots of two Red Army officers at a table across the aisle. Frost covered the double windows. The wind roared above the rattle of the train. It must have been thirty degrees below out there on the steppe. The hoarse, mournful cry of the locomotive whistle announced a stop.

"Midnight." The Doctor glanced at his wrist watch. "This cannot be Irkutsk."

"Cheremkhovo—the station before." I squinted at the timetable. "How about a spot of exercise?"

IT WAS snowing outside. The tiny flakes flew horizontally in the whipping wind. I was warm enough in my fur coat, a muffler covering my ears.

There was the usual crowd one encounters at every Russian railway station. A good many soldiers. Awkward, scarecrow conscripts leaving the collective farms for the nearest garrison town to do their military service. Raw-boned, khaki-clad recruits coming home on leave. The inevitable, businesslike G. P. U. men, their greatcoats sweeping the snow, patrolling back and forth, automatics strapped to their waists.

The civilians—the peasants—interested me most. The overflow from the crowded waiting room sat on the platform, backs against the wall as protection from the wind. Whole families huddled together for warmth.

Wretched but picturesque in their huge sheepskin hats with the matted wool turned out, they waited for days, even weeks, for places in the jammed "hard" cars of the erratic local trains.

A number darted from car to car trying to board the train, ignorant that the Trans-Sib Express is reserved for first- and second-class travel. The Wagon-Lits and "soft" car porters stood guard in the closed vestibules.

As the warning bell sounded, a group tramped briskly down the platform toward the head of the train. There were six ragged, bearded men in chains, carrying rolls of tattered blankets. Four militiamen, their bayoneted carbines at the slope, convoyed them. A dozen peasants—men, women, children—crowded close, weeping, waving goodbys.

The heavy leg irons clanked as the convicts hoisted themselves to the baggage car, the alert guards prodding them forward with sharp commands.

As the last prisoner raised his fettered limbs to climb aboard, a woman shrieked. Her red shawl flying, a child of six or seven carried on her hip, she burst past the militiamen, seized the miserable convict about the neck, pressed her lips against his bearded mouth. She held him fast from the prying arms of the guards as he kissed the child, then tried blindly to follow him up the high steps to the car, as he was shoved aboard.

They pushed her back and she waved a mittened hand as the fettered man disappeared inside the baggage car.

THE Provodnik slipped over the catch as he banged the vestibule door behind the Doctor and me. In jerky efforts of grinding cold metal, the train got slowly under way. We ordered another carafe of vodka in the wagon restaurant, lighted long, cardboard-ended cigarettes.

"Politicals; being sent to Irkutsk in the cell compartment in the baggage car," the Doctor informed me. "From there they will be marched north to work the Lena River gold mines."

"There's a family that didn't want to be split up," I remarked.

"Just self-dramatization." The dogmatic Doctor knew all the answers. "Slavs are exceedingly emotional. In the old days wives and children could accompany the exiles. They became colonists of the empire. Now this woman will remarry, place the young one in an asylum to be reared by the state. Domesticity has vanished, I assure you, under the new regime."

The Doctor jabbered away for more than an hour, hastily gulping his vodka as I sipped mine, to prevent my interrupting his discourse. The carafe was empty; I was sleepy and bored. I excused myself and started back to my compartment.

The Provodnik was in the vestibule. He was rubbing the glass window of the door with his sleeve. Rubbing away the frost. I stopped, curious. Presently he had cleared a band of glass, free from ice.

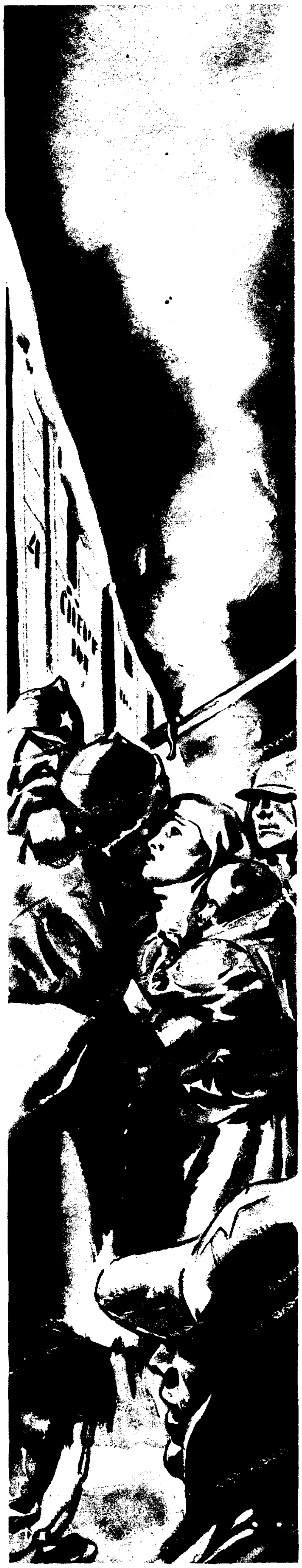
He peered outside, then pointed excitedly, mumbling something in bad German.

I pressed my eyes to the window.

Outside the car, squeezed close to the vestibule door, was the figure of a woman, arms outstretched, gripping the brass handrails. The forward side of the figure was caked with the fine, wind-driven particles of snow. The countenance was covered by a thin filament of ice.

The Provodnik shouted into the dining car. They began pounding the immovable knob of the door, frozen from the biting cold. A brakeman came with a kerosene flare. Then two waiters. The Doctor appeared in the doorway.

The Provodnik loosened the door. It opened in. The brakeman's flare revealed two figures. The woman in the red shawl and her child. The little one had been masked by the lower portion of the car door.



She seized him about the neck, pressed her lips against his mouth

She stood out there, her legs apart, her feet braced on the lower step. Sheltered by her body, held fast between her knees, was the child.

Carefully, as the swaying train rattled on, they lifted the boy into the vestibule. He was unconscious but alive, the Provodnik grunted in German.

They tried to lift the mother in. But her hands stuck fast to the guardrail. Finally the rigid figure was brought in, placed on the floor. The trainmen crossed themselves furtively.

The crew was violently excited. The men pointed at the bare, bloodless hands. They chattered in amazement.

"They cannot comprehend that the woman wears no gloves," said the Doctor. "She must have known it was certain death to attempt such a thing with bare hands in this cold."

The Provodnik removed the large wool-lined, leather mittens from the boy's hands. A cry of understanding burst from the trainmen.

BENEATH was another pair, the child's own woolen mittens, with five-pointed stars knitted in red yarn on the backs.

"The child wears the mother's gloves," muttered the Provodnik in pidgin German.

They worked over the lad in the vestibule. They pulled off his felt boots and his heavy sheepskin hat. They chafed his hands and feet and face with vodka to restore circulation.

"The child will live," mumbled the Provodnik finally.

A lugubrious blast of the whistle announced Irkutsk. The Provodnik pulled a corner of the red shawl over the dead woman's face. The train stopped.

G. P. U. men set a stretcher on the platform. The mother was laid on it. The child was placed beside her. A crowd of waiting peasants flocked forward. The women crossed themselves repeatedly. The Provodnik wrote a report with a stubby pencil.

There was the sound of jangling chains. The oil lights of the station lamps gleamed on the bayonets of the militiamen. Then a choking cry. A ragged man in a shaggy kalmuk and with shackled legs burst through the group, flung himself on the stretcher.

He pressed his bearded mouth to the cold face. He pulled the tattered skirts of his sheepskin shuba over the child.

The militia sergeant addressed the G. P. U. officer deferentially. Then both knelt beside the stretcher and spoke to the agonized prisoner.

"Niet, niet," he screamed, and clutched the boy tightly in his arms.

The militiaman and the G. P. U. officer conferred again a moment in low voices.

"Kharasho, kharasho," they said, and patted the convict on the back. "It will be all right."

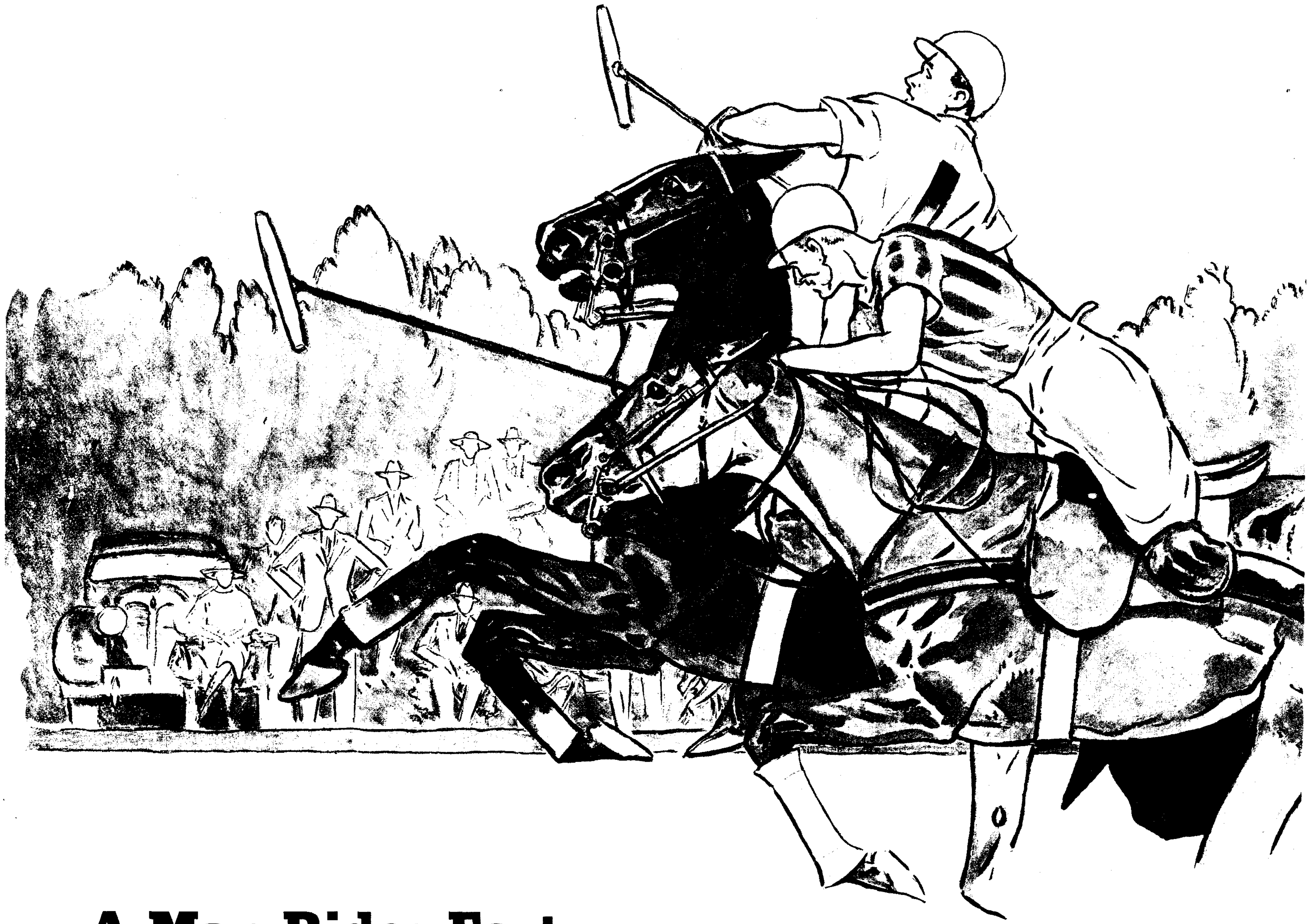
The warning bell sounded. We climbed back on the express.

"The Offizier wanted to send the little one to the state school," the Provodnik said in German. "But the father said no, he would take him with him, to the Lena."

The Provodnik gave the Doctor and me a glass of tea from the samovar in his cubbyhole, lighted a cigarette and started to make up our berths.

"More propaganda. Just put on to impress us—" the Doctor began sardonically.

I was tired. I was fed up. I was distraught by the poignant scene of sacrifice I had just witnessed. I could stand no more of the Doctor's cynicism. I turned and walked away from him.



A Man Rides East

By Talbert Josselyn

The story of Jim Sturgis, rancher, who learned to play polo on the wrong side of the Continental Divide

NOWADAYS, he's Jim Sturgis, the All-America polo player, the Internationalist, known wherever polo is played around the world.

Ask any onlooker in the packed stands, from Hurlingham to San Francisco, how long Jim Sturgis has been on the American team, and he'll tell you that Sturgis has been on it for years and years, a fixture—the man who made the team the first summer he went east to Meadowbrook, to become the burning blade of attack that has repeatedly swept America to triumph.

Ask the onlooker if Sturgis had any difficulty making the team that first summer, and you'll be told that he didn't have any difficulty at all; that for him it was just a breeze.

Which shows how swift is the flight of time, how short the memory—and how few there are who know the real story of Jim Sturgis and that first summer.

And time wheels back, not far.

Evening. Evening of the final day of the tryouts for the team. The twenty who'd been originally chosen by the Defense Committee now hammered down to eight—the ones who'd compose the team and its substitutes. A country club. *The* country club of all that part of Long Island. And Jim Sturgis dancing with a supple, dark-haired girl in a flame-colored gown—Evelyn Trent.

And Evelyn Trent saying, brown eyes on Jim's gray ones:

"Jim, you were wonderful today!"

Jim Sturgis took a deep breath. Might as well get it over. No use delaying it. And he said:

"Yes, I was pretty good. But not good enough. I won't make it."

The girl gave him a startled glance. "You won't? Have you heard? Has the Committee—but they won't make their decision for several days. How did you learn?"

He grinned.

"No need to hear from the Committee. My own special grapevine."

Grapevine. . . . Again Jim Sturgis heard the voices of that grapevine—heard them just after the game had finished, when he'd dismounted and was walking toward his car. Two gabbling dowagers, sitting on chairs in front of a parked limousine along the side lines where the countless cars stood in a well-groomed row.

He had played hard in that game; desperately hard, not only to win a place, but to overcome a thing that had been with him from the day he'd arrived with the Raiders from the Coast to play in the Open championship matches—they'd gone to the semifinals in them—and had then stayed on to battle for a position on the American International Team. An indescribable something that was like a wall—an invisible wall that yielded, politely yielded, and yet was ever in front of him.

FROM those side-line chairs had come voices:

"He's from Chicago or Wyoming or some such place."

"They tell me he's a rancher and a blacksmith. Shoes mules! What *can* the Committee be thinking of?"

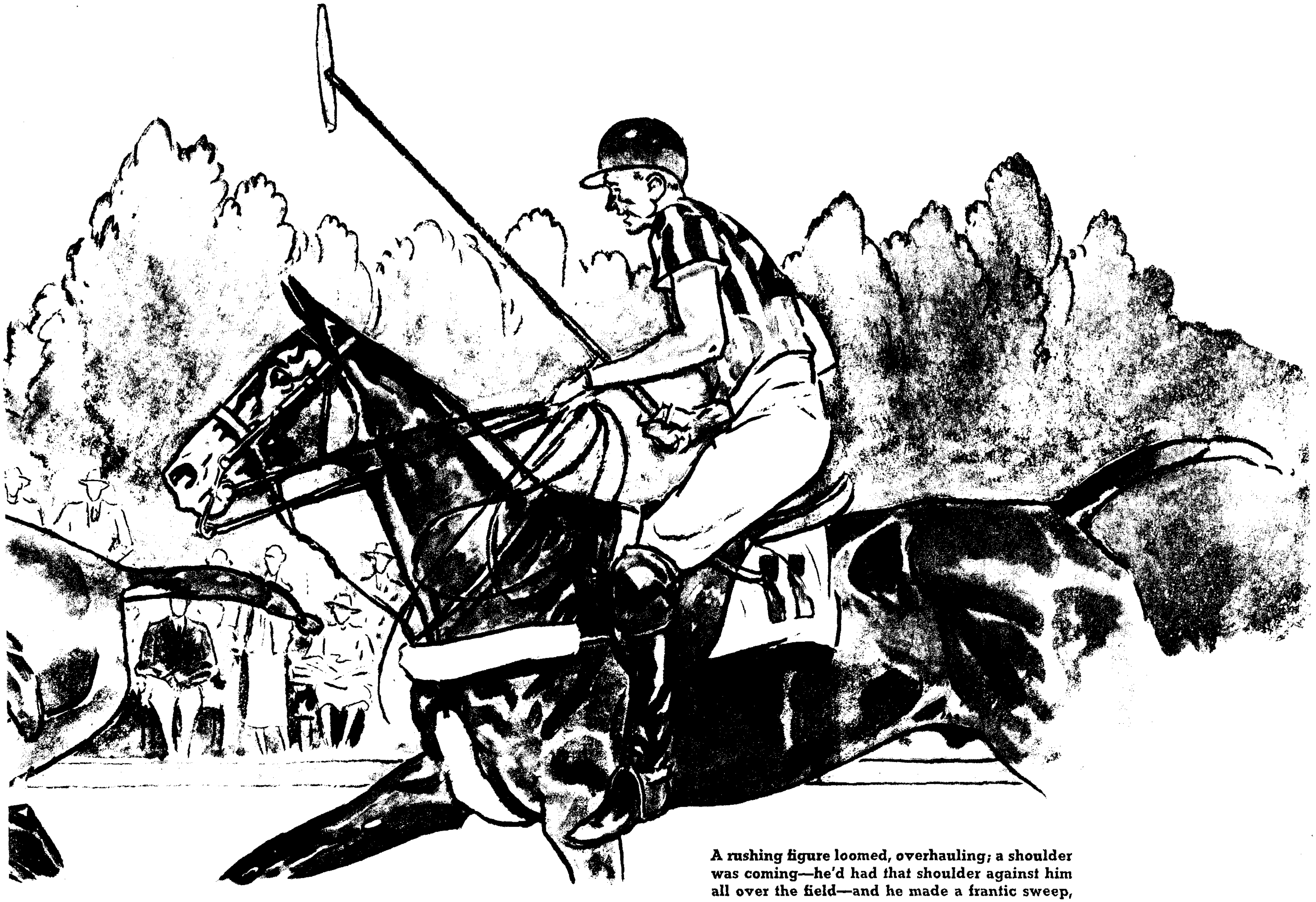
"That's what I've said! Polo is something more than—"

"—than riding and hitting a ball, my dear! Well, every bit of influence that I have with the Committee—"

The voices stopped. The speakers had suddenly become aware of Jim Sturgis. For an instant they looked at him and then they were looking through him. And one had said, "Really!"

That was all. And yet it was enough.

Jim Sturgis had gone on to his car; had driven away—where, he didn't care. Just went. The wall was no longer invisible. The gabbling dowagers, bluntly



A rushing figure loomed, overhauling; a shoulder was coming—he'd had *that* shoulder against him all over the field—and he made a frantic sweep, missed, and the shoulder was riding him off

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

outspoken, had said what the others merely thought. Utterly incorrect, they were correct. No need for the Committee's decision.

He had roused, to wonder what road he was on. And to remember that he was supposed to go to a dance at a country club. And that Evelyn Trent would be there.

He'd hauled himself upright behind the wheel, with those powerful, pliant hands of his. And suddenly he had laughed.

"He shoes mules!" he'd said. And again laughed. "And I thought I had a chance with her, too. Well, live and learn. We'll see her tonight—but we've already had our answer."

He had seen her that evening at the country club, across the dance floor, and his heart had leaped as it had leaped the first time he'd ever seen her, weeks before. He chuckled. The first time he'd seen her he hadn't known who she was; merely knew that here was the girl for him—and she had proved to be Evelyn Trent, daughter of John Trent, *the* John Trent. His chuckle grew. All that he would have been able to give her, in a manner of speaking, was a house and three meals a day, with maybe a midnight snack thrown in for good measure, along with his love. And now, back in the present. . . .

Now they were dancing and he'd said his say. Had told her he wouldn't make the team. Grapevine wireless. He closely watched the expression on her face. He saw surprise, bewilderment and relief.

He flushed hotly. So she'd known it all the time! And hadn't told him, and was relieved because somehow he'd learned it before the Committee made its announcement. His resentment grew. Of course she'd known it, she and her group, closely linked with the Defense Committee! Wasn't her father one of the Committee, even though he'd been away for several months and was still away?

THEN resentment died. She wasn't that kind. She was a good kid for having kept quiet, for not having let him know; for believing right up to the end—fiercely he hoped this—that by some miracle he'd make it.

And he said with attempted lightness, "It takes more than good playing to succeed in polo. You've got to be able to team up with the others, and have them team up with you."

He watched her, and saw that she was trying to make it easy for him.

"That's right, Jim. Polo *is* team play."

"And if the others don't want to team up with you—" The words were out before he could stop them. And he said swiftly, flushing under his tan: "That isn't it. I'm jumpy tonight. I wasn't good enough, and that's that. Let's dance."

They danced without further talk, until finally she said:

"This is the first year you've ever been east to play polo, Jim. It's a different world back here. It takes time to get acquainted."

He followed her lead. "You're right. Out our way we're a little easier to know. Each part of the world to its own."

"Yes." Her brown eyes were on him. "Now when you come back next year—"

It was on the tip of his tongue to say: "And why should I come back next year? You'll be married by then." But he said: "You're right. Next year would make a lot of difference."

"Of course it would. And—I only wish you could have met Dad this summer. He could have helped. He should have been back by now. You would have gotten along famously."

"I'm sure we would," said Jim Sturgis. But he knew that they wouldn't. John Trent—*the* John Trent—was one of the Committee, and would be like all the rest of them. Jim Sturgis was suddenly glad he wasn't going to meet him.

The band stopped, began an encore. And as they started dancing again the name of the piece came to Jim Sturgis' consciousness. It was the latest hit, "You Haven't Told Me Anything Yet." And to the rhythm of their feet, the last two lines of the song hammered in his ears: "Though we've been together all this while, you haven't told me anything yet."

And Jim Sturgis looked at Evelyn Trent. And crazily an idea came thrusting. He hadn't told her anything yet! And there was so much he'd like to tell.

NOW there began to hammer in his ears, to hammer through his whole being, a refrain of his own making:

"You're leaving—you're going west—you'll never see her any more." And the refrain grew. "But before you go, before you go, tell her, tell her—you who love her so!"

Crazy! He took a quick breath. Steadied himself and felt a hand on his shoulder, heard a man's voice.

"As if the prettiest girl in the world was going to be monopolized all evening."

Jim Sturgis turned, to find himself face to face with a big young fellow, handsome in a heavy, sultry way. Not really face to face, for the other didn't

(Continued on page 35)

La Belle Lamour

By Henry F. Pringle

One reason for Dorothy Lamour's overnight success in the movies is given by her husband, Herb Kay, the band leader: "Dorothy had to put over so many punk songs when she sang with the band that it's easy for her to act before a camera"

FIVE years ago Dorothy Lamour was running an elevator in a Chicago department store and was wishing, somewhat aimlessly, that she could get back into the show business. She had toured with a Fanchon & Marco unit a couple of years before but had been slightly handicapped by the fact that she could neither sing nor dance very well. Also, she had been too small to parade as a show girl.

Worst of all, Miss Lamour had won a bathing beauty contest and had been crowned Miss New Orleans. Most theatrical managers dash out a back door when a Miss Des Moines, a Miss Albuquerque, a Miss Yonkers or a Miss New Orleans slips past secretaries and into their offices. For such prize livestock, while undeniably easy on the eyes, is nearly always a strain on the nerves. In short, bathing beauties are often dumb.

Thus Miss Lamour, who isn't actually dumb at all, was less than sensational in her brief stage career. So she got a job for a little while as a model with Marshall Field's in Chicago. This petered out and she wrapped packages in the same store. Then they promoted her to the post of elevator operator. She didn't mind very much. It was nice, clean work. She grew calloused, even, toward the gentlemen customers who would try to make dates by remarking brightly, "Your life is full of ups and downs, isn't it?"

"Skirts are on the third floor," she would sometimes retort. More often, she would just say nothing.

Determination and ambition were singularly lacking in Dorothy Lamour. They still are, although she has officially been promoted to stardom in pictures. She merely drifted and waited for the breaks. She was extraordinarily lucky, for the breaks came in quick succession. She had been running her elevator for several months when Dorothy Dell, a girlhood chum who had risen to eminence with an Earl Carroll show, arrived in Chicago. Dorothy Dell had all the drive which Dorothy Lamour did not have. She had no luck whatsoever. Before very long—just as she achieved success in Hollywood—her life would be snuffed out in an automobile accident.

Dorothy Dell was scandalized in 1932 to find her friend slaving in a department store. She told her that she had no push, that she would never get anywhere. She ordered her to attend a party being given that night for the cast of Impresario Carroll's troupe. Among the guests was Dorothy Gulman—the name Dorothy has an almost mystic significance in the Lamour biography—who was press agent for the Morrison Hotel of Chicago. Dorothy Dell and Dorothy Gulman cooked up a little conspiracy.

The Lamour Luck Holds Out

"I'd like you to sing at the Morrison Hotel next Theatrical Night," said Dorothy Gulman to Dorothy Lamour. "We'll introduce you as Miss New Orleans."

It was explained that Theatrical Night was a weekly occasion when talent appearing in local shows did their stuff at the hotel night club after the theater. The conclusion is inescapable that Dorothy Lamour did not have sense enough to be frightened. She had sung a little for the amusement of her friends; she agreed to appear.

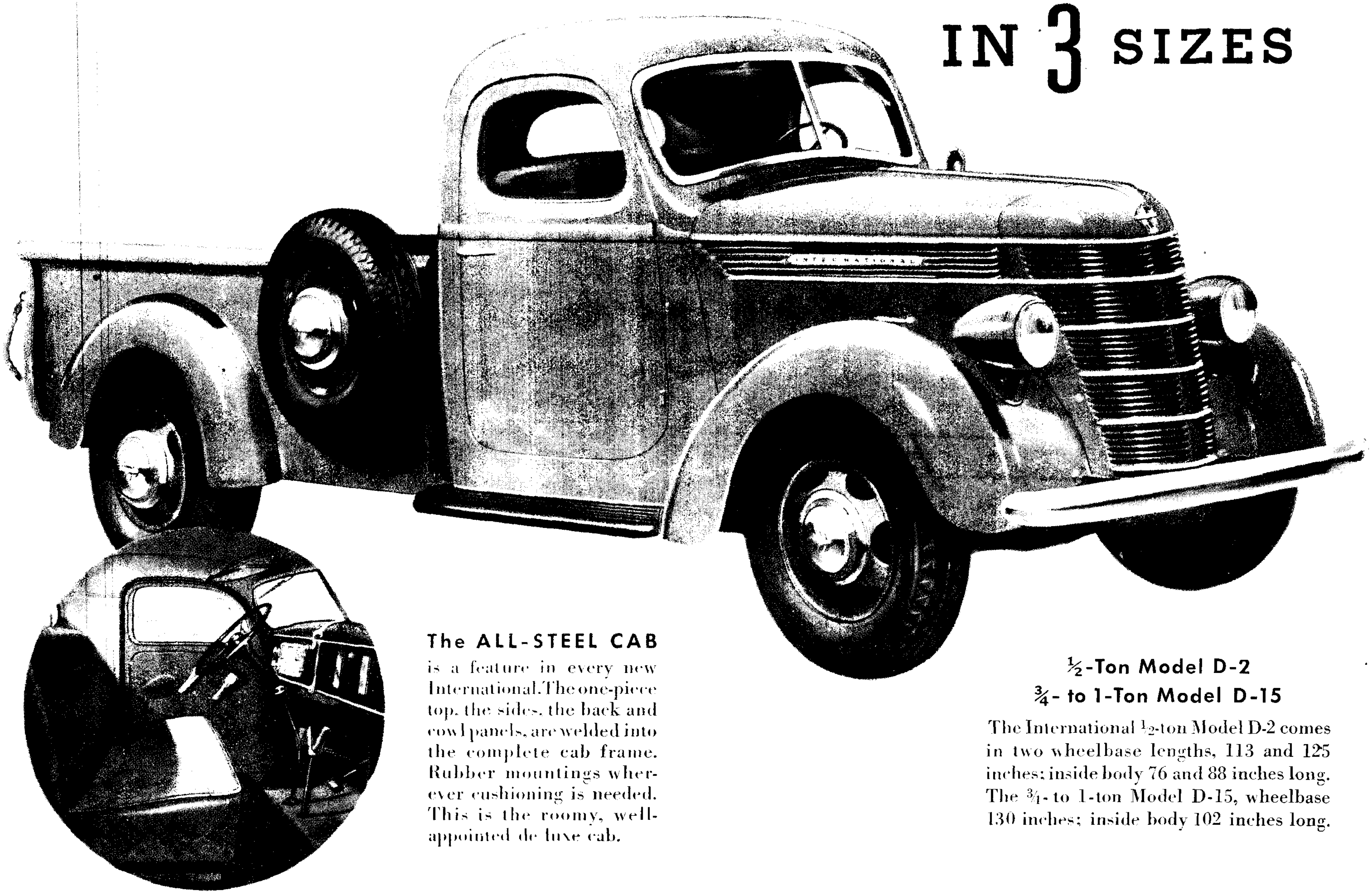
She was scared enough, however, when the moment of her appearance came. The band played the opening bars of a song called Dancing on the Ceiling, but Dorothy could hardly hear the music because of the noise made by her knees knocking together. She moved toward the microphone—and every line of the song vanished from her head. The leader repeated the introduction. White-faced, Dorothy stepped down and borrowed the music from him. This brought a scattering of applause. When she got through the number fairly well, the applause was enthusiastic. She had proved herself a good trouper.

Nothing would have come (*Continued on page* 72)

GOLDBERG

Dorothy Lamour, a youngster whose versatility makes her a favorite with the casting directors

THE *New* INTERNATIONAL PICK-UP TRUCKS IN 3 SIZES



The ALL-STEEL CAB is a feature in every new International. The one-piece top, the sides, the back and cowl panels, are welded into the complete cab frame. Rubber mountings wherever cushioning is needed. This is the roomy, well-appointed de luxe cab.

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The International ½-ton Model D-2 comes in two wheelbase lengths, 113 and 125 inches; inside body 76 and 88 inches long. The ¾- to 1-ton Model D-15, wheelbase 130 inches; inside body 102 inches long.

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International Harvester engineers worked for months to develop these trucks—a quality line of Internationals completely new in engineering and exterior design. The men who design and build and test them took all the time that this kind of a job requires and put into it all the experience that Harvester has gathered in more than thirty years of truck manufacture. And now months of actual service in every kind of job imaginable testifies to a new high accomplishment in truck construction and a new low cost in truck operation.

Every one of these new Internationals, from the modern Half-Ton streamline trucks to the powerful six-wheel units that are licking the toughest trucking conditions in the world, is *all-truck* throughout as all Internationals have always been.

From the very day a new International goes on the job you can expect greater earnings on every load it hauls. See these trucks now at the nearest International branch or dealer showroom. The right chassis and right body for every hauling problem. Ask for catalogs of the sizes in which you are interested.

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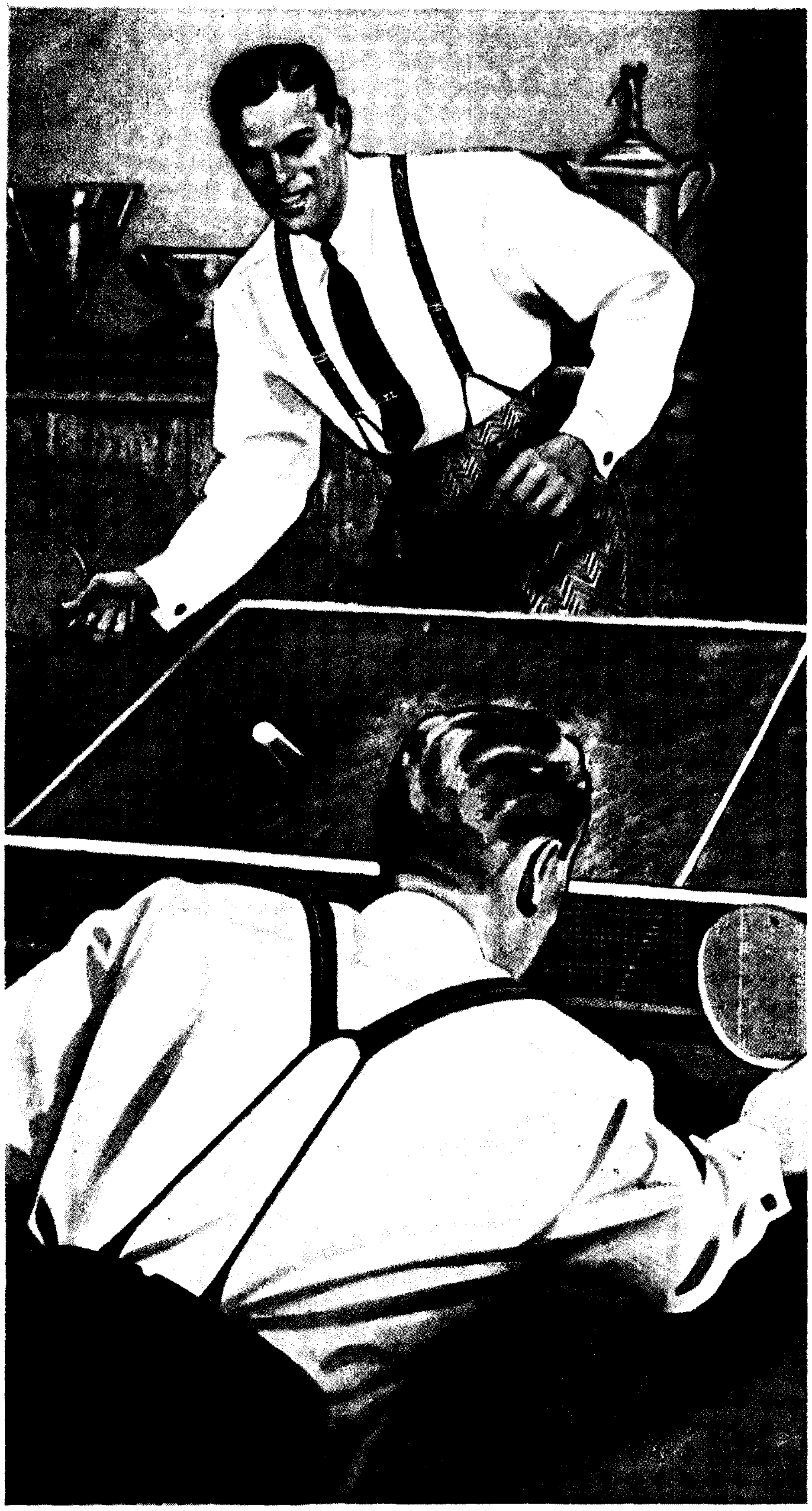


Accent on Action

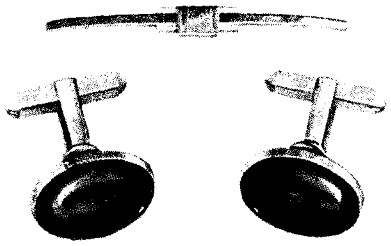
HICKOK *Action Bak* BRACES

in ACTION COLORS

ABOVE—*Action*BAK Braces of herringbone weave elastic webbing in two shades of Skyway Blues, accented with maroon and gold, $1, $1.50 and up. Long-lasting comfortable Hickok Garters, in matching Action Colors.

SERVE a fast ball. Drive a car all day. Be active as you please—you'll still be comfortable, wearing Hickok *Action*BAK Braces. They're styled for men of action! The exclusive *Action*BAK and *Action*FRONT banish all pull and strain, make Hickok Braces seem to actually "float" on your shoulders.

There's action in their styling, too, for Hickok now offers *Action Colors—Skyway Blues . . . Rocket Reds . . . Bronco Browns . . .* in smart, unusual designs. Every detail—the jewelry fittings, equalizing *Action*FRONT tips, trim elastic cable *Action*BAK—adds to their good looks and long wear. HICKOK, Rochester, New York.



HICKOK JEWELRY, TOO, in Action Colors. The Skyway Blue airline links, set with rich blue cabochon stones, $2.50. The collar bar, in Hickok gold plate, has the exclusive Hickok firm-holding, dependable alligator-grip.

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Belts · Buckles · Braces · Garters · Jewelry

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Three steps in a blood transfusion. In the upper left illustration, samples are taken from both recipient and donor, and typed for compatability in the laboratory (upper right), where the donor's blood is also examined for communicable disease. The transfusion itself, by the direct method, is shown below. Blood is pumped directly from a vein of the donor into a syringe, which measures it and empties it into a vein which has been opened in the recipient's arm

Blood transfusion is a dramatic commonplace today. The precious fluid is bought and sold and given away. But not so long ago that couldn't be done. Miss Lees explains how the system was worked out

WE WILL now pause for station announcements," said a soft, suave voice. "This is Station WXYZ, your announcer . . ." There was a sudden silence, then the voice came on again, somewhat less calmly:

"Attention, please. An emergency call from the Blank Hospital, an emergency. If there is anyone listening in, able and willing to give some blood to save the life of a patient in the maternity ward of that hospital, will he please communicate with Dr. Dash there immediately? A transfusion is vital if the woman is to live. Any volunteer donors please get in touch with Dr. Dash at Blank Hospital, telephone Quaker 1234, as soon as possible."

There was another pause, then, "This is Station WXYZ," the voice went on once more in soft, suave tones, "your announcer . . ."

But by that time all over the city—a large Eastern city this was, five o'clock of a winter afternoon—men and women were hurrying to their telephones. Ten minutes after the appeal went over the air the hospital was receiving offers so fast the switchboard girl had to stop taking them so as to leave the wires free for other possible emergencies. Within a half hour, fifteen or twenty men and women were waiting in the hospital receiving ward eager to give their blood for this woman whose name they didn't even know. And within another hour the patient who had been at death's door from a hemorrhage following childbirth was receiving her transfusion, and with it new strength that would give her a chance for life.

An Old Idea Modernized

It's rather amazing that there should be hundreds of people everywhere, ready at a chance word out of the air to give a pint or more of their own precious blood to help a woman of whom they had never heard and who would probably never know who had helped her. But what is still more amazing, if you look at it another way, is that one person's life can be saved by another person in this way. It seems almost too simple to be true, but it's not nearly as simple as it seems.

Way back some three hundred years ago, shortly after the time Plymouth Rock was being landed on over here, doctors in France and England were experimenting with this blood-replacing idea that looked so simple. First they tried giving transfusions from lambs to people—this was a long time ago, remember—and then they tried giving transfusions from one person to another. Some of the time it succeeded marvelously, and people at death's door would find themselves miraculously coming back to life and health. But oftener these transfusions seemed to make the sick people die a lot faster. After a little more experimenting doctors stopped thinking that this simple idea was such a good one and by the time this scientific century we're living in rolled around no doctor would have given a transfusion no matter what the emergency.

But about then a German scientist named Landsteiner, who was pretty curious about the way human blood was made, discovered something very surprising.

(Continued on page 69)

has been, unjustly, sentenced to a year and a day in the common jail. At the mature but not infirm age of seventy-eight, "his gray head bowed to the blast," he has, seemingly, brought disgrace upon Judge Cowper, now a State Supreme Court justice, and the Cowper family.

And what is the nature of the criticisms being uttered by Judge Cowper, his wife Nina and particularly her sister, Amelia? That Archibald Cowper was always (1) an idler, (2) an impractical schemer, (3) a drunkard, (4) a gambler, (5) an immoral man, (6) a blasphemer and a roisterer, (7) an untidy dresser, (8) a companion of river-front riffraff, (9) a murderer. This last accusation being uttered by Amelia in the hearing of Mrs. Robert Tedsey, wife of our estimable C. B. & Q. station agent.

THESE are, I think, rather serious charges to be made against the character of a gentleman and, in my day, were actionable. I have so advised Cowper, but my friend, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," replies: "I love my family and would rather cut off my right arm than enter a lawsuit against them." He also adds with calm assurance: "They love their Uncle Archie, too!" In this, Archibald Cowper is far too generous and optimistic. Only Jacqueline Cowper actually feels for him that affection which we mortals term "filial devotion"—as, indeed, she should. It shall be my unswerving purpose to explain why.

Archibald Cowper, at the present writing, is a well-preserved and distinguished-looking gentleman with a fine head of hair, a noble forehead and is very active in his manner, although inclined to fleshiness. He has had the habit—which his true friends would not deny—of going without collar or cravat, except on the Sabbath. He has done this on the advice of his physician, Dr. Mortimer Gridcock, retired, whose statement follows:

"Yes, I told Cowper some years ago—in 1901, I think—that constriction about the neck in a man of his weight might be harmful and lead to apoplexy."

I have been present when Nina Cowper, only his [illegible] by marriage, reproved [illegible] for wearing [illegible] and old galluses on a [illegible] out of this city. [illegible] Cowper [illegible] with kindly geniality, [illegible] of sufficient importance [illegible] he was entertaining an old friend, Major T. [illegible] Slocum of the St. Louis Masonic Home, and did not wish to embarrass him by "a show of finery."

SO MUCH for the Cowper family's opinion that Archibald Cowper did not do them credit in his personal appearance. Lest my readers have any further doubts on that score, I took the pains to question Mrs. Martha Triunfo, wife of Colonel Jeptha Triunfo, proprietor of the Commercial House, where Archibald Cowper resided for thirty-seven years. Her statement:

"Mr. Cowper was the neatest, most considerate boarder we ever had. As soon as he gets out of jail we want him to come back to us." She added that she, herself, washed and ironed Cowper's seersucker suits which he changed frequently, always wearing a sprig of mint leaves as a boutonniere.

I would dismiss the charge that Archibald Cowper was an "idler" as unworthy of extended comment, except that Judge Cowper, immediately after the shooting tragedy, addressed himself to me, as follows:

"Something like this was bound to happen. Uncle Archie always had too much time on his hands. I don't believe he ever did an honest day's work in his whole life."

The facts are that Archibald Cowper, as a young man, owned and operated a successful Hambletonian horse-breeding farm on land which is now part of the Crescent Dairy. He trained and developed such famous trotting horses as Midnight, Black Sam and Cowper's Prince and spent several seasons racing on the Grand Circuit. Unfortunately, while driving a horse named Blinken at the St. Louis Fair, Archibald Cowper suffered a painful accident, due to the sulky's right wheel coming off. He has in his possession to this day a letter from Dr. J. P. Saunders, a renowned specialist, since deceased, from which, with his permission, I quote:

"I do not think it would be advisable for you to engage in heavy manual labor until the ligaments in your back return to normal condition."

Despite years of careful nursing and expensive treatments, the ligaments in Cowper's back refused to perform their proper function. He was obliged to seek less strenuous employment and became, in 1889, the local representative of the Crown Funnel Steamboat Packet Company, then the largest line on the lower Mississippi. He held this position, making frequent trips as far south as New Orleans and faithfully discharging his duties, until the steamboat company went bankrupt in 1906. It is characteristic of Cowper that he served the last year and a half without salary in an effort to save the company.

In this connection I am reminded of a painful scene which occurred on the front porch of the Commercial House when Jacqueline Cowper was about twelve years old. She had come to spend the afternoon with her Uncle Archie, as was to be her frequent custom until she was old enough to go away to college.

THE following colloquy took place:

"Uncle Archie, did you used to be a river gambler?"

Cowper, somewhat taken aback, laughed and replied: "Who told you I used to be a gambler?"

"Aunt Amelia. She said you used to gamble for thousands and thousands."

I remember Cowper's considered reply, as if it were yesterday:

"Yes, Jacky, I gambled a little. But only as a social duty. I had to entertain good customers of the line and if they demanded a little game of stud poker it was my duty to oblige them. A man has to be polite, Jacky."

"How many men did you shoot with your derringer, Uncle Archie?"

I recall that Cowper glanced at me with a quizzical expression and responded: "You tell your mamma and your Aunt Amelia that the figure stands at fourteen, not counting niggers."

The child had no opportunity to question further as Mrs. Cowper had sent her Cousin John Sanders after her. When they departed, Cowper turned to me and said: "Broussard, why are they filling that little girl's head with ugly yarns against me? Do you think that's fair? Why, when she grows up she'll be afraid of her Uncle Archie!"

"It's damnable," I said. "Why don't you complain to your nephew?"

"Tom? No use complaining to him. He hasn't got anything in his head but law. Shucks now—I shouldn't get riled with Nina and Amelia. They mean well, they mean well."

ANOTHER reason why the Cowper family disapproved of Archibald Cowper was his occasional use of intoxicating liquor. But in all the years I have known Cowper I never saw him take a drink that wasn't for medical purposes or to avoid embarrassing a friend. On many occasions I or Major Clem Whitsett or Mr. J. Thomas McCuen have called upon him and found him groaning with agony, due to a congestion of the unhealed ligaments in his back. In such instances, liquor was offered after all other remedies failed; and Cowper would invariably say: "Well, if I must, I must."

When the Dr. Samuel Johnson, Jr., Social Club, which I had the honor to organize, invited Cowper to membership, he protested: "There's bound to be drinking. I shouldn't join, boys. The family won't like it." We finally were forced to declare Cowper a member ex officio and, at his earnest request, move the meeting place from the Elite Bar to a small room off the lobby of the Commercial House. This place proved in every way more private and suitable.

As to the unfair charge that Cowper was "a drunkard" I can only submit the testimony of Major Whitsett, first cousin of General Beauregard of the Confederate Army. His statement:

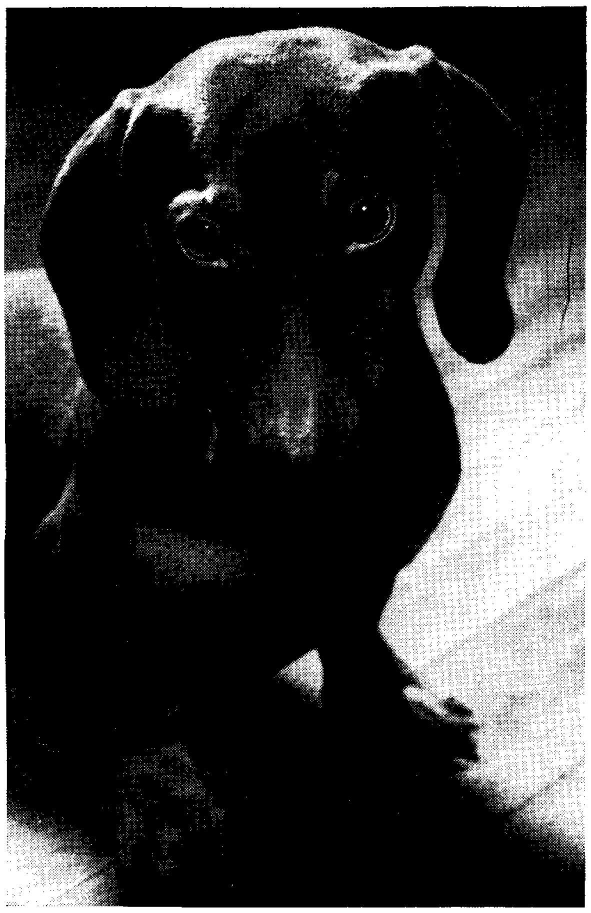
"I never saw a man who could handle liquor better than Cowper. He did not like the taste, he abhorred the drinking process and he devoutly mistrusted the result. He and liquor were never firm *friends,* you might say. He never relaxed or became too intimate with liquor. My theory is that Cowper always *hurried* liquor through his system and thus could consume quantities which, in a less antagonistic stomach, would have rendered the drinker hors de

(Continued on page 62)

Pet Shopping

So you're going to buy a dog? Then listen in on Mr. MacBain's advice to the Spelvins, and you will avoid the dog racketeers. For there's a brighter side to this half-billion-dollar industry you are investing in

By Alastair MacBain



TORKEL KORLING

Your droll little dachshund is a highly intelligent pet with a most engaging personality

TAKE an average couple like Mr. and Mrs. George Spelvin, for instance. The Spelvins have decided to buy a dog.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin—and there are a couple of million Spelvins in this country each year who feel that same irresistible urge—have no idea what breed, color or size their four-footed Dream Tot will be. Mr. Spelvin visualizes something like a mastiff or a Great Dane that can protect the home and lick every other dog on the block. "I don't want any of these fuzzy little Fifis," he says, "that when you meet 'em on the street, you don't know if they're going to bite you or sting you."

Mrs. Spelvin, on the other hand, is inclined to leave her protection to the local police department, and get something nice and soft and cuddly, a little white poodle or a Scottie. All they know is that they have just fifty dollars to spend—if they are an average American couple—and all they want is just the best dog in the world.

What happens? They discover that there are more varieties than they knew there were dogs—the American Kennel Club recognizes 107 distinct breeds in the United States today—and Mrs. Spelvin makes the additional confusing discovery that every puppy she sees is the cutest puppy she ever saw. Relatives, neighbors and friends overwhelm them with advice and suggestions. "A mongrel is always more intelligent." "Thoroughbred dogs are apt to have fits, and besides I hear they're treacherous." "A Boston bull makes a very good watchdog; we've had three burglaries at our house and he watched them all."

Mrs. Jones next door says to get a long-haired dog so it won't catch cold in winter. Mrs. Robinson across the street says she for one wouldn't have anything but a short-haired dog around the house unless of course you like dog hair in your food. The ashman says it's no use wasting money buying one, he'll give them a pup—"his father was a champeen police-dog and his mother was a champeen Airedale, so you see he's a thoroughbred." They ought to get a two-months puppy that can grow up with them, they ought to get a mature dog so you don't have to worry about distemper, they ought to get a big dog one look at which is enough to scare away the burglars, they ought to get a little one that won't eat them out of house and home, they really ought to get a cat. . . .

And even after they decide on a breed, their troubles have only begun. Their mail is crammed with pamphlets on canine care and puppy problems, and with advertisements on everything from dog-collars to patent cupid-chasers. Salesmen of prepared dog-foods bombard them with calorie charts and free samples—"Why, Mrs. Spelvin, you wouldn't hesitate to serve Poochies to your own husband."

Eager dog owners contribute gloomy warnings based on their own experiences. "Be careful about turkey-bones. Cousin Elsie lost her spaniel last Christmas feeding it turkey-bones." "Too much potatoes give them the rabies. . . ." Confused, browbeaten, hardly on speaking terms any longer with each other, Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin find their dog problem is summed up in three questions: What should they look for? What should they look out for? And how should they look out for it after they get it?

Because once the word gets out that the Spelvins are in the market for a dog, they automatically go on one of the biggest sucker lists in the country. There are over fifteen million dogs in America, representing an industry with an investment of about half a billion dollars; and any industry so big and so lucrative is bound to attract a swarm of chiselers, gyps, and dog-nappers. They say there are a hundred ways to skin a cat, but your dyed-in-the-wool dog-racketeer has figured out more ways than that to skin a customer.

HAROLD M. LAMBERT

A fun-loving fellow is your wire-haired terrier, who gives unstintingly of his robust affections

MORGAN STINEMETZ

Gentle and lovable, the silky cocker spaniel has his own special way of capturing your heart

Ugly yellow eyes, for example, look darker with a couple of drops of belladonna in them. Printer's ink has made many a brindle Scottie black. Nervous and loud-barking puppies are calmed temporarily by a dose of aspirin. That Sealyham's spotless white coat may be due to a recent bath in bluing and a dusting of powdered chalk. Pedigrees can still be faked, despite the rigid regulations of the American Kennel Club—one valuable bitch was credited with close to a hundred pups in a single year before an official of the Kennel Club started checking up. Worst of all, a string of dog-napping rings is operating all over this country today, stealing and doctoring and reselling perhaps a million dogs in the United States each year.

Grafts that Fool the Experts

Nor are the Spelvins the only ones who are taken in by this canine shell-game. Even the so-called experts can be had, when a real craftsman sets out to take them to the cleaners. When a bull terrier, for instance, happens to fall short of show-ring standards because of a narrow foreface—"weak in the muzzle"—a few surreptitious belts in front of the eye with a rubber hose makes his face swell until it looks naturally well-filled. A collie's ears will droop to the correct tilt by crimping them for a few seconds over a hot wire, and the job will be so convincing that the pup's own mother wouldn't suspect it. Kinky squirrel-tails can be given that stylish sickle-curve by a few deft nicks with a scalpel.

If a mouth won't close in the proper scissors because there are too many lower teeth, just yank one out, and nobody will be the wiser unless you happen to count them. Badly marked Welsh terriers can be made perfect by a little brown chalk. Beagles too tall to make their class will often get by the official measurer if they have had a pin jabbed into their withers day after day until they crouch instinctively at the very sight of a measuring bar. A little dexterous tail-twisting will make the boldest Skye terrier drop his flag. "Sure," your dog-gyp grins, "it's a lot easier to make 'em than it is to breed 'em."

How are the Spelvins going to protect themselves? How are they going to avoid that small but persistent group of gyp-artists which preys on the innocents who set out to acquire a pet? Well, the simple way is to go to a reputable kennel or accredited dealer. And how can the Spelvins be sure which is which? The American Kennel Club, fifty-year-old guardian of purebred dogs in this

(Continued on page 49)

Mum is men's, too, you know

Don Herold Says:

MUM is as masculine as *soap!*

It just happened that women took to Mum first, but that's no sign they own it. They've no monopoly on it. Mum is men's too.

A lot of men were shy of Mum because they saw it over there on their wives' dressing tables for years before they ever thought of using it themselves

But some thinker of the male sex (oh yes, we have them) finally said to himself, "Men (because they wear more clothes and are more active) are even more apt than women to be guilty of perspiration aura a half hour after a good bath—and when a man *is*, he's just as big a liability to have around as a woman who *is*."

So Mum has . . . rightly . . . become just as logical an item in a man's toilet outfit as soap, shaving cream, shaving lotion or talcum powder.

And millions of men have seen the sound sense of Mum-surance and now make a daily habit of two dabs of Mum underarm each morning and maybe again before evenings out. (Some use it on feet, too, to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

I apologize for the years I didn't use it

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant cream which stops underarm perspiration odor for a day, without interfering with perspiration itself. You'll even like *yourself* better after using it.

You don't have to plunk down money to see if I'm right about Mum being a good thing for men. Try it free. Begin by sending your name on the corner of this page for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M2-97, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 11

waited there for the price of the drink, his hands automatically toweling the mahogany. Majors lifted a quarter from his pocket and held it until the barkeep's disinterested eyes rose.

Majors said: "Know a man named Ed Dale?"

He hadn't lifted his voice, yet this was like the snap of a trigger on an empty shell—a sound to reach men through even greater sound. The rider adjoining Majors made a slow half turn and stared at him, but Majors had only a view of this from the extreme corner of his vision. He was watching the barkeep's eyelids lift and betray a streak of expression—and drop again. The barkeep took the quarter. He said, "Never did," and went down the bar.

Majors felt and heard the effect of that question ripple outward, as though he had dropped a stone into water. The talk checked down. Somebody at the end of the bar said, "Ed Dale?" He drank his liquor at one breath, knowing the eyes of the room were turning to him; the feeling was that definite. The barkeep came back and stopped, apparently waiting for the empty glass. But he said in his spare, even tone:

"Lookin' for a man by that name?"

Majors said, "Tell him so, when you see him," and wheeled out of the saloon, leaving the half silence behind.

There was a stage coming in from the valley side of town, making a racket in Reservation's quiet. Majors crossed the dust and took his stand by the hotel door, half buried in the shadows again. The blond man hadn't moved from his station by the edge of the empty building.

The stage rolled up. Two passengers got out and made a run for the restaurant. The driver crawled down with a sack of mail and limped toward the hotel door. He was thin and old, with a silvered crescent of a mustache; and his bright blue eyes touched Jim Majors as he passed by, showing no expression. The waiting stableman hurried up to unhitch the four worn horses and back in the fresh four he had been holding here.

SOMETHING here drew tighter and tighter; something here grew thin and odd. It was a feeling brushing across Jim Majors' senses, drawing his glance into all the apertures of this town. Men came out of the saloon, not talking, and moving as though they had something to do. The square-bodied Ben shouldered through the doors, pointing silently here and there, which was an order that scattered those others along the street while he paced the dust and took a stand in the darkness beyond the horses. The hostler drove the old team away and the passengers came out of the restaurant and stood by the stage door, waiting. All this was within the spread of five minutes.

The driver, a mailbag under his arm, came out of the hotel. Jim Majors rolled a fresh cigarette—and when he spoke to the man it was with a summer softness, the motion of his lips hidden behind his hand.

"Tell him I got here and I'm still alive."

The passengers had climbed in. The driver walked on and crawled up the wheels to his seat, tucking the mailbag under it. He said: "Gyp! Belle—" and kicked off the brake.

The tall wheels were moving, but there was the smashing fall of someone on the hotel's inner stairway and at once a man rushed out through the dining-room door, throwing himself at the stage with his body bent over as though in agony. Coolness whipped through Majors and he flattened his shape against the hotel wall; for he heard the square-bodied Ben calling up in a voice that was solid and without pity.

"Not tonight, Pete. Not tonight." The fugitive had one hand on the opening stage door. He raced with the stage, trying to lift himself inside and he was abreast Jim Majors—with the lunging of his wind loud in Majors' ears—when a gun howled out of the shadows, the gun of the square-bodied Ben. There were two shots. Majors heard them strike into the fugitive. He saw the man stumble, still gripping the stage door, still trying to pull abreast. But his legs all at once quit lifting and for a brief moment the desperateness of his will caused the stage to drag him on a yard or more before he let go and fell into the dust.

The stage gathered speed, rumbling toward the covered bridge and the hairpin turns of the foothills. A woman cried out and rushed from the hotel, passing Majors. Dust rose up and made all this vague to him for a moment. The smell of powder drifted into his nostrils. He saw her drop and try to lift the dead man's head into her lap. She was calling his name in a wild, crying voice, her white shirtwaist rocking across this dismal semidark. He heard her say: "Ben Maffitt—someday—someday—!" That was all. She was crying again in a way that turned Jim Majors cold.

Nobody in this town made any gesture toward the dead man or toward the girl who crouched in the smoky dust and cried out her heart; and this was a brutal indifference Jim Majors didn't understand until his glance crossed the street again and discovered Ben Maffitt bulked in the saloon's doorway. Maffitt plainly waited there, his silence so sure, so arrogant.

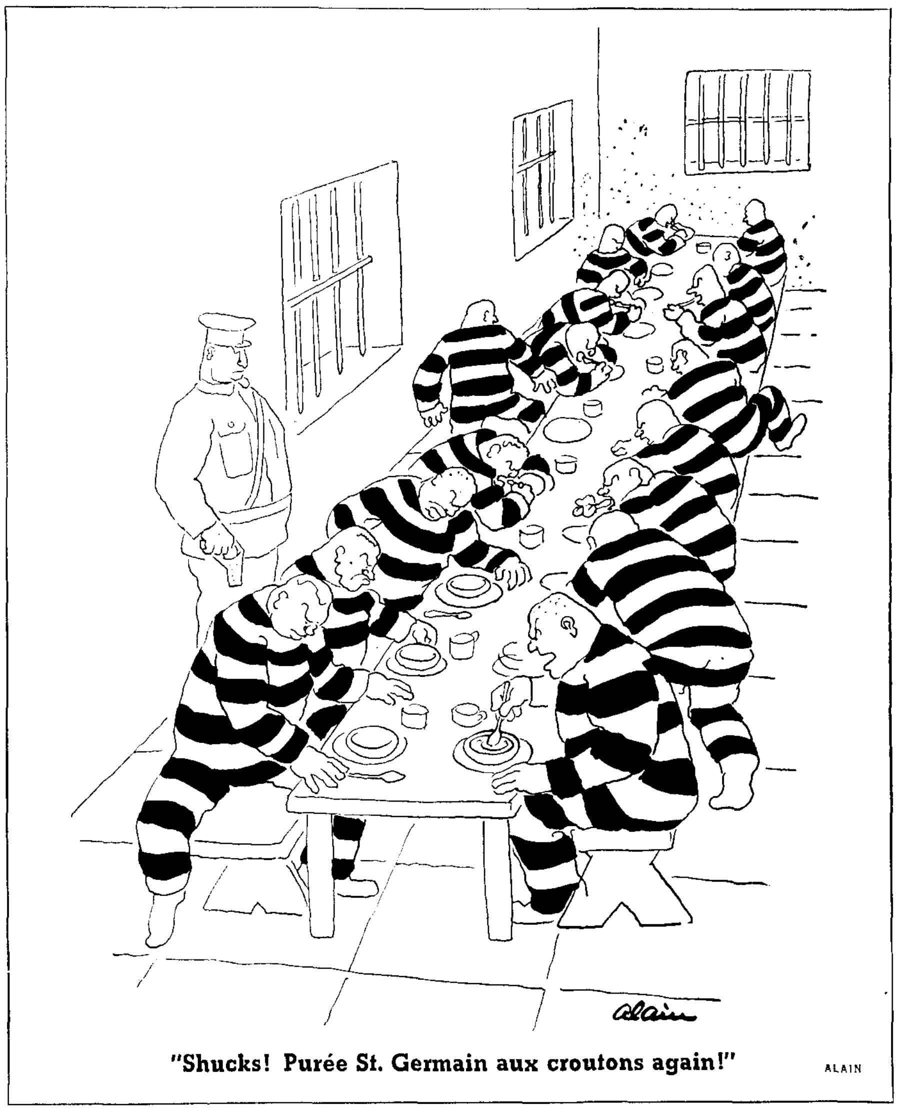
This was the story of the town completely told. A thousand nights could add nothing to what Jim Majors knew at that exact moment. If there was any pity in Reservation it cringed away from Ben Maffitt's presence; if there was any decency on this street, it remained shamefully silent.

The crying of that forlorn girl destroyed the set of Majors' judgment and even though he knew he opened up every risk he should now be avoiding, he couldn't stop the swing of that temper. It was a weakness for which he had more than once been punished, as the scars on his face showed; nevertheless he walked into the dust, as far as the kneeling girl, and spoke to her:

"I'll take you back to the room."

HE STOOD patiently by. But she couldn't rise and so he reached down and lifted her and turned her against his chest. She murmured, "Don't let him stay there," and nothing held her upright except the pressure of his arm. Meanwhile in his ears was the sound of somebody crossing from the group of riders just arrived in town. He changed the position of his arm around the girl and turned his head.

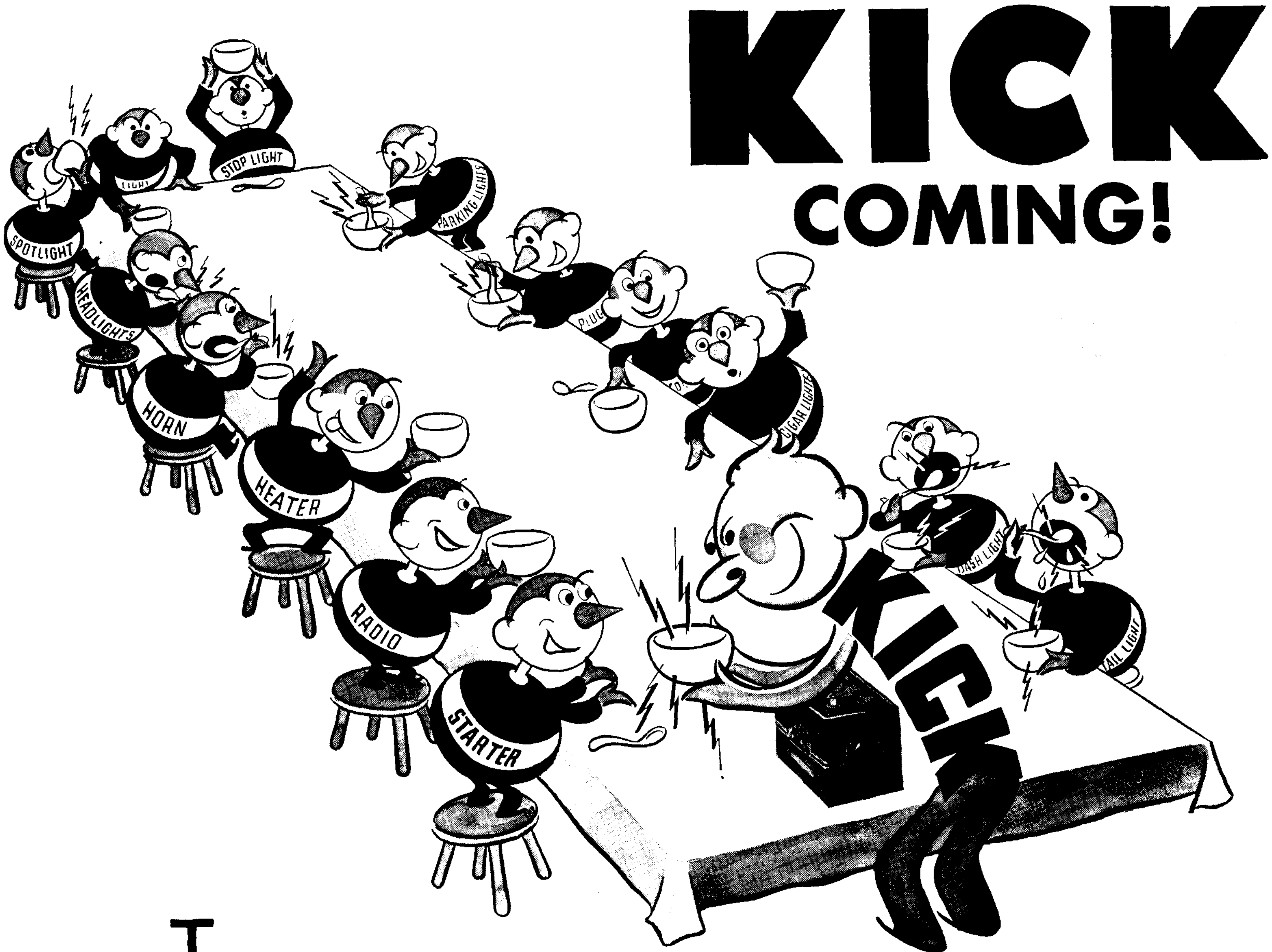
It was another girl, dressed in a man's riding clothes, her shape turned slim and tall by the half shadows lying in the center of this square. She walked with a swinging step and all he could distinctly see at the moment was a surface of black hair and features sharpened by the sight before her. She stopped, her glance touching the dead man and rising afterward to the girl half collapsed in Jim Majors' arms. She said, "Tony,


"Shucks! Purée St. Germain aux croutons again!"

ALAIN

WHEN YOU START TO FEED THIS HUNGRY MOB

YOU'VE GOT A KICK COMING!



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Today things are different. Now you have a high-compression engine. You have more and brighter lights. Probably you have a radio, a heater, a cigar lighter and a lot of other electrical accessories.

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Goodyear Batteries are packed with KICK. They are the newest batteries on the market, designed and built with all the extra capacity you need for the most completely equipped modern automobiles.

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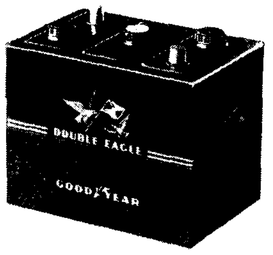
Don't try to get enough electrical energy for a modern car from an obsolete, low-capacity battery. Put a Goodyear Battery in your car—and then, *whenever you need it,* you've got a KICK coming!



GOODYEAR BATTERIES get their extra, longer-lasting KICK from their modern design and the quality of materials and workmanship used in their construction. For example, all Goodyear Batteries have tapered cell walls to protect and lengthen lives of plates and separators. Yet Goodyear Batteries are all very reasonably priced.

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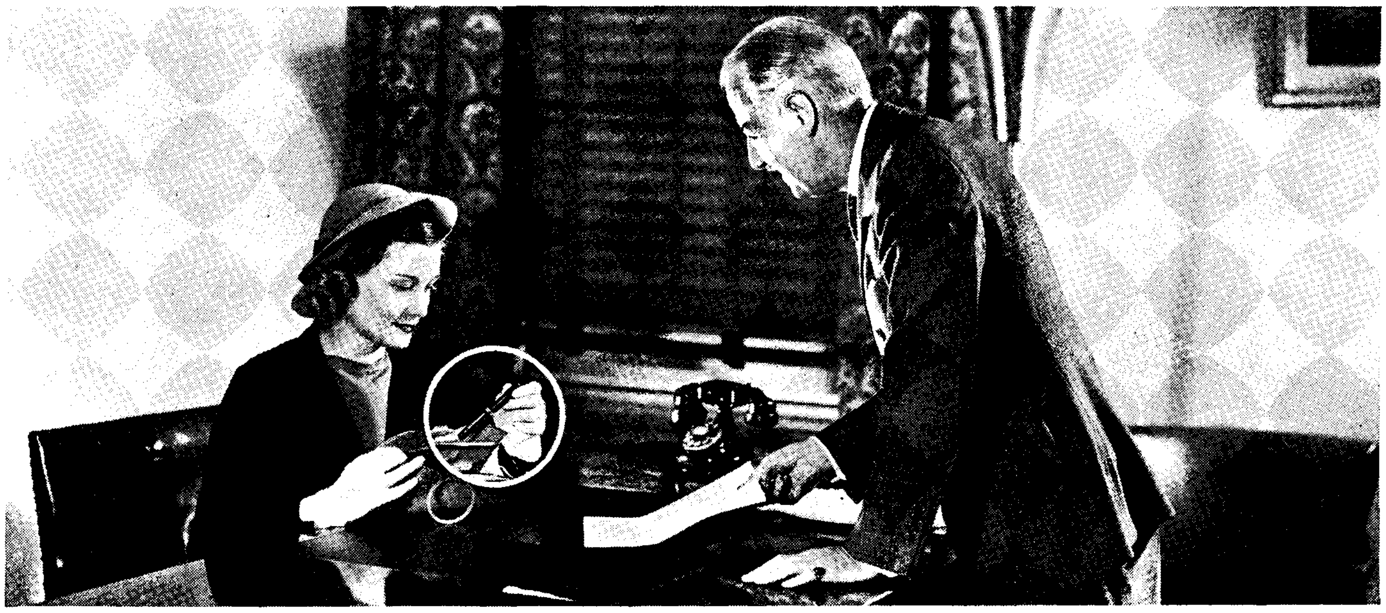
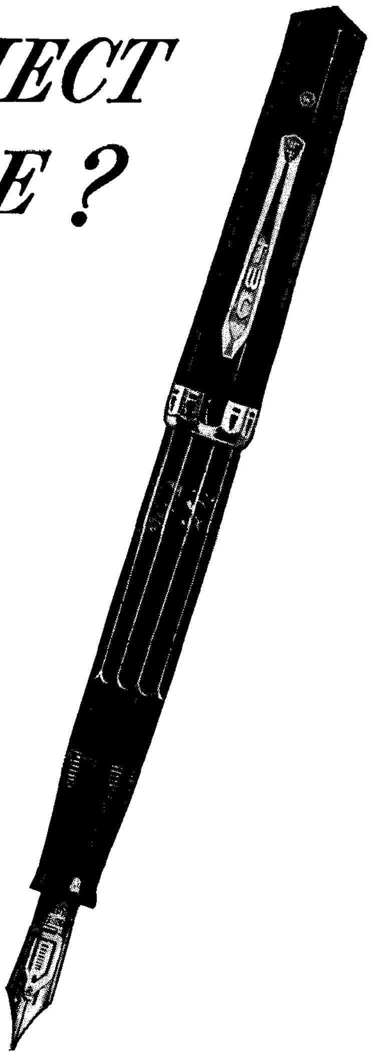
GOODYEAR BATTERIES

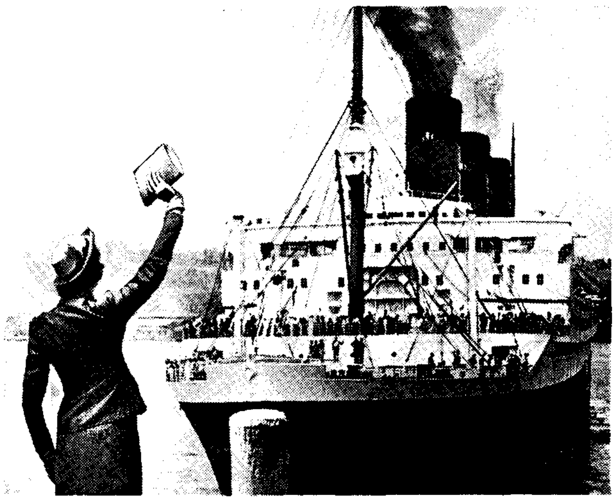
AS GOOD AS THE NAME THEY BEAR

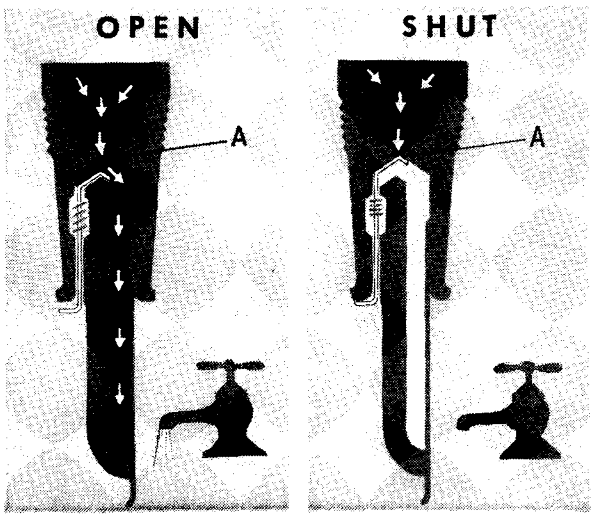
DOES YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN OBJECT TO TRAVELING IN YOUR PURSE?

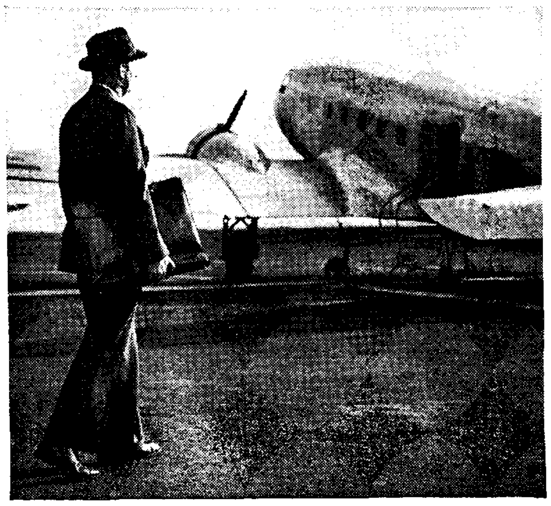




1 **Watch out, lady!**—If that's an ordinary fountain pen you're reaching for—be careful when you uncap it! Remember—you've been swinging that handbag of yours around—and the ink is likely to have jounced from the pen barrel into the cap. If you had an Eversharp with the Safety Ink Shut-Off* that *couldn't* happen.



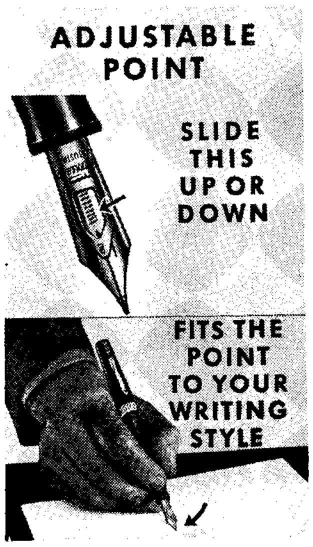


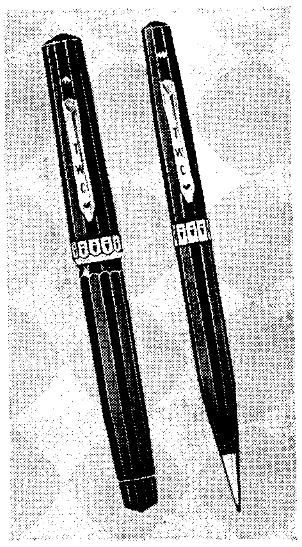


2 **Good-by, Jane, I'll write!**—And even after a spontaneous gesture like this—when you go to use that Eversharp pen in your handbag—the ink will still be in the barrel of the pen—where it belongs—not in the cap. That's what the Safety Ink Shut-Off does for you!

3 **Opens and shuts like a faucet**—Eversharp's Safety Ink Shut-Off is open while you're writing. The ink flows from barrel to point as in the "open" picture. But when you screw the cap on tightly, the Safety Ink Shut-Off closes the ink channel "A"—sealing the ink in so it *can't* leak into the cap.

4 **And here's a thought**—Why not one for your husband? His pen gets bounced around too. If he occasionally sprints to catch a train, or does a lot of traveling—by plane, motor, or bus—an Eversharp is the *safest* pen he can carry. And—he'd like an Eversharp pencil with it.





5 **The safest pen to give**—As a gift, give an Eversharp pen with the adjustable point (slight additional cost). The person who receives it can adjust the point to suit his or her own stroke, pressure, and writing style. All Eversharp pens come in one-stroke vacuum or lever filler, and . . . they show when to refill! You'll find, too, that Eversharp's pens have greater ink capacity. Gold Seal Eversharps, $7.50 and up—unconditionally guaranteed during the life of the owner except against loss, theft or wilful damage, and subject to a 35c servicing charge to cover handling cost, postage and insurance. Other models, $2.75 and up. Pencils to match, $1.25 to $5. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

*U. S. patent applied for

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF "why are you here?" Her voice was strong, evenly rounding off the words. It carried a tone edged by an authority that scraped against Majors. It churned up his temper.

He said, "This is a hell of a time to ask questions."

Her chin lifted, moving her cheeks into clearer light. She had been looking at Tony, never seeing him. Now she saw him and anger visibly colored her judgment and her lips made a long part across white teeth. One of the mounted figures by the saloon called to Majors in a grating voice: "Keep your voice down, pilgrim," and spurred on. Majors saw the shape of the man weave in the saddle as he came, old and stiffly tall, with a narrow face further brought to point by a white goatee. He had a rawhide quirt half lifted in his hand and when he halted he shook it at Majors. "Keep your voice down."

The slim girl said: "Dad, never mind."

ALL the town watched through the cold shadows. Majors said to the girl Tony, "I'll take you to the room." But the heaviness of her body remained constant and he thought he had to carry her. Time ran slow and thin, the threat of the old rider above him and the tall girl's eyes emptying anger on him, and all the yonder men carefully listening. His mouth ran a long streak across the weather-bronze of his skin, narrowed to that edged, tough half-smile. Tony pulled away from him and murmured, "It's all right." He turned her and walked back to the hotel with her.

The hotel man stepped aside from the doorway, the steel hook of his arm flashing in the light. Majors followed Tony up the loose stairs and into her room. Dust yellowed her white shirtwaist and tears caked dust against her face and her eyes were half open, showing him a glance dim and wild. She sat loose-shouldered on the edge of her bed. He removed his hat and stood uncertainly at the door, making his guesses about her. She wasn't very old and he saw that she had a shapeliness and a prettiness a good many men had probably observed.

"Don't let him stay out there."

He said: "I'll take care of that. Your husband?"

Her head rolled on the pillow. "No." But the question seemed to break through her despair. "I guess you must be new here."

"Sure. Why?"

"Nobody else would ask me that question. Don't let him stay there. He was—" She rose from the bed and turned her back to him in the far corner of the room, wiping her cheeks. She said dully: "Guess I must look pretty bad. Well, that's the way things happen to me. I liked him. He was a boy and he got mixed up the wrong way. That's all. I liked him. He was trying to get out of the country." She came about, fear slowly thawing out of her face. "I hope I live long enough to see Ben Maffitt die like that!"

Somebody came up the stairs at a light, quick step. Majors said, "This Ben Maffitt—"

A voice called through the doorway, "Maybe you're too curious."

Spinning on his heels, Majors found the dark-haired girl there, her eyes considering him without friendliness. He stood, silent, returning her scrutiny.

She broke the silence with her curt question, "Are you through looking at me?"

He could be soft or he could be blunt. He matched her temper now. "Don't be so proud. I see nothing to justify it."

Her eyes showed him a fresh outrage. But Tony, in the corner, was crying again in an exhausted tone. It turned the dark-headed girl across the room. Majors watched the way she went over to Tony and put her arms around the girl, saying in a gentle tone: "Tony—Tony. I'm sorry you've been hurt. I'm so sorry."

The roughness went out of Jim Majors. This girl held Tony against her breasts and her lips were broad and maternal and she was saying: "Cry, if it will help, Tony."

Majors swung from the room, but he turned again to have a final look, not quite knowing why. The dark girl's eyes lifted and met his smileless glance, and held it, a faint break of curiosity on her cheeks. He made a burly, heavy-boned shape in the doorway, the scars on his face definitely toughening its expression. He said, "Maybe I was wrong," and went to his own room.

He had left the door open and the light on—and he saw the edge of the bed quilts hanging straight down, though he had tucked them in before leaving. A small smile struck across his lips again, harder than before; and he blew out the light and shut the door, descending to the lobby.

The hotelkeeper swung himself idly in the rocker, the steel-hooked arm hanging idly down. He rolled his head toward Majors, using no extra effort.

Majors remained by the street door, tapering up a cigarette while he considered the crowd rolling around the yonder saloon. Apparently Maffitt had entered the saloon, but the old man with the white goatee stood on the walk and other riders made a half circle around him. The night was colder and blacker than it had been. They had taken the dead man from the square. Shadows shifted along the base of the empty building opposite; a cigarette glowed and died there, to tell him that his hope of playing a quiet game was futile. They were watching him, they were weighing him, and they would never get him out of their minds. For this was a country that hated strangers and a country filled with men who looked over their shoulders at a past they had run from and couldn't forget.

The hotelkeeper's voice rustled like dry sheets of paper rubbed together: "How was the Sundown country when you left it?"

The question held the unexpected shock of a bullet. Majors had his back to the hotelkeeper and he remained that way, but his lids crept nearer together and his lips ran thin. He said, over his shoulder, "I don't know you."

"I wondered about that. I lived in the Yellow Hills five years ago—and I heard of a J. J. Majors." Afterward the hotel man's voice was a heavily weighted tone. "Sundown Jim. Sure."

"Who's the man with the white chin whiskers?"

"Pedee Barr. It's his daughter Katherine upstairs. You'd better be right. If you ain't right—"

"You'll never find anything under my bed, friend."

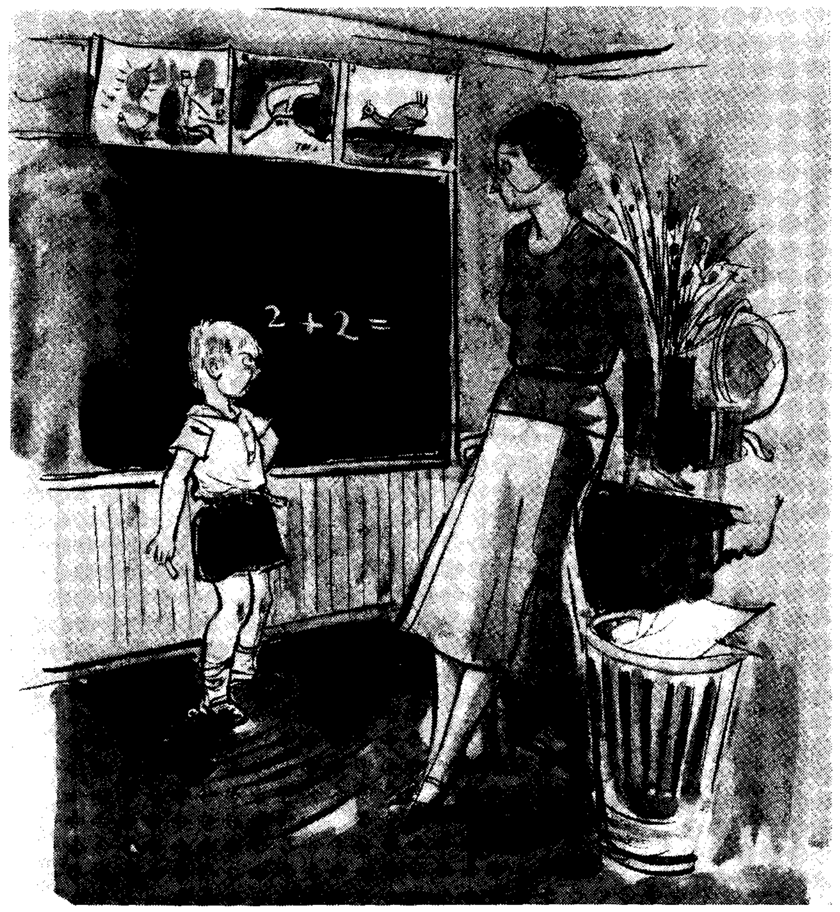
"It wasn't me that looked," said the hotel man. "But I guess you knew the kind of country you was ridin' into. Better never be anything under your bed—and nothin' pinned on your vest."

"We'll wait and see who's curious enough to have a look at my vest."

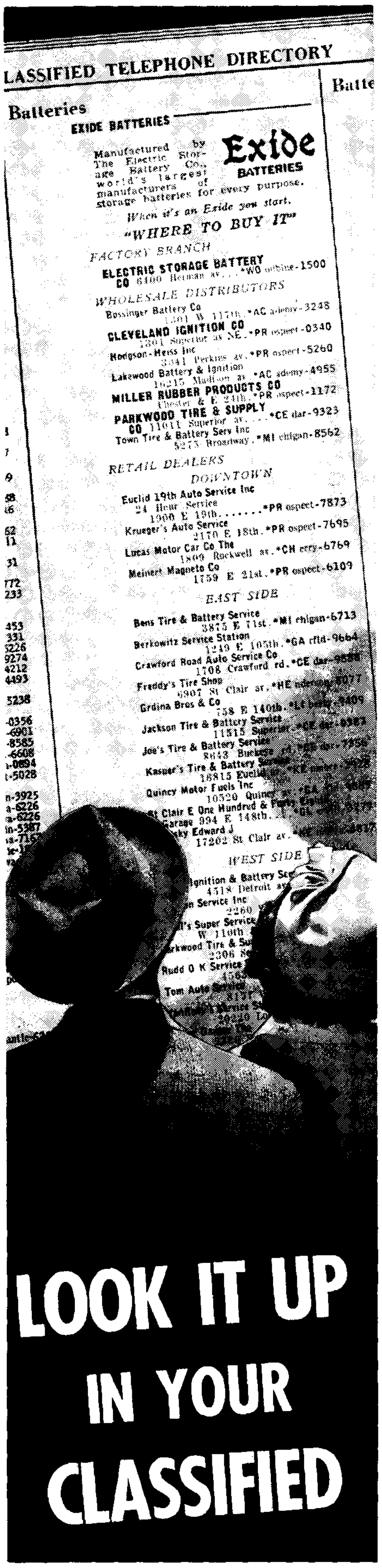
"It won't be a long wait."

JIM MAJORS saw the high, stiff frame of Pedee Barr wheel through the saloon door. He had wanted to play it quiet for a while, but it would never be possible now; and at once a weight in his mind tipped the other way, throwing him back to habits and impulses he liked better. It was time to go and see if that little seed he had planted in the saloon had done any growing. It was time to make a break, to roll up a little lightning and find out where it struck. He had a trick that always betrayed this kind of a decision; he pulled his shoulders forward and threw down his cigarette, expelling the smoke through his nostrils in a long sweep of breath. Light struck the solid irregularity of his features and the scar on his temple showed white and he was smiling again, the powder color of his eyes brighter than before. When he crossed the square he noted that the blond man had disappeared.

He shouldered through the doors, a strong draft of smoke and sound running against him. Certain things he wanted to see—and instantly saw. Pe-



"Don't just stand there! Suggest something!" PERRY BARLOW



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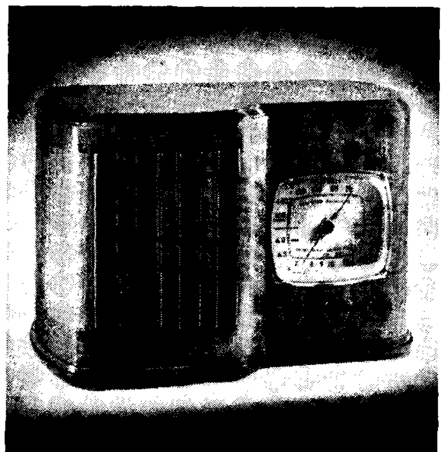

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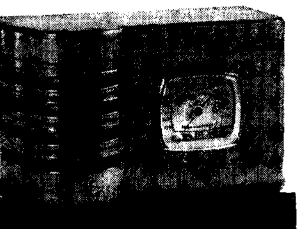

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WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING LITTLE RADIO

dee Barr stood in a corner of the saloon, his goateed face narrow and small-boned and strictly unsmiling. The men around him, Majors judged, were his own men; and when Pedee Barr's glance lifted and struck over to him, full of a proud man's intolerance, Majors noted how all those others swung about to copy the gesture. Ben Maffitt sat before a poker table at the room's other end, the chair turned to permit his wide chest more freedom. His hat clung to the extreme back of his head and a clump of coal-colored hair fell down across his brow. He had a cigar clenched between his big teeth and his interest was only half captured by the game.

Majors caught his slanting, sly glance; it was a manner of indifference not quite hiding the catlike fixity of his interest. Majors went on to the bar, using his shoulders to make himself a place. The men on either side gave way at this pressure, their glances bracketing him cheerlessly. He recognized one of them to be the rider who had been up at the summit stage station.

Majors laid his arms on the bar, waiting his turn. He had the feel of a growing pressure in the place; it was like a steady force on his shoulder blades. He made a circle on the bar with one forefinger, watching the pale imprint show on the scarred hardwood surface, and he was carefully laying away in his head the thing he had learned, which was that Ben Maffitt and this Pedee Barr were friendly enough to share the shelter of this saloon. It was one piece of a puzzle to be shaped against other pieces when the time came.

He got his bottle and the glass and poured a drink. Behind him a man said: "Heard you asked about Ed Dale."

Jim Majors put his fingers around the bottle when the barkeep came back to get it. He said, "Leave it here," and turned and saw Brick Brand. The edges of Brand's hair burned a pure red in the light. He had a self-assurance gleaming like humor in pale blue eyes.

"You know Ed Dale?" asked Majors.

The redhead considered Majors blandly. "Where was he from?"

Majors said, "Maybe same place I'm from."

"Why you think he's in this country?"

"He came in one side and he didn't come out the other. So he's here."

"It's a big country. Might be any one of a dozen places."

Majors looked at the redhead's poker expression. He said: "If you don't know him what are you bothering me for?"

THE redhead's eyes grew rounder. But there were other things here to trap Majors' attention. The talk had fallen away so that all the room could hear this. Men watched him. Pedee Barr's head was craned forward and he had cupped a hand behind his left ear to catch the cool run of those words. Ben Maffitt swung his body in the chair and his glance slanted over the room, very keen.

The redhead's grin came back, like a warning; he was, Majors judged carefully, a tougher man than he appeared. The silence tightened and the redhead drawled: "Your time ain't so valuable, mister. Maybe you're a friend of Ed Dale's. Maybe you just want to find him and pay back the five dollars you owe, or maybe you got a letter for him from his grandmother. Then again, maybe you don't know Ed Dale at all, except what you learned from a reward notice."

Majors said: "He had a fresh bullet mark on his right hip and a picture of a girl in his coat pocket."

His attention was half on the redhead and half on Ben Maffitt. His answer was like added weight to a silence already heavily strained. Maffitt's head rose another inch and his stare was direct now, all indifference gone. Majors had the full effect of the man's black eyes. And then there was a little byplay that gave the scene away. The redhead looked back at Maffitt and when he returned his attention to Majors he wasn't smiling. He murmured, "That's different," and put one hand forward and in a quick motion threw back the lapels of Majors' coat.

Majors made no gesture to stop that. But he knew he had reached the end of an alley. All the men in the saloon waited and watched, and the tension in here was something that couldn't last. What he did now would make him or it would break him, for that was the kind of a crowd he faced and this was the kind of a country he was in. He was a big, idle shape backed against the bar, his heavy elbows hooked over its edge and his solid shoulders negligently drooped. His lips ran a rolling half smile across the heavy irregularity of his cheeks. It wasn't that he meant to smile, but he was remembering how changeless were the rules of the game. The incidents of his life kept repeating themselves, move for move, fight for fight, scar for scar.

He said: "Pull the coat together, like you found it, Brick."

The redhead was smart enough to know trouble when he saw it, and he saw it now, for his answer was to take one backward step and stop there, stiffly placed. "No," he drawled, "I guess not."

Majors pushed himself away from the bar, gently speaking, "All right, Brick. This is a treat—on me."

The redhead raised both arms, but he never got them fully lifted. Majors was away from the bar before he had finished speaking. He caught the redhead's jaw with a straight jab that made a dull, pulpy sound in the room, like the flat of a cleaver against meat. Brand's face tilted toward the ceiling and he hit out with his fists and struck nothing. Majors shot a blow into the man's stomach, doubling him up. The redhead fell against Majors and tried to hang on. There was another man coming up from the corner of the room, yelling: "Boot him, Brick; boot him!" Majors threw Brand backward and measured him and hit him twice on the face and sent him to the floor. Brand lay there, supporting himself on his arms, his breath caught in his throat.

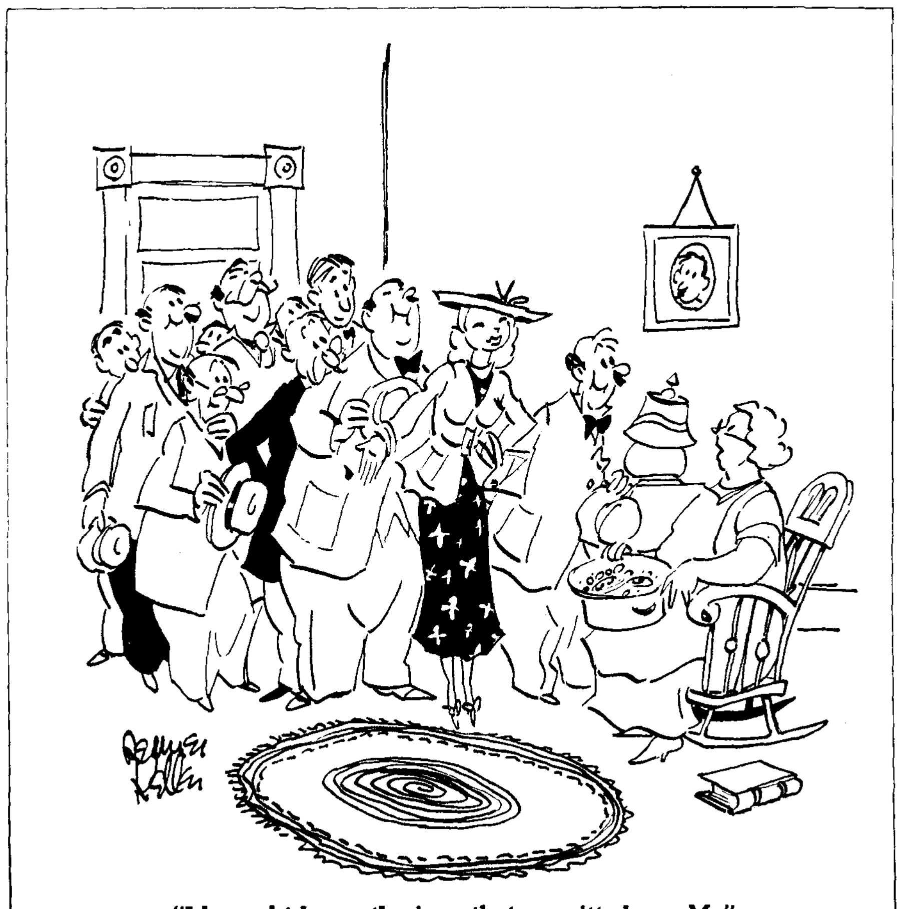
The second man rushed on, whirling his arms in windmill style. He struck Majors and got his arms around the latter's neck and jammed his knee into Majors' groin. It was barroom fighting, wicked and punishing. He jabbed his thumb into Majors' ear and stamped on his feet and tried to swing his weight to catch Majors in a strangle grip.

Majors wheeled and carried this man in a complete circle, meanwhile watching Brand try to come up from the floor. All the faces in this room were pulled into lines of strict, savage attention; these men were ringed around him, a wolf glitter in their eyes. Brand was half upright. Majors waited for the other man's head to duck in again, and reached up and slugged him in the temple. He felt the fellow's grip loosen, which was his opportunity. He jumped aside and caught the man from behind, shoulders and crotch, and lifted him off the floor; he swung him, face downward, forward and backward for momentum and threw him through the saloon doorway.

EVERYBODY heard that crash on the yonder walk—that and the wild howl that followed. Brand was on his feet, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth. There was a gap between his teeth, and his eyes didn't quite see Majors, who stood there and waited. The redhead said, between breaths: "That's all!"

Majors stepped back into the center of the room. He wasn't looking at Brand. He had turned away from the man and it was this indifference the men in the saloon saw; this indifference and the hardness of that smile which remained so constant on his lips. The scar on his temple showed white in the lamplight and his hair fell across his forehead; and the depth of his breathing lifted and lowered his chest. He had his eyes on Ben Maffitt then, and in them was bright eagerness. He waited like that, measuring Maffitt—as though inviting him to speak. Then he said: "Brick, come around here and pull my coat together."

The silence got close and dangerous. Ben Maffitt, motionless in his chair, showed the room no expression, though Majors knew the room waited for Maffitt



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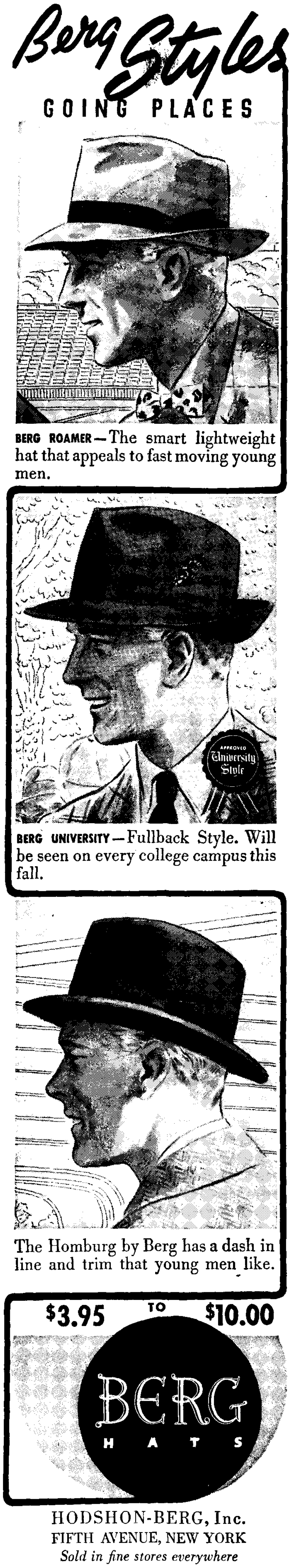

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Sold in fine stores everywhere

to speak. Majors repeated, softly, "Come around, Brick, or I'll bust every rib you own."

Brand came around. Pain had begun to punish him and he held a hand across his lips and mumbled through his broken teeth: "You got to rub it in?"

Majors said: "Just teachin' a dog to mind."

Brand reached forward and pulled at the lapels of Majors' coat; and he turned and charged out of the saloon.

Majors went to the bar and helped himself to another drink. His back was to the crowd, but he could see the reflection of all those men in the bar mirror. Nobody moved and nobody spoke. He paid for his drink and wheeled, and for a moment it went like this, Ben Maffitt's eyes considering him with a tremendous, brilliant interest. But there was no other expression on the man's cheeks and he made no move; and so Majors walked across the floor and through the swinging doors. Brand crouched over the other man, who lay flat on his back. Brand stared up at Majors. He said: "You busted his arm."

Majors said, "Sorry," and crossed to the hotel. But he wasn't thinking of those two. He was thinking of Ben Maffitt, who had never stirred, never spoken. Maffitt could have taken up the fight, or he could have put more men into that fight. But he hadn't. Majors remembered the sharpness of his eyes—and the underlying slyness. This man was a schemer before he was a killer, and so twice as dangerous.

Majors filed that in the back of his head and walked up the stairs. No light showed from the girl Tony's room and there wasn't any talk in there. A faint odor of tobacco smoke lay in the hall's blackness. Majors caught the heel of his boot in a knothole and stumbled against his own door. Suddenly he halted here, kicked open the door and drew swiftly aside. Smoke was ranker in the room, and then a match burst against the dark and by its glow he saw the ruddy face of the blond man. The match went out. The blond man said:

"Come in and shut that door."

Majors stepped into the room. He kicked the door shut with the heel of his boot, and stood against it. The blond man pulled the cigarette from his mouth. He said:

"You had a hell of a lot of nerve walkin' into that saloon. You got away with it—but don't let it make you too proud."

Majors drawled: "You been watching the girl's room for an hour. Why?"

"It was Pete Riley. I wondered if he'd make it out of town. He didn't."

"What was he up against?"

THE blond man took another drag on the cigarette, its glow shining against the pale surface of his eyes. His lips showed the stretch of irony. Silence went on a little while. Then the blond man said: "Same thing you're up against, though I may be mistaken. My name is Buff Sultan. I run a ranch down the East Fork. Me and my sister." Afterward he added one gently hinting sentence. "Maybe I'm mistaken about you."

Majors said: "You came here to ask a question. Go ahead and ask it."

Buff Sultan's chuckle ran the darkness. "All right. You want help?"

"What kind of help?"

"Never mind. You're here for a reason. There's only two reasons. You're running away from something, or you're lookin' for somebody. You want help?"

"*I don't pick my help blindfolded.*"

"No?" said Buff Sultan, a slow amusement in his voice. "That's something you'll learn. If you stick here you'll be glad to get help from anybody, no questions asked. Maybe we can make a trade. My help for your help."

"I'll listen," said Majors. He crossed to the window, hearing sudden sounds fill the street. Pedee Barr was in the saddle down there, with the other men of his party swinging up. Katherine Barr came from the general store and went to her horse. The rest of the group turned to leave Reservation, but she held her horse a moment longer in its place, her glance very definitely seeking something on the street; and the impatient swing of her shoulders told Majors once more of a temper strong in all its reactions. Ben Maffitt walked from the saloon and stopped in the doorway, its light making a black block of his body. He did a strange thing then. He removed his hat and looked over to Katherine Barr, saying nothing and making no motion. Majors' head tipped nearer the window, his interest whipped alive. Katherine Barr turned her horse and stared at Ben Maffitt, but though Majors watched this scene closely he saw her make no sign at all and he saw nothing between them. A moment later she whirled the pony into the darkness, following her father. Ben Maffitt turned to watch her ride away.

Majors' voice was sharp: "What's between the Barrs and this Maffitt?"

Buff Sultan's drawl crept dryly across the room. "I guess I made a mistake about you, friend. You're quicker than I judged. You're wonderin' about the Barrs and about Maffitt. You're wonderin' about me. Listen. The longer you stay the more you'll wonder. You'll never get it untangled. If I was you I wouldn't try. Just pick your side and let it go like that."

"Which side?" said Majors.

Buff Sultan rose from the chair. He crossed to the door, placing his feet carefully on the rickety floor. He was a vague shape over there. He said, more cautiously than before: "I guess I found out what I came here to find. Don't trust anybody—and don't trust me, for I'm just as apt to knife you as the next man. That's the kind of a country you're in now."

"It wasn't what you came to say," said Majors.

"Changed my mind," answered Buff Sultan, a touch of hurry in his voice. He opened the door a notch, watched the hall a moment and slipped out. Majors heard him go down the unstable stairway. Posted again at the window of this lightless room, he saw Ben Maffitt standing by the saloon, lost in thoughts which held him perfectly still. Two or three minutes afterward Buff Sultan came from the hotel, crossed the street to a horse racked in front of the empty building. He wheeled around, leaving town on the opposite side. Ben Maffitt's hat brim rose, a sign of his interest in the departing Sultan. A man came from another angle of the street, went over to Maffitt and spoke a few words. Maffitt nodded.

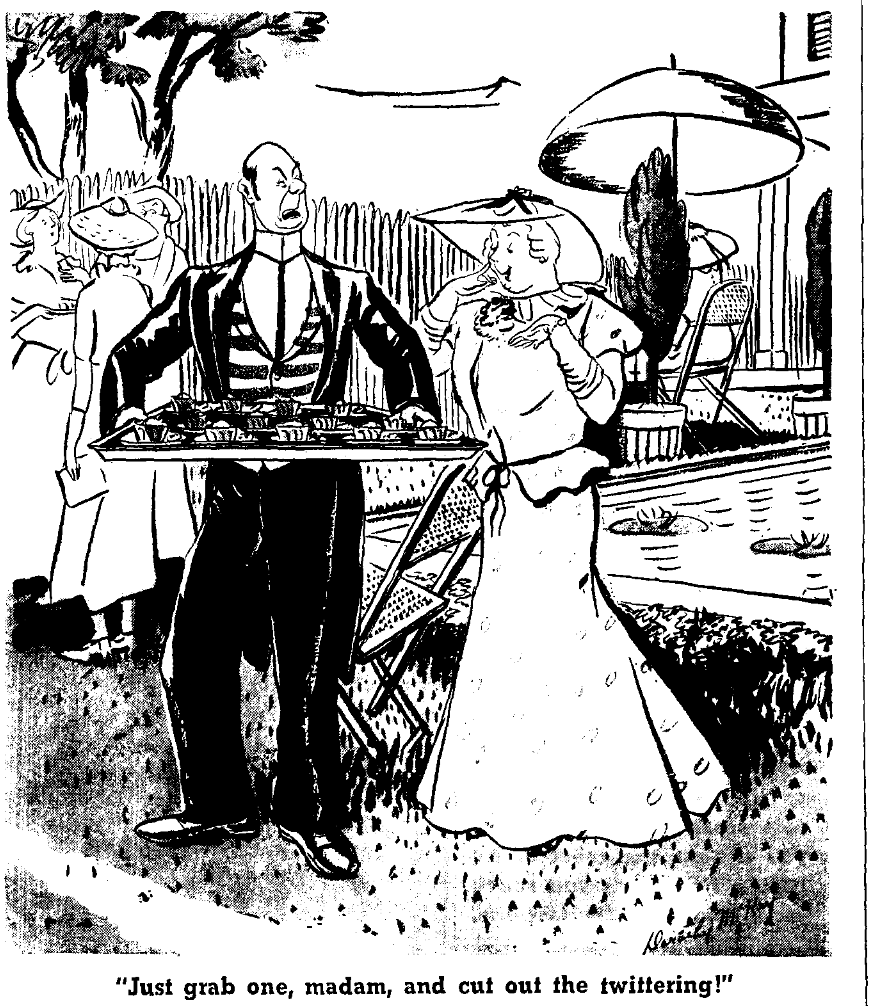
Majors turned from the window, not bothering to light the lamp. He propped a chair under the doorknob, hauled the bed to the room's least exposed corner—making a great racket of it—and turned in for the night.

AT BREAKFAST time he noticed Tony waiting on tables. She put the meal before him and stood by a moment. She said, "Thanks for last night," and there was the hint of softness in the round surfaces of her lips. It mildly surprised him to discover that she was a pretty girl, all her features even and composed. Her eyes were quite dark. The tragedy of the previous night was somewhere in the background of her mind, more or less like a quality of wistfulness or of fatalism, as though she had put the episode behind her because there was nothing else she could do. But it was the way she looked at him, quietly and personally and with a faint warmth, that caught his attention.

He said, "That's all right."

She moved her shoulders gracefully. "I liked Pete. I knew his folks. I wanted to see him get away."

She made an impression and later he watched the balanced swing of her body as she walked back to the kitchen; and he kept her in his mind while he ate. Afterward, on the street, eased against



"Just grab one, madam, and cut out the twittering!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

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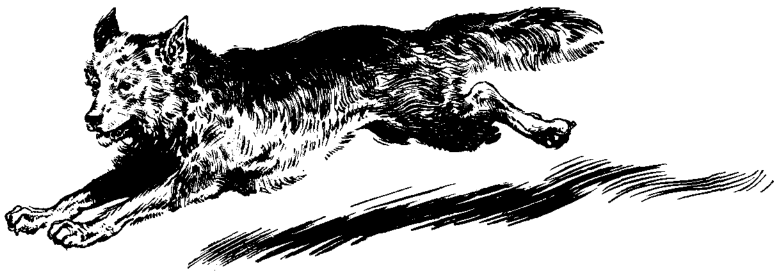
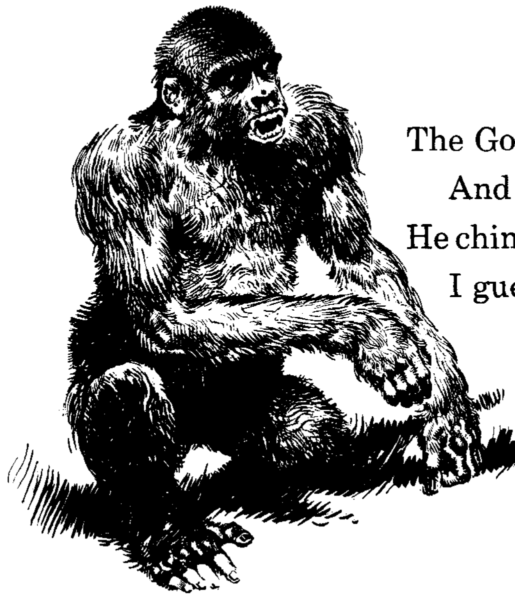


The Dingo, by Jingo, is **FAST** as the wind!
When he gets going, he's got 'em all skinned!



The Gorilla's quite a fella,
And wonderfully **TOUGH.**
He chins himself with one hand—
I guess that's tough enough!

Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
And there is the secret of **New Golden Shell.**

DINGORILLA

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It **Cuts Starting Wear,** and how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell SHELL
The New Motor Oil

the hotel wall, he filled his pipe and had a better look at Reservation, all the fresh and tawny light of late fall flooding it.

Morning's quiet controlled the two almost empty streets. Other frame buildings and other stores, hidden by the previous night's shadows, ran back from the square: a meat market, a saddle shop, a barbershop, a print shop bearing on its false front the sign: "Ute Basin Weekly Roundup." A doctor's shingle showed itself above the doorway of a narrow little house adjoining the print shop. Up the street which led to the bridge was a larger building with grilled windows on its second floor. Now and then somebody strolled casually into view. The hotelkeeper came from the lobby and went toward the meat market, his steel hook glittering in the sun. A barkeep was swamping out the saloon and when Majors noted that saloon's name, he filed it away in his mind for what it might mean. The name was Old Dixie. Fifteen years after Lee's surrender, somebody in Reservation still nursed his unreconstructed politics.

There was a freshness in the air that whipped through him and revived a faint eagerness to be on the move. He was a man quick to feel the moods of the outer world and quick to answer them; he was a man whose strength and weakness lay in a strong love of action, because it was action that satisfied his hungry muscles and restless nerves. He went over the square and stopped at the stable a moment, coming before a frail-seeming little hostler who wore a derby hat and a pair of striped pants held up by yellow suspenders.

Majors jiggled a fresh match across the bowl of his pipe, meeting the hostler's inquisitive glance. Majors said: "I'll be going out in a little while."

The hostler leaned on his pitchfork. "You got a nice horse." And then put out a hopeful question: "Not a valley horse?"

"Not this valley," returned Majors.

The hostler waited for additional information that didn't come. He shrugged his small shoulders. "Ev'body in this damn' country is full of mysteriousness."

A stubby man whirled around one of the corners of the square and came on rapidly; whereupon the hostler laid his pitchfork aside and moved into the semidarkness of the stable, catching a set of single harness off a peg as he traveled. The stubby man reached the stable arch and stopped there, swinging a black satchel against his knees. His round cheeks were pink and shining from his morning's shave. He stared at Majors in an extraordinarily direct manner. And said: "You're the new man? Majors?"

"That's right."

THE short man called down the stable, "Hurry up, Henry," and swung back to Majors. He said bluntly: "That's a vile-smelling pipe you're smoking. Ever have throat trouble?"

Henry drove a buggy up to the arch. The short man tossed in his bag and climbed to the seat. "No," drawled Majors.

"Nicotine never did any man any good. Better quit while you're young." He called to Henry: "Going to the Hole. Back by noon." He drove the buggy out of the stable, made a fast, dust-ripping turn at the hotel corner and disappeared.

"That's Doc Showers," said Henry. "A mighty good man on busted bones and gunshot troubles."

Majors grinned. "That all?"

One of Henry's suspenders slid off his sloping shoulders; he snapped it back with a thumb. "That's all we got in this damn' country. You want I should saddle the gelding?"

"Yes," said Majors and walked across the heavy yellow dust toward the bridge. The building with the grilled windows had one wall to the street and one to the shallow river running along Reservation's back side. In this town it was obviously the latest addition, the newness of the paint not yet dissolved by sun and wind. The date painted below the bell tower was 1877. When Majors came to the doorway he stopped a moment to light his pipe again—and from the edge of his vision he saw what he thought he would see. A man stood at the saloon corner watching him, Henry looked on from the stable, and the hotelkeeper was a silent shape beyond the square.

Majors' smile made an intractable crease along his lips when he moved into the building and came before the soles of two boots draped up on a flat desk. Behind the desk, lying back as far as the chair would safely tilt, sat a man lean and weathered and yet clearly no older than Majors, with sand-colored hair and a pair of taciturn eyes in which watchfulness seemed permanently imbedded.

He said in the slowest, most indifferent of voices: "Wondered when you'd get this far down the street."

FOR a moment Majors said nothing. There was, in this room, something sudden and unexpected; as though he had rounded a corner and found the passage blocked. Something as definite as that. It was like a pressure placed against him; it was an antagonism silent and very strong. He could see that the man was braced against him—and had been that way for a long while. Prepared for trouble, expecting it, and waiting now for it to break. These were the quick impressions Majors received. Then he said:

"My name is Majors."

"Already found it out. Guess you know mine."

"No," said Majors. "Not yet."

The man showed disbelief in the narrows of his amber-stained eyes. "Charley Chavis," he said. There was a copper badge with four ball points on it pinned to his vest.

"Glad to know you," Majors returned. He was absorbing this Charley Chavis with a mind that was quick and exacting and troubled by a hint of something which didn't show. There was a center to this Chavis completely covered by reserve, a hidden disposition, a state of mind guarded deliberately.

Chavis said: "So what can I do for you?"

He was waiting, he was braced against something. Majors' lips showed a lengthening smile and he shook his head; and it was not possible for him to know how heavy and tough a shape he made in this room, the scar on his cheekbone like a signal of character. He said: "Nothing. Nothing at all. I may be here for a while, so I was just looking around."

"It's your custom," observed Chavis in the same heavy irony, "to waltz into strange towns and throw men out of saloons? Just for fun? Or was you tryin' to tell something to somebody in the Old Dixie?"

Majors suddenly asked: "A lot of Southerners around here?"

The marshal delayed his answer, as though weighing the question for what it might mean. Finally he said in a reluctant way: "Yes."

"The Barr family Southern?"

Charley Chavis glumly nodded.

"Where do those folks live?"

Reluctance increasingly weighted the marshal's speech. He was turning surly—and somewhat nervous. "Up the head of the Ute's south branch."

Majors hit him with another rapid question: "Why did Maffitt kill this Pete Riley?"

(To be continued next week)

A Man Rides East

Continued from page 21

look at Jim; merely clapped him on the shoulder and edged him aside, all the while looking at Evelyn Trent as he spoke to her. Then the young fellow had taken Evelyn in his arms and was gliding away, his eyes, his whole attention upon her, as they had been from the beginning.

Jim's hands tightened. He took a step forward, then caught himself.

Gerry Barclay.

The man who would make the team. And the one who would undoubtedly marry Evelyn Trent.

Jim Sturgis went into the bar.

"Bourbon," he said to the bartender. And added: "A blacksmith's drink."

He drank it. "I'll have another."

HE BECAME aware of a man at the far end of the bar. A gray-haired, tanned man. One couldn't tell whether his eyes were blue or brown, until he neared, which he did, coming from the far end of the bar and saying to Jim Sturgis pleasantly, "There's no need for the only two of us here to drink alone."

Jim now saw that the man's eyes were brown and remembered having seen him standing at the entrance of the dance floor.

"Why, yes," said Jim Sturgis, "it is kind of lonesome, drinking all alone."

The other raised his drink.

"You're Jim Sturgis, aren't you?" he said. "You're from out California way." His smile widened. "I put in a year out there when I was young."

"Did you?" said Jim.

"Yes. Ran away from boarding school and got a job on a ranch in central California. Nearly forty years ago."

"What part?" demanded Jim.

"Over on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, south of the Pacheco Pass. One of the Miller and Lux ranches."

"One of them? It might have been Dos Palos!"

"Yes, it was Dos Palos."

"Say," said Jim, his face alight, "I grew up on a ranch south of the Pacheco, over on the west side of the Coast Range!"

"That's just across the ridge," said the other. "We're—how'd it used to go in Spanish?—we're *paisanos*, countrymen." He grinned. "My people finally found where I was, and I had to go back home. You see, I had become the head of the house. There were family obligations, and I had to stay there and take care of them from then on." He grinned. "And I was just beginning to learn how to handle a rope."

"Were you now?" said Jim.

"Yes. I—let's sit down where we can talk and—two more of the same." He raised his hand as Jim started to speak. "Are you still ranching?" he asked.

"No."

"Just polo now?"

"Good Lord, no!" exploded Jim. "I play polo only as a game. But bad times and dry years folded up the ranch, and I took the trade that Grandfather had taught me and went to San Francisco."

The other's eyes were intent. "What kind of trade?"

For a moment before answering, Jim Sturgis studied those intent eyes. He'd seen brown eyes just like these somewhere. . . .

"Forge and hammer and anvil—wrought-iron trade. You see," and a note of pride came into his voice, "besides having a cattle ranch, Grandfather was the best blacksmith in all that part of the state. He could do anything with iron. I wish you could have seen the things he made."

"I wish I could," said the other.

"So I opened up a small, one-man forge in San Francisco. Anything in hammered iron."

He stared off into space, and suddenly gave a brief, dry laugh. He spoke as though to himself: "Yeah, shoes mules." Then said louder: "Well, I have shod 'em!"

His listener looked sharply at him. "How's that?"

"Just thinking aloud," said Jim. "Mules. I've shod 'em. The worst ones, too. Renegades."

HIS table companion settled back in his chair. "Any man who can shoe a renegade mule can have my money."

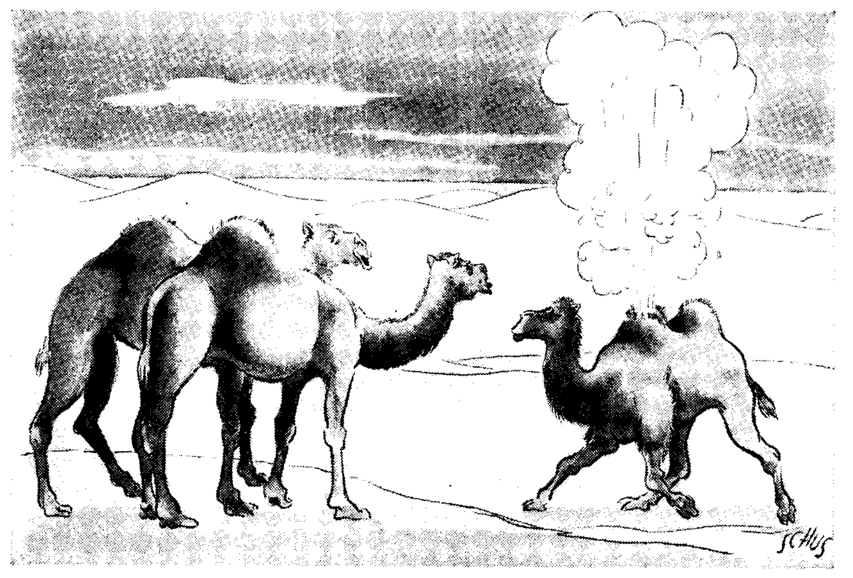
He sat silent for a moment and then said abruptly:

"Think you'll make the team?"

So sudden was the change in subject that Jim blinked. He thrust his head forward and said with equal abruptness, "No."

Then he grinned, and all tension at the thought of the team vanished. He put elbows on the table and began speaking slowly:

"From the time I was a boy hitting a lopsided polo ball across a stubble field, I've dreamed of making the American team. This summer, after the Raiders had gone west, I stayed on to try for it." He steadily regarded the other. "They



"At first he just complained of rumblings" ADOLPH SCHUS

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play good polo back here in this home of polo."

The other as steadily regarded Jim. "Home of polo—castle, moat, drawbridge. And when barbarians come, the drawbridge is yanked up."

Jim's eyes glowed. This *was* a good guy! And he instantly said: "Now don't get me wrong. I'm not kicking. They're great players. Three of 'em are the pick of the world—the Big Three, Ralston and McCreery and Tynchon. But they need a fourth. And I thought I might be that fourth—if I was good enough. I thought I might be the first—"

"The first one to cross the drawbridge from the wild Indian country west of *the Hudson?*"

"That's right."

"And why not? McLoughlin did it for tennis. Why couldn't Sturgis do it for polo?"

A girl's voice sounded.

"Dad! Dad!" the voice was saying—and Jim Sturgis' table companion was rising—and Evelyn Trent was in his arms. "Dad, you're back!"

Jim Sturgis had risen, but if he had been called upon to move farther he couldn't have done so.

"Well, Evelyn," John Trent said, "I'm glad to see you!"

"But, Dad, when did you get back?"

"A couple hours ago. They said you were here and I—"

Big, handsome Gerry Barclay, who all this while had been standing beside Evelyn waiting to get in a word, now got it in.

"By Jove, Mr. Trent," he said, shaking John Trent's hand, "this is indeed a pleasure, I assure you. Welcome home! What a pity you didn't get back a few hours earlier to see the last of the try-out matches. The cup's safe this year with the team we'll mount! It'll be the Big Three with some new blood added."

"Well, well," said John Trent. "I'm mighty pleased to hear it. And I suppose," and he beamed at big Gerry Barclay, "that young Mr. Barclay will be supplying some of that new blood?"

"You can rest assured," said Gerry Barclay delightedly, "that I'll be ready when called upon."

"Jim," said Evelyn Trent, looking from Jim to her father and back to Jim again, "you did meet Dad, didn't you?"

"Yes," said John Trent. "We sort of informally got acquainted at the bar."

At which Gerry Barclay favored Jim Sturgis with a full-face view for the first time that evening. And his look said: "You confounded bounder! You thruster, you!" Then he said to John Trent, "Evelyn and I were on the point of shoving off for a bite of something, but of course we wouldn't *think* of leaving now. Or, I'll tell you. You come along with us!"

"Thank you, Gerry," said John Trent. "But I'm afraid I've had enough going for one time. So you young people run along, and I'll see you in the morning, Evelyn."

"'Night, Dad," said Evelyn. "And Jim. You'll see me before you go, won't you? See me tomorrow. Promise?"

"Yes," said Jim Sturgis, "I promise."

"Righto, Evelyn!" said Gerry Barclay, taking her arm. "Man has the car at the door." And they were gone.

ANGER suddenly flamed in Jim Sturgis. But John Trent spoke: "Let's sit down again, Jim."

Jim Sturgis sat down.

"You think a good deal of my daughter, don't you?"

Jim's head snapped forward.

"Say, I love your daughter! She's the finest girl in the world and—"

"I think she is too," said John Trent. "That's why I'm asking. I don't want her to make any mistake."

"Mistake!" cried Jim. "If you're meaning me, I'll tell you! This evening I was going to tell her I loved her, and if she'd have had me we'd have been married by now. But—I didn't tell her. And she won't be making any mistake. She'll marry Gerry Barclay."

"That's what I was thinking of," said John Trent, and gave a brief, fleeting smile. "She thinks she knows a lot about life and people—and doesn't. She never had the luck you and I had—Dos Palos, and your grandfather's ranch across the ridge. That's why I'm so concerned. But she'll have to do her own deciding." His eyes were again keenly on Jim Sturgis. "You'd let her go without telling her?"

Color flooded Jim's face.

"You mean you wouldn't stand in my way?"

"Didn't I tell you," said John Trent, "that a man who could shoe a renegade mule had my backing?"

Jim's pulse leaped. And John Trent said quickly:

"My backing will mean little. She'll marry Gerry Barclay—unless certain things happen. Certain things, happening in a way that will put a decision squarely up to her."

ONCE more John Trent studied Jim Sturgis. "I suppose you've heard that I have a string of more than fair polo ponies."

Jim nodded.

"They were trained by a couple of my men: Tex Ransome, my stable manager—at Dos Palos we'd have called him the foreman; and I've always liked a good foreman — and his assistant, Kelly Mayo. Tex is from Texas, Kelly from Wyoming. What they can do in the training of a polo pony is tops, and what they can do in polo is tops—even though I'm the only one who knows it. And then there's Bert Barr, a groom—unofficially a seven-goal man."

Jim Sturgis sucked in his breath.

"Tex and Kelly and Bert have played a lot of polo together. With a fourth man, and a week of team practice, I'd put money on them against any team. I'd put more than money. I'd put belief—belief in a lot of things!" Trent's eyes bored into Jim Sturgis'. "I'd put 'em against the team, made up of the Big Three and Gerry Barclay. Gerry Barclay and the Big Three against Tex and Kelly and Bert and Jim. Jim Sturgis."

For a long time Jim Sturgis was silent. Then he said slowly: "I think I see."

"The week you're practicing," said John Trent, "Evelyn will be away. She'll come back the afternoon of the game."

Jim looked off into space, grim, tight about the mouth. Then he grinned. "All right," he said. "Let's go!"

SEATED on a bench in front of a car parked on the side lines of John Trent's polo field, a man and a girl leaned forward and gazed out upon the field where two polo teams and their mounted referee were converging. The girl sat tense, lips parted. She turned to the man beside her and said incredulously:

"Dad! Are Tex and Kelly and Bert and Jim Sturgis going to play against the *team?*" Her brown eyes grew sharper. "Dad, what does this mean?"

"Why, I guess it means we're going to see a thumping fine polo game."

Evelyn Trent stared blankly at her father.

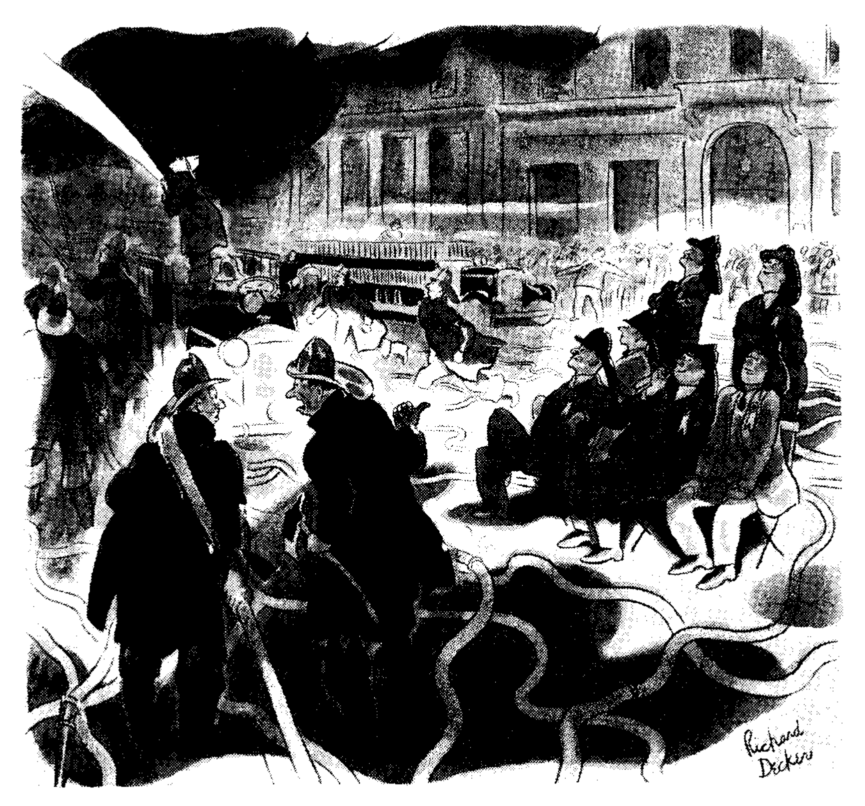
Out on the field the team exchanged glances. Here was something that in all the team's experience it had never before encountered, and three of the team's brows were furrowed beneath helmets.

Not so the fourth member. Gerry Barclay's face was shining with certitude. What a ripping way to put this Sturgis fellow in his place; what a splendid old chap John Trent was! He could scarcely wait for the game to begin.

Jim Sturgis sat his mount with his gray eyes fixed straight ahead, with jaw shut down, and little knobs stood out at the corners of the jaw to show how tightly it was clamped. There was a stifling feeling in his chest.

Until a player, ranging across in front of him, met his gaze. A tall, lean man, this player, with gray-flecked hair showing beneath the rim of his helmet. A man with high, flat cheekbones and wide mouth and faded blue eyes. And as Jim Sturgis' gaze met those blue eyes, one of them winked and a corner of the man's mouth lifted, came down again.

Instantly, at that wink and grin, all tightness, all unreality vanished from Jim Sturgis. He returned the grin and wink of Tex Ransome, sitting there looking at him out of those blue eyes. He turned his glance to another player, a stocky man with a red face and short nose and snapping black eyes—Kelly Mayo. And Kelly Mayo's face lighted. He looked farther, and met the eyes of a small man with plain, pale, expres-



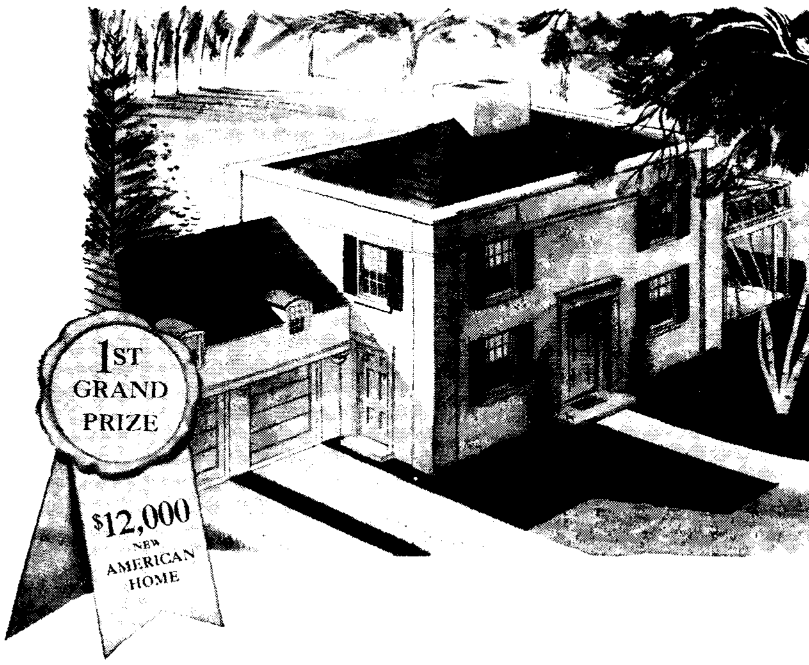
"They're visiting firemen!"

RICHARD DECKER

100 SIMPLE SINCERE WORDS

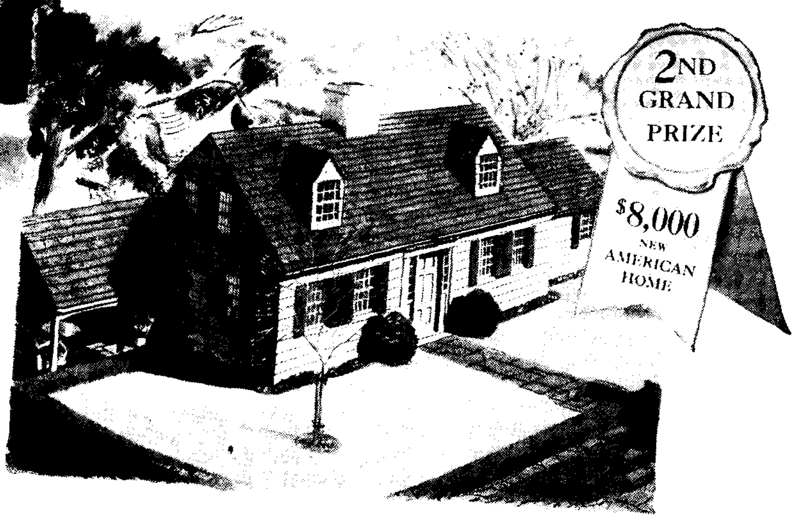
ON THE

Electrical Standard of Living



may win for you a New American Home
—or any one of many substantial awards
in this

$40,000
PRIZE CONTEST



IF there are growing children in your family, and you need a larger, smarter home, this contest is your opportunity. If you're contemplating marriage and would like to step into a handsome, electrically-equipped home, this contest will appeal. If you're approaching middle age, and want the ease, comfort and conveniences of a smooth-running New American Home, this is your opportunity.

There is no investment required to enter this contest. All you do is write 100 words, or less, on why the electrical way of living appeals to you. And that should be easy to every woman who uses an electrical appliance . . . to the man who enjoys a radio or automatic heat—to everybody who is alert to the Electrical Standard of Living.

And what is the Electrical Standard of Living? It's the fun of letting electricity step in and do your work—the washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning. It's the comfort of automatic heat and the convenience of electric refrigeration. It's the knowledge your lights are right, they protect and save your sight. It's the luxury of countless convenient electrical servants that work for you for only a few cents a day.

This contest gets under way right now. All you need is the entry form provided in the special FREE contest folder. You can obtain your copy of this folder, "Invitation to Participate," from local Electric Service Companies cooperating with the contest, or your General Electric dealer or distributor. Read it, write your letter. Every one of these prizes worth trying for.

• • •

1st prize, $12,000 New American Home
2nd prize, $8,000 New American Home

Plus 10 prizes, each worth $200, every week for ten weeks — total, 100 prizes — $20,000

A grand total of 102 prizes, $40,000

First contest closes Oct. 2, 1937—weekly thereafter until Dec. 4, 1937. First and second grand prizes will be selected from weekly winners. • Awards will be announced over G-E "Hour of Charm"—NBC Red Network, Mondays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

(This contest limited to United States)

$40,000 PRIZE CONTEST

Full Details in this Folder

You need this folder to enter the New American Better Living Contest. And you'll want it. It's full of helpful ideas. It tells the story of the Electrical Standard of Living. It contains the rules and the official entry blank. It's free. Get a copy from Electric Service Companies cooperating with this contest, or from your local General Electric distributor or dealer, or write General Electric Home Bureau, Contest Division, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

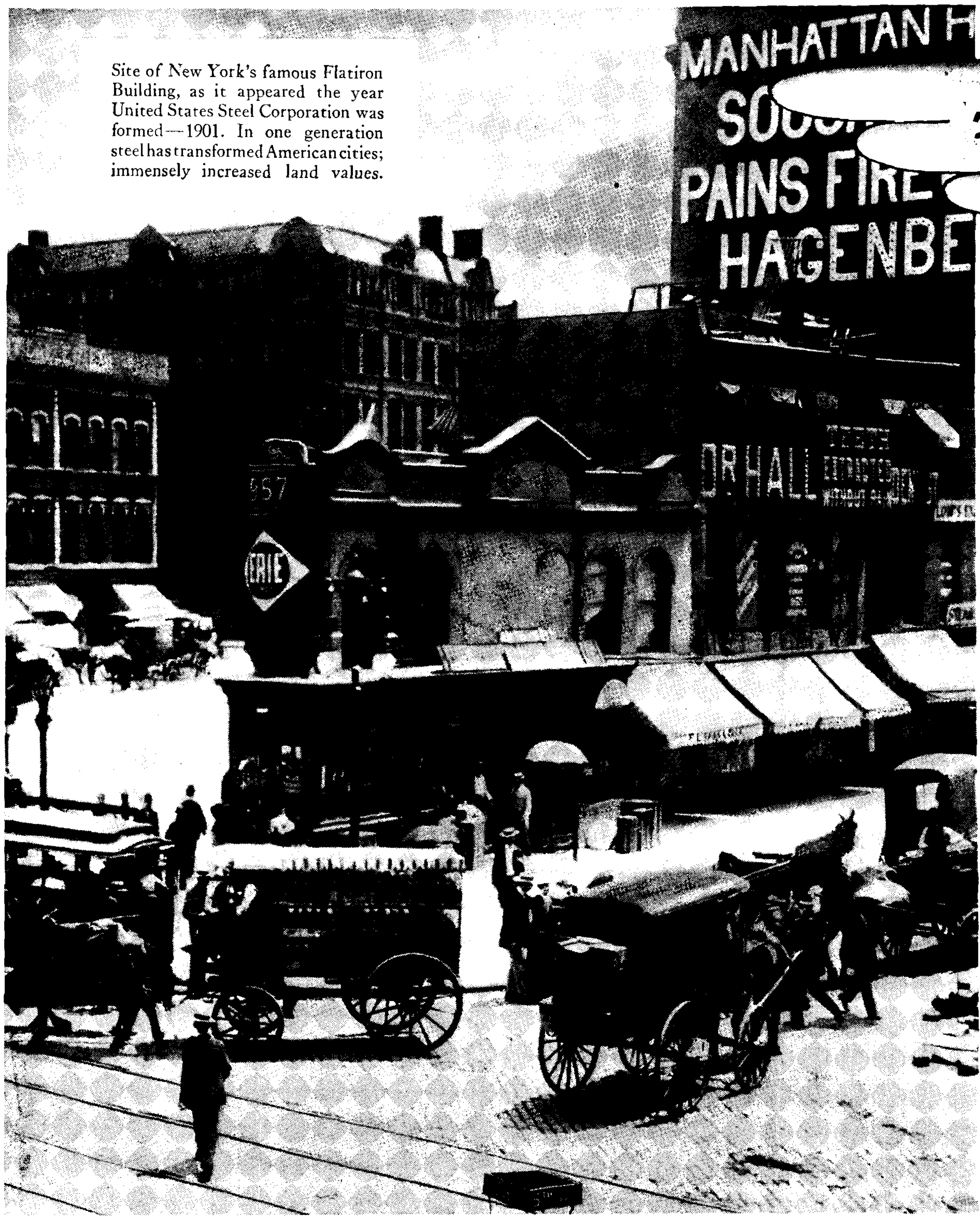
Home Builders—*Attention!*

If you have started to build a home or to modernize an old one since February 1st, 1937, and will be finished prior to October 31, 1938, write the General Electric Home Bureau, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City, for booklet about the "New American Home Building Contest" and give the name of your local Electric Service Company. Valuable information, additional substantial awards!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE COME WITH THE ELECTRICAL STANDARD OF LIVING

As America grew up



Site of New York's famous Flatiron Building, as it appeared the year United States Steel Corporation was formed—1901. In one generation steel has transformed American cities; immensely increased land values.

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL

IT USED to be that the higher up a building went, the thicker and uglier its walls had to be; six stories was about the limit.

But in 1884, architect William Jenny conceived the radical idea of erecting a steel skeleton first and hanging the masonry on it like a garment. He pushed the Home Insurance Building in Chicago to the undreamed-of height of twelve stories; people looked and marveled and called it a "sky-scraper."

So began the cities which are America's distinctive contribution: cities with faces lifted, cities that do not sprawl but climb, cities where business is done *quickly* because offices and workers are close together, cities whose land values are the highest in the world.

No delay or confusion marks the rise of today's skyscraper. No piles of building material clutter up the traffic-laden streets. Swiftly, steel power shovels complete the excavation; steel caissons and piling go down to bed rock. Fabricated and marked at the shop, each steel girder seems almost to leap into its place, where steel rivets, driven by automatic hammers of steel, hold it secure. Stronger steels, permitting lighter construction, contribute to the speed of elevators traveling 1200 feet a minute. Inside and out, the building gleams with stainless steel trim, impervious to wear or weather.

Skyscrapers or safety pins, it is the business of United States Steel to help their makers make them better. If your problem has to do with steel, "put it up to United States Steel."

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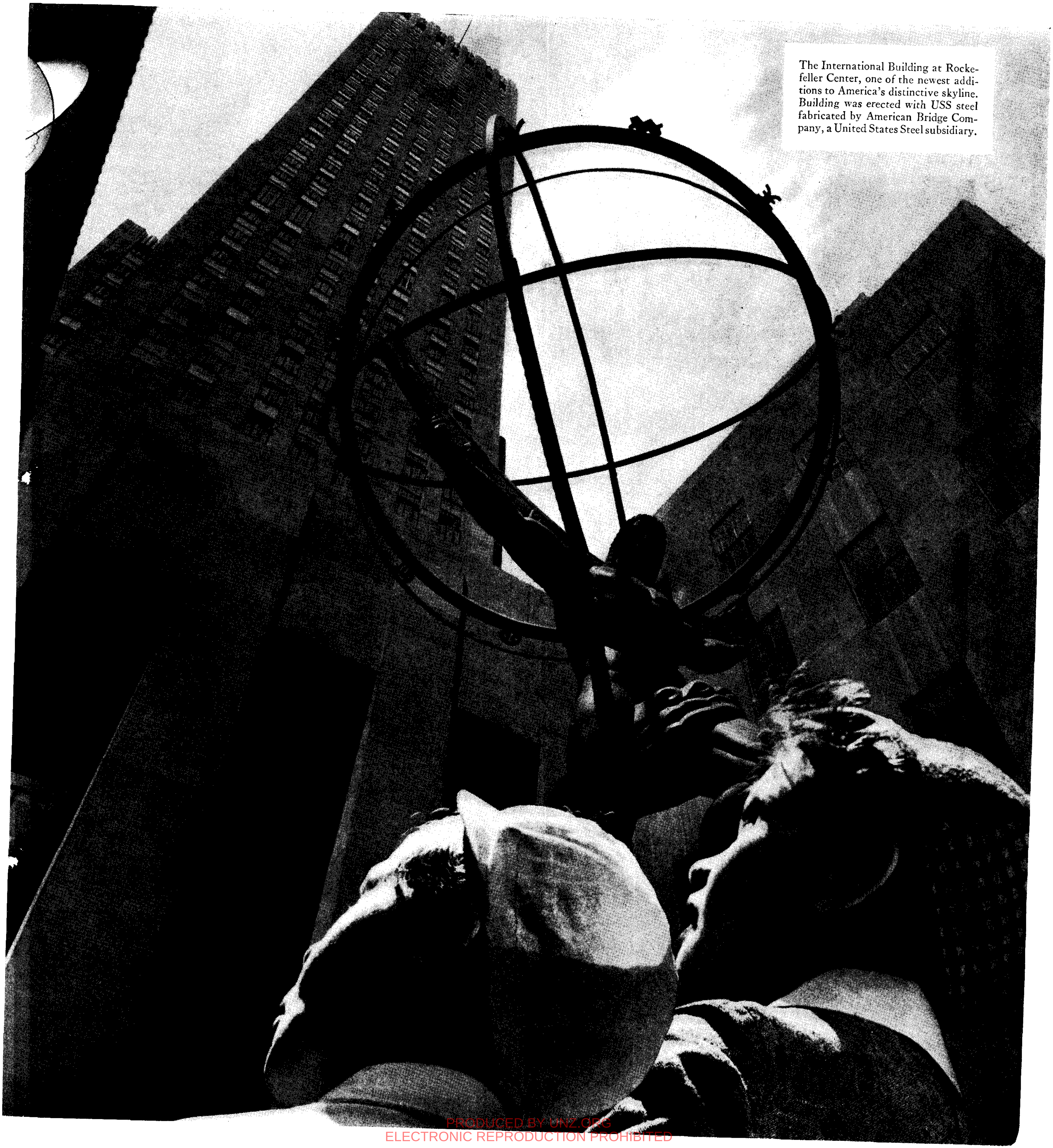
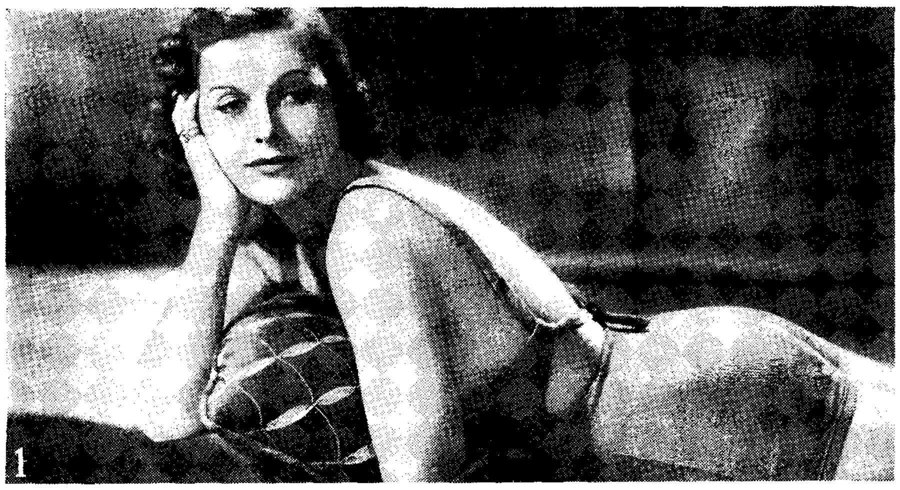
USS

UNITED STATES STEEL

. . . it grew UPWARD

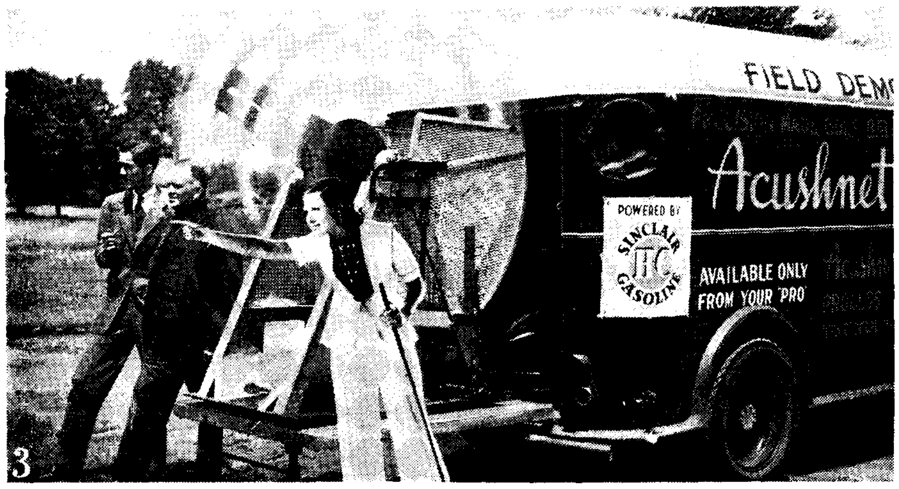


The International Building at Rockefeller Center, one of the newest additions to America's distinctive skyline. Building was erected with USS steel fabricated by American Bridge Company, a United States Steel subsidiary.



Irene Hervey, star of the Universal Picture, "The Lady Fights Back", inspects . . .

. . . a new driving machine, used to demonstrate golf balls. Powered by Sinclair gasoline and lubricated with Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil, this machine can . . .



. . . drive an Acushnet Golf Ball 620 yards, on the carry, with deadly accuracy. You, too, will notice the extra "drive" in Sinclair H-C Gasoline when you . . .

4
SINCLAIR
H-C
SINCLAIR

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. . . try a tankful in your car. The next time you need gasoline go to your neighborly Sinclair dealer's and say "Fill it up with H-C".

sionless face—and Bert Barr's mouth moved in a quick smile.

Jim Sturgis took a deep breath. These three men! These men whom he seemed to have known always! From the first day they'd accepted him as one of them. During the week the acceptance had grown; had become like hoops of steel. And now, at the climax, they were telling him they would go to town together!

The referee's whistle shrilled; he tossed in the white-painted willow ball. There was a close-bunched, swift reaching with sticks, the whickety-whack of sticks against sticks and on ball. . . . The ball was under a horse—under another horse—then flashing out, and the close-bunched group breaking, wheeling, swooping after it. . . .

AS a bell—a one-time locomotive bell—began ringing across the field announcing the end of that first seven-and-a-half minute period, Evelyn Trent, cheeks flaming, eyes hard as agate, turned on her father.

"This team of yours! It's been playing together?"

"For all of a week," said John Trent.

"I knew something was up!" said Evelyn. "Stablemen—and a groom—and Jim Sturgis." Her voice flattened. She gripped her hands and looked out where the team—the Big Three and Gerry Barclay—were coming toward the side lines, and talking as they came; the score was two to nothing against them—and Evelyn's eyes blazed. "It's humiliating!"

John Trent's head shot forward. For the first time in his daughter's remembrance, his words snapped. "What's humiliating?"

"Their playing against such people!"

An icy smile went over John Trent's face. He spoke, and it was as though to himself:

"Such people. . . . Tex Ransome's great-uncle died at the Alamo; his grandfather was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Yes, such people! And Kelly Mayo was once Cattleman Mayo, with ten thousand head—and Bert Barr, he wasn't a gentleman jockey, so he doesn't rate—but he was *the* jockey of his time, and no man living could buy him. And Jim Sturgis' grandfather was a blacksmith, not clever enough to gyp the Indians and the government out of land, and so—"

"Dad!" cried Evelyn Trent. "If you're meaning the Barclay family—"

"Ah," said John, "time gives a patent of nobility—if you got away with things in the first place!" Then instantly he stopped and sat looking across the field.

For a moment Evelyn stared wide-eyed at him; it seemed as though she were going to speak. Then her mouth closed, tight, and she had risen from the bench and was walking swiftly away. She found an unoccupied bench, sat down, and in frozen immobility looked out upon the field.

Now the team was really playing! Underestimating its opponent, it had taken two right on the chin. No big-league team likes to take two from bush leaguers, and the Big Three—the Internationalists — clamped down their jaws and started going places; and Gerry Barclay, his face a dull red, went with them.

By the end of the second period they'd tied the score; poured through in the third to go ahead—and the automobile horns on the side lines clamored, and the side liners beamed, and all was again right with their world. The team came cantering off the field and Gerry Barclay. . . .

What a fine figure of a man was young Gerry Barclay! Riding like a centaur, coming to the side lines at the end of each period with handsome face alight; smiling at his friends—and all were his friends—swinging aboard a fresh mount, going out upon the field again like a conquering hero.

And at the beginning of the sixth period—three more to go—a lean player with blue eyes and a Texas drawl looked at his team companions—looked at Kelly Mayo and Bert Barr and Jim Sturgis—and said quietly:

"I reckon we've give him enough rope. Let's go!"

They went! Can the north wind blow? Can the desert grow hot? Can a race horse run? They exploded in their opponents' faces; they almost knocked the young hero off his horse. They scored two goals in two minutes. The team fought desperately—this thing couldn't last; it was a furious, dying rally. And it lasted; roared on and on—and the team met it as champions meet anything, with a fighting light in their eyes. The Big Three—and the fourth?

Young Gerry Barclay had almost been knocked off his horse physically, had been entirely knocked off it mentally—and he never got back on.

And a brown-eyed girl sitting on a bench on the side lines saw a player, when the play had spun away from him and gone racing down the field and his horse hadn't wheeled quickly enough—saw him yank at the bridle and savagely tug on the bit and smack his mount over the head. And the girl, half rising, said, "Ooh!" and sat down again, rigid. Then got to her feet and started walking—for the bell was ringing, ending the period—and the player came cantering off the field with the others and swung down where the grooms stood with blanketed ponies and equipment. The girl, halfway between two cars, heard a railing, accusing voice:

"Listen, you! Who said this goat could gallop? And you gave me a stick too short and—"

He saw her and forced a smile. "Handed me the wrong stick. How do they expect—" He swung aboard a fresh mount and was away; then came back. "Whip!"

"But," said a groom haltingly, "you never use a whip on—"

"You're telling me?" He grabbed the whip and galloped away.

The girl took the first bench that offered. Her whole being was in her eyes fixed on the playing field.

IN THE closing seconds of the period, with the score tied, a player smashed the ball downfield, drove goalward—and an opponent, coming with a rush from the side, slashing with a whip as he came, crashed full into the other. . . .

Even as he and his mount started to go over, Jim Sturgis somehow retained control; managed to lift and half twist the horse aside from the impact—and then they were over and down. Jim had landed on his shoulders; he rolled to his feet and stumbled toward the horse; the horse was up and standing still; Jim was racing hands and eyes over it—and the other players were dismounting and hastening up. The referee's whistle was still shrilling "Foul!"

Jim Sturgis wheeled and strode to where a man was just starting to get down from his mount. He put hands on the horseman's thigh and hip, and for an instant it seemed that he was about to yank him—to yank Gerry Barclay—out of the saddle. And Jim's voice came gratingly:

"By God, you almost killed that horse! Try that again and I'll rip you apart!" He swung on his heel.

The referee said: "Mr. Barclay, you fouled. Mr. Sturgis, you get a free shot at the goal."

"I don't want a free shot from him!" cried Jim.

"Mr. Sturgis," said the referee quietly.

Jim swung into the saddle, approached the ball where it had been placed thirty yards from the goal. He hit it deliberately, knocking it toward the side lines. "Now, gang," he shouted, "let's go!"

A drum of hoofs—a flash of the ball, out of bounds—and the bell ringing, ending the period.

And the moment that bell had started ringing, Evelyn Trent was off the bench, her eyes blazing. She ran toward the Trent grooms.

Her gaze swept over the ponies. Firefly, Happy Lad, Stepper, Iron Man. Her gaze held on Iron Man. By a shade not so fleet as the others, but the stoutest, the best at riding 'em off, the most durable polo pony in the world.

Four players swung out of saddle and she was face to face with Jim Sturgis. At first he didn't even see her—his eyes were still like burning bits of glass, he was still out there on the field.

"Jim!"

His eyes widened as he saw her.

"Jim!" And the whole world was in that one word. "You're riding Iron Man. And you're riding *that* player off the field and into the next county!"

She was gone.

THOSE who were fortunate enough to be at the Trent field that afternoon, watching that last period, saw the finest polo in America.

The spectators were off their benches, were out of their cars, shouting. Now the play was far across the field, now it was swirling back, the referee low on his mount's neck and fleeing to one side as though from destruction; now right along the sideboard, the mounts looming gigantic, foam-flecked, blood-red of nostril, hoarse-breathing; the men with sweat-masked faces, eyes sunk deep in their heads, seeing nothing but that white ball, the rest of the world as remote as Mars. Away again with a drumming rush down the field, voices trailing off. . . . Always the voices on that field: "Go on, go *on!* . . . Leave it! . . . Turn, turn. . . . Oh, you fool! . . . Back it, *back* it! . . . What the hell. . . . Gerry, where *are* you? . . . Take the man! . . . *Hit* it!" Thunder and thunder of hoofs, clink of mallet-head on ball, snickety-snick of stick catching stick. Scoring rush—saved!—check and turn—attack driving back up the field.

A last driving rush: a sweeping together of everything, a lifting. The Big Three tried to stop it, but it takes four to make a polo team. And the fourth, the sultry, handsome fourth. . . . The ball was in front of the goal; he was almost on it for a saving shot—and a rushing figure loomed, overhauling; a shoulder was coming—he'd had that shoulder against him all over the field for a seeming eternity—and he made a frantic sweep, missed—and the shoulder was riding him off, was riding him right out of the playing field.

Someone following through. Goal!

For a long moment, silence on those side lines. And then, a lone car horn at first—was it a brown-eyed girl leaning on that horn button?—and growing, growing, giving accolade—no matter who'd won, *this* had been a game! At the same time, the bell announcing game-end—and telling of a new player on the team. . . .

Said John Trent to Jim Sturgis, on the side lines in front of his car:

"Jim, I've got to see Tex and the others, and we only brought one car—so if you'll drive Evelyn. . . ."

Before Jim Sturgis could say what he'd do, John Trent had gone.

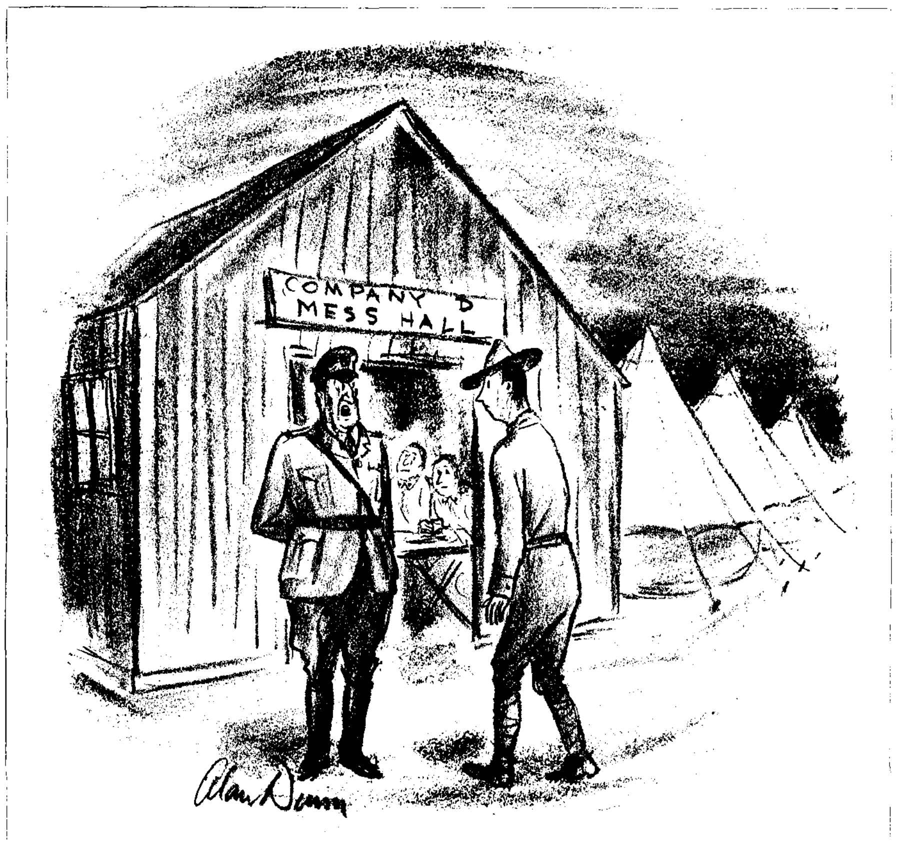
Polo player Sturgis became driver Sturgis—with a passenger sitting beside him looking straight ahead. The passenger continued to look straight ahead, without speaking—and so did the driver—until the Trent mansion loomed at the end of an avenue of trees. Then the passenger, with a little exclamation, put one hand on the steering wheel and swung it hard over—and the car was going down a wooded, winding lane. And, "Well?" said the passenger.

Jim Sturgis gave a splendid demonstration with the brakes; the car stopped. The blood was drumming in his ears. And he said:

"Last week we were dancing at the country club and the band was playing 'You Haven't Told Me Anything Yet.' And—and I was leaving for home the next day, and I thought before I went that I'd tell—" A fleeting smile went over his face. "Well, I got interrupted."

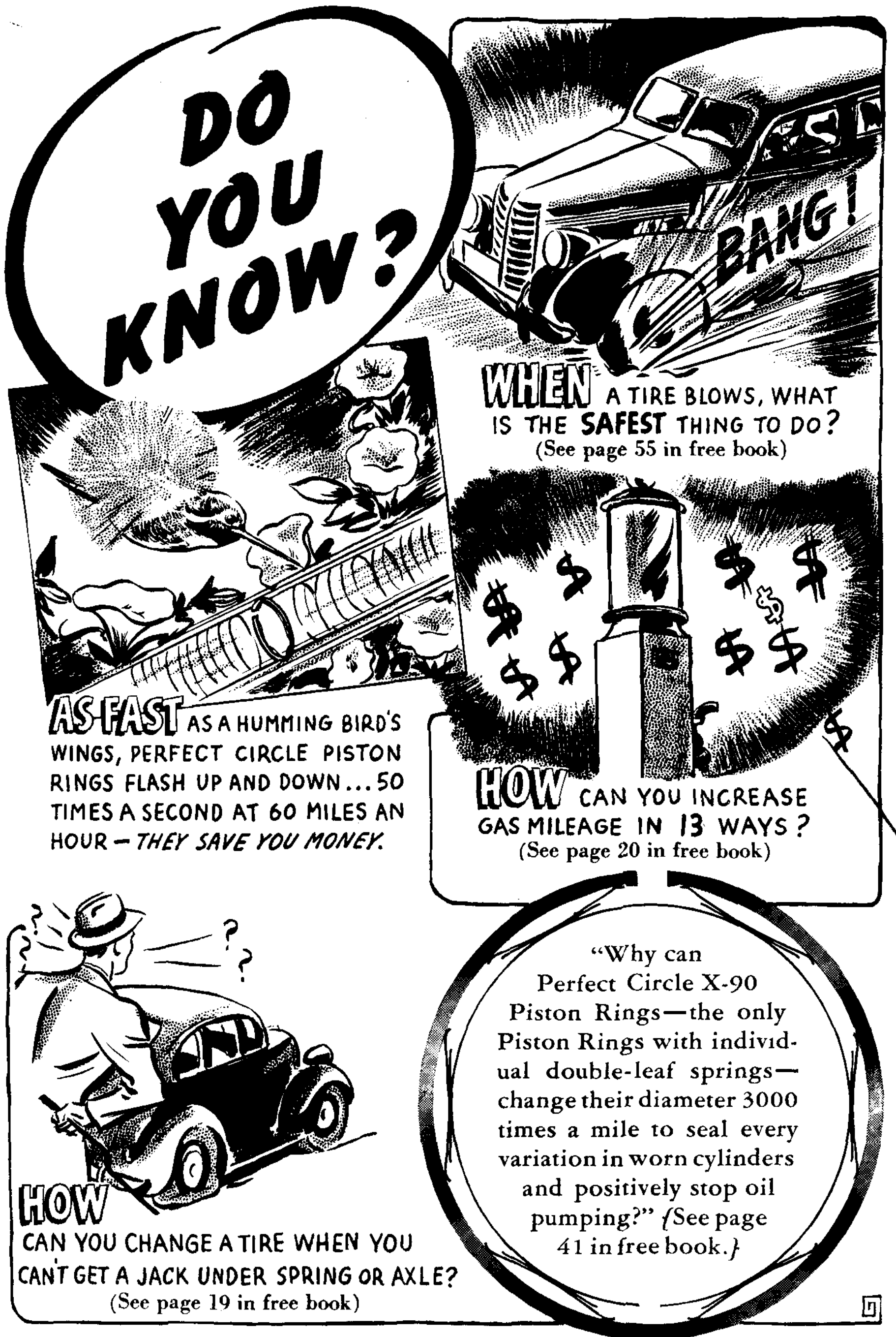
"You aren't being interrupted now," said the girl with the brown eyes. "And you haven't told me anything yet."

"I am now!" said Jim Sturgis—and he had her in his arms.


COMPANY D
MESS HALL
Alan Dunn

"How can I keep a cook if you're going to persist in being late for dinner?"

ALAN DUNN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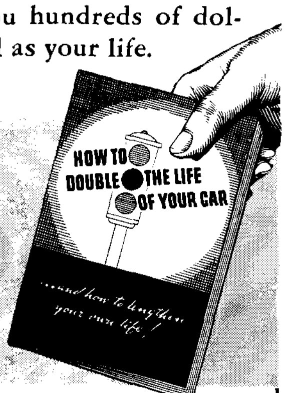
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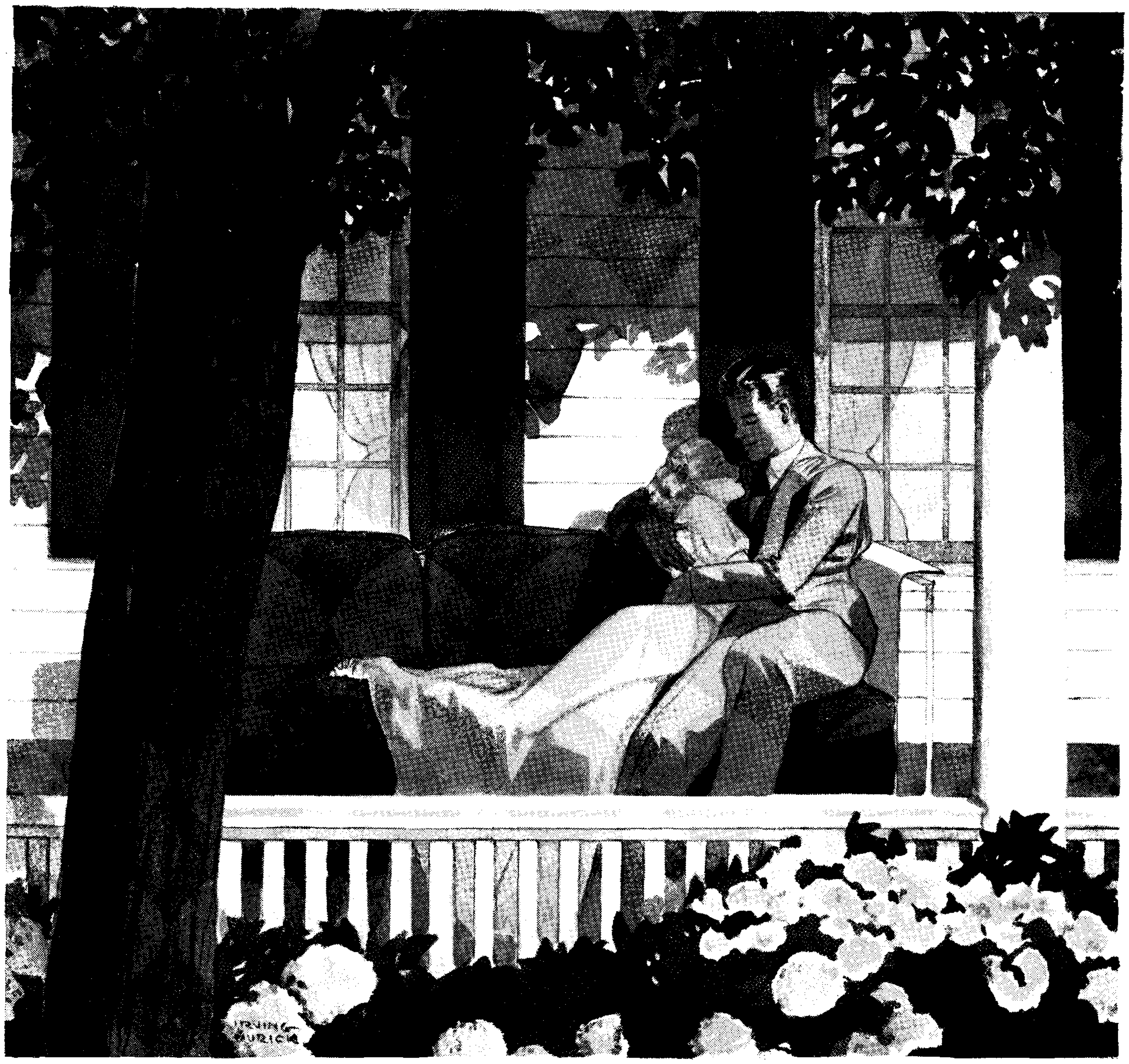
The Fixer

By Allan Seager

Henry Clemmons and his first date. The education of a romanticist


IRVING NURICK

He kissed her. She slumped expertly into the crook of his arm, and murmured, "Oh, Hank, darling"

MR. CURTIS FOSTER, instructor of Section 22, English I, in the University of Wisconsin, returning from his hash-house dinner, opened the door of his room and lit the light on his desk. He removed his topcoat and his jacket, hung them methodically in the closet and took his dressing gown off the hook and slipped into it. He sat down at the desk and, while he filled his pipe, he looked at the mimeographed list of assignments for Theme No. 1, Fall Semester. There were four choices for the freshmen: "My Responsibility to the State"; "What I Did Last Summer"; "Personal Honor"; "Are College Athletics Worth While?" The directions read, "Write for fifty minutes on one of the topics above, paying special attention to grammar, spelling, punctuation, and the logical arrangement of your ideas."

Beneath the assignment sheet was a stack of papers—what the students of Section 22 had written in fifty minutes. Mr. Foster went to the icebox in his kitchenette and got a cold bottle of beer. He poured it out and picked up the first paper while the foam was settling.

The first paper was headed "Henry Preston Clemmons," and the title was "Personal Honor." Since it was the first week of term, Mr. Foster recalled Henry Preston Clemmons only vaguely as a middle-sized youth who pronounced his name "Climmons" and answered, "Yes, suh," when the roll was called. Obviously a Southerner. They sometimes came up here. Mr. Foster drank some beer and reluctantly began to read.

"Personal honor is a very important thing with me; I reckon because I have been born and raised in Mobile, Alabama, which is in the South. In Dixieland, personal honor is of great importance to everyone, especially women. The poets tell us that women are the most beautiful flowers we grow in life's garden. Of course, you must be honest and good and resenn any insults to your family to the point of death, and you must look out that all women are in your care and pertect them from any insult they may receive, because they are somebody's sisters and mothers, and I wouldn't want my sisters and mother to receive any insults. If they did, I would fight the insulter to the point of death or shoot him. You must be kind to nigra servants and help them out when they get in trouble or jail. To have a sense of personal honor is a fine thing because it prepares you to fight life's battles in a clean way and it is the symbol of a gentleman that he pertects his own good name and that of ladies, who are the most beautiful flowers we grow in life."

Mr. Foster drank the rest of the bottle, thought a minute, and marked the paper "D." Then, in red pencil, he noted the errors in grammar and spelling on the margin and wrote at the bottom, "Extremely confused and disjointed. Consult me at 10:15 A. M. Saturday about your personal honor." He liked to give an ironic turn to his comments; it compensated him somewhat for having to fuss with these little monsters at all. He went to the icebox and got another bottle of beer.

HENRY CLEMMONS had nearly died twice before he was seventeen years old, and, because he was not strong, his great-uncle had kept him at home and brought in young men to tutor him. Caesar's Gallic Wars had always been fought in the garden under the magnolia tree, and Henry had imagined the chirping sparrows to be vultures fighting over the slain. Geography was the big globe in Uncle Preston's library, and he never pictured the outlines of the continents, their rivers and mountains except as shrouded in rain because he studied indoors only when it was too wet in the garden.

He had grown up shy, and Uncle Preston could see it, so the old man had sent him north to college because he said that the Yankees were swallowing up the South and "if you go up yonder to college, you'll learn how to stick in their throats, Hank." "Yes, suh, I'll learn," he had said. So he had packed his trunks, and he had come up North, naïve and timid, to learn how to be a Yankee.

Uncle Preston had been a Sigma Mu at Virginia, and it followed quite naturally that Henry was pledged Sigma Mu at Wisconsin. He was convinced that his pledge pin was a great honor, and he laid himself out to follow whatever stars that led his brothers. Study, he learned at once, was not a very big star, but women and making a varsity team or the Daily were.

His second day out for football, he was told he had better save his strength. The third day, the coach sent him to the showers and told him not to come back. "Yes, suh," Henry said dejectedly.

That night he asked Art Whipple if he could get him a date. Art said, "I can try. What do you like, blonde, brunette, little ones, big ones?"

"I reckon I'd like a little blonde, Art."

"Right. I'll call the Pi Phi house and ask 'em what they've got in freshman blondes."

Henry stood beside the telephone straining his ears to hear what the Pi Phi girl answered. Art was saying, "Sure, he's a wonderful kid. From Mobile, Alabama. Southern accent, been to France, and, listen, Joan, he was educated by private tutors. What? Wait a minute, I'll ask him." Art put his hand over the mouthpiece. "You can dance okay, can't you?"

"Uh, yes. I can dance," Henry said, recalling the hot afternoons with Professor Bagueuot, and the smell of his patent-leather pumps.

"Sure, he dances like Fred Astaire. Barbara Patterson? Friday night. Okay, he'll be there. Thanks a lot, Joan." Art hung up. "Her name's Barbara Patterson. Be there at eight-thirty Friday. Five feet one, golden hair."

AT a quarter past one Friday night, Henry sat in a corner of a taxicab trying to think of something colorful to say to the girl in the other corner, and wondering gloomily why the evening had not been a success. He could not talk of his wild adventures in high school, expanding them, touching them up to make them exciting, because he had never been to high school. When they had begun to dance, he had been confused and startled to find that she laid her cheek against his, thrust her hips away from him, and put one arm across his shoulders. Professor Bagueuot had told his pupils to stand erect with the gentleman's hand planted firmly in the middle of the lady's back. He could not talk much because of an old habit of counting "one, two, three, four," silently to himself as he danced, and whenever he spoke it threw him off.

When the dance was over, he had taken her to the Parrot to drink a soda and be seen. Crowds of young men, much better dressed than he was, gathered round to talk to her. He would struggle to his feet in the booth each time they came up, and he shook hands with each one individually, saying, "How you, suh," in the Southern manner. They would glance at him curiously and begin to talk to Barbara. He had not felt that he was in the party at all.

And now that the evening was nearly over, he could not see that he had accomplished anything—Barbara certainly had not been impressed with his dancing or his conversation, and he was filled with a wretched certainty that, by university standards, he was dressed like a lout. He was sullenly angry, and he could find no one but himself to vent it on.

When they stopped in front of her sorority, she said, "Well, here we are."

"Be dogged if we ain't," Henry said with sarcastic incredulity.

She ran up the walk. He paid the taxi and followed. At the porch steps, she

CLEM McCARTHY
Sports Announcer and Newspaper Columnist
says:

BANG! A BLOW-OUT AND THEY NOSED OUT DEATH BY INCHES...

Read CLEM McCARTHY'S True Story of a Pennsylvania Motorist's Narrow Escape

Blow-by-blow descriptions of championship bouts — thoroughbreds thundering down the home stretch, neck and neck, with huge purses at stake. Action is my middle name. Sticking to facts as they really happen is my business.

And, believe me, plenty happened to Earl Hering of York, Pennsylvania, and his two friends as they motored "off to the races" at Havre de Grace.

Time was precious. Hering had to step on the gas and avoid congested traffic in order to catch the first race.

"Nice work, Earl," complimented his front seat companion. "Look! You can already see the turn of the track in the distance."

"Don't worry, boys, we'll be in the stands in a few minutes," promised Earl.

With that he swung into the park at a good clip when, BANG! A terrific explosion, like a clap of thunder, filled the air. Down went the right front tire. The car pitched off the road. Hering wrestled with the steering wheel and jammed down the brakes in an effort to bring it to a safe stop. Luckily, they had about 100 yards of a soft dirt, traffic-free runway to slow them down—luckily, as Earl Hering himself said, the blow-out had not occurred a few minutes sooner or they might all have been seriously injured.

New Goodrich Tire a Life-Saver

Gambling on tires is too much of a "long shot" for any motorist to take. Especially when the odds are better than even that you might have a blow-out some day. Try if you want, but you can't laugh off the fact that thousands are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. Many of these blow-outs can definitely be traced to the intense heat generated inside all tires by today's high speeds.

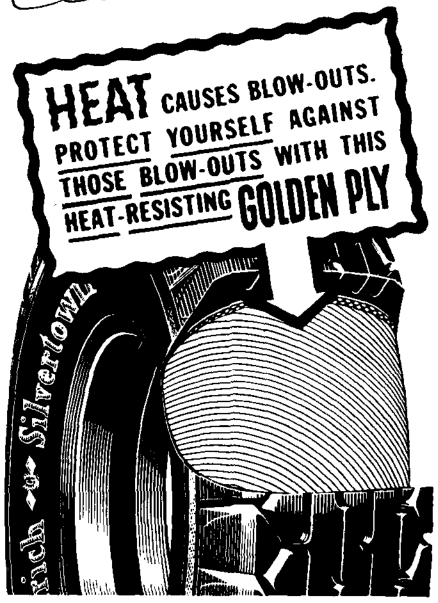
Goodrich engineers certainly dealt these high-speed blow-outs a knockout punch when they invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply and built it into every Goodrich Safety Silvertown.

This revolutionary principle in the construction of tires is a layer of *special* rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat *inside the tire,* Golden Ply Silvertowns give you and your family *real* protection against these high-speed blow-outs.

No Extra Cost

Earl Hering found, when it comes to tire safety, the surest bet he could make was to equip his car with Goodrich Silvertowns. And the safest, most economical thing you can do is to put these life-saving, long-mileage tires on *your* car. Golden Ply Silvertowns *cost less* than other super-quality tires, and you'll find them on sale at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich Dealers everywhere.

Clem McCarthy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● And, as usual, at New York's glamorous hotel...The Pennsylvania. For it's the perfect "base" for venturing forth to New York's many new shows ...to Fifth Avenue's endless style parade...to Broadway ablaze...to the swankiest night clubs...to the high spots of New York's gala Fall season. Not only that but the hotel itself is so fascinating. Color! Life! Glamour! Movement! Accompanied by niceties and *innovations in guest rooms* no other New York hotel can match. When may we expect you?

BENNY GOODMAN IS COMING BACK!

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GUEST ROOMS *have triple and full-length mirrors*...how women like that!

2200 ROOMS each with private bath . . . . Rates begin at $3.50

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

STATLER OPERATED
ACROSS FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION, N. Y.
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said, "We've got a few minutes. Come up and sit down."

They sat down in a porch swing.

"Don't you think Benny Goodman's band is swell?"

"Nuh-uh," he said. He was slumped down with his hands in his pockets and his feet stretched out. He was beginning to feel that she was somehow to blame for his failure to make an impression on her. She was silly, that was it, just a nitwit.

She went on cataloguing a list of the best dance bands—Guy Lombardo, Glenn Gray, Horace Heidt. They were all swell.

"You think everything in the world is swell, don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, not everything."

"Yeah, you do. You think everything's just wonderful."

He began to think that if he kissed her she wouldn't think everything was so wonderful. To be kissed by a dopey guy like him, she wouldn't like that. It would make her mad. She might even slap him, and, by golly, if she slapped him he'd slap her right back. There wasn't any little old Yankee wench going to make a fool out of him.

"I reckon you *think* it'd be *wonderful* if I kissed you, now, wouldn't you?" His voice cracked with excitement and he was afraid of her answer. He had never kissed a girl before.

"Oh, I didn't say that. Now don't, Hank. Stop it. Somebody'll see us."

Keeping one hand ready to slap her with, he jerked her around with the other, and kissed her. She slumped expertly into the crook of his arm, and murmured, "Oh, Hank, darling."

He was shocked to find it so easy, but he kissed her again. He kissed her several times. When the chaperon called, "One-thirty, girls," from the doorway, they were talking about the moon in whispers.

HE LEFT the Pi Phi house and began to walk fast. He was filled with awe at his own emotions. He was in love. This was what he had read about; this was the reason the fellows at the house were always having dates. This was what they were hunting for and he had found it.

The few late people in the streets looked at him curiously as he hurried by, talking to himself. "I love her, and I have kissed her," he muttered. "She must love me or she wouldn't have let me. Of all these men, she's chosen me to love." It sounded kind of like a popular song. He began to whistle. As he looked back on it, it was the most beautiful evening of his whole life.

He saw himself no longer as a crass, ungainly youth, but suave, polished and sophisticated. Hadn't she said, "Why you are *too* a good dancer?" Every time a man had come to their table in the restaurant, hadn't he risen courteously? In his happiness, he even recalled himself bowing urbanely with one hand on his breast.

Everything was going to be easy now. He could make the football team. He would eat steaks to build up his weight, and get up at six every morning and do road work. He might even send off and get one of those muscle-builder sets. And then when he turned out for football, he could see the coaches in baseball caps, standing off by the side lines, watching him twist and turn through the tacklers, and one of them, pulling his lip, would say, "That Clemmons kid. He's got stuff—we better start him against Minnesota on Saturday." In the shadow of a clump of bushes, he took his hat, held it out before him, and punted it. Really it was a long, twisting spiral, and the crowd shouted, "Sixty yards—look at that Clemmons kick!" And when the season ended, he would be walking across the campus with a big "W" on his chest, and he would meet Barbara, and say modestly . . .

He would get all A's in his work, too. In class, when no one could answer, the professor would smile and nod to him, and easily, brilliantly, he would reply. Sometimes, so learned would he become, he would argue with the professor, and even point out his mistakes, subtly, of course. In his junior year he would send home for his father's big hunting-case watch, and, from the chain, he would hang his Phi Beta key. . . .

And whenever he entered a ballroom, impeccably tailored, wearing a white tie of a shape that everyone was copying, bowing easily to the company, with Barbara on his arm, all the other girls would stare at her enviously. They would wish he would give them more than his perfunctory gracious smile. And as he and Barbara began to dance, older people sitting along the walls would say, "My, isn't that a fine-looking couple! Oh, it's Henry Clemmons, the All-America. Oh."

WHY, this was life! This power, this strength and ease were what he was living for. He knew now. And so magnificent had life become that in the darkness his lips trembled and his eyes began to fill with tears. Barbara was so lovely and he was so heroic that he began to cry, and when he stopped he began to quote softly to himself:

> "*'I love thee, then, not only for thy*
> *body packed with sweet,*
> *That cup of brimming June, that jar*
> *of violet wine set in the air,*
> *Nor for the bosom all besieged with*
> *drowsing lovers.'*"

Oh, he must tell someone! He began to run toward his fraternity.

Henry burst into the room without knocking. Art Whipple said, "Hello, squirt, you still up? Take a pew." Art went on talking.

There were four men in the room, all seniors. On the table were two whisky bottles, one empty, and an ash tray full of butts. All of the men were slightly drunk.

"Now cut out all the theory. Everybody knows it's just biological like the birds and bees. I don't care about the theory. Winter's coming on and I want some good phone numbers," Paul Schafer said.

"Listen, you fellows, I want to tell—" Henry Clemmons began eagerly.

"You listen, frosh, and learn something," said the senior with the mustache. Henry didn't know his name yet.

"How about Becky White?" Art Whipple said.

"Graduated last June," Paul Schafer said.

"What about that redhead at the Gamma Phi house?"

"Marion Phelps? I called her yesterday but she's engaged to some medic. No more fun there," Paul Schafer said.

"I saw Lillian Taliaferro this morning. She talked like she was still amenable to romance," Bill Ballou said.

"What do you mean, 'romance'? Don't you guys get taken in by that build. It's just a decoy. I spent a month and seventeen dollars in old-fashioned large money on her last year, and it used to trouble her conscience every time she kissed me good night," said the man with the mustache.

"Mary Pursglove? Any takers? Mary Pursglove, once; Mary Pursglove, twice; holy, jumping—" asked Art Whipple.

"Ah, she grunts when you kiss her."

"Yeah, but she'll drink you flat, and then put ice on your head. You should have seen her at the Deke house last June."

"She still grunts."

"Well, gents, I still drink," said Stony Baker. "Let's all have a drink to love. You want a short pour, kid?"

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this *BEFORE* and *AFTER* way

BEFORE YOU GO TO BED
Bromo-Seltzer at bedtime helps prevent morning-after! While you sleep, it settles the stomach, soothes tense nerves, ALKALIZES . . . reduces excess acidity caused by overindulgence.

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In the morning, to relieve the effects of fatigue from late hours, take another Bromo-Seltzer. It refreshes —leaves you keener!

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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

BROMO-SELTZER

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Henry Clemmons, confused, growing unhappy again, said, "Yes, suh, I'll have one." It was his first drink. Holding it up and saying, "To love," with the rest of them, he got it down unobtrusively.

Stony Baker heaved his feet up on the table again, "Didn't you guys ever hear about the war between men and women? We come here for fun—the women come here to get married. They don't want to neck; they don't want to drink unless every kiss and cocktail takes 'em a step nearer the altar. Now we like women for themselves, not as pawns in some deep-laid matrimonial scheme. We are their prey. The difficulty is unsolvable."

"Insoluble is what you mean, Stony. You can shut up a while now. This ain't helping me get any phone numbers," Paul Schafer said.

"You know what I think?" said the man with the mustache. "I think it would be a smart idea to catch 'em young, you know, freshmen women."

"How—put salt on their tails?" Bill Ballou asked.

"Nah. Go to these teas they have for the incoming freshmen and pick 'em up there before they get pledged to some sorority, and their sisters fill 'em up with this marriage stuff. You got two strikes on you right away if you take a girl out that's been here six months—she's too smart then, she knows all the ropes."

"REMEMBER Chuck McCartney last year at the Phi Psi house. He found a swell-looking freshman girl, and he treated her polite and nice and got her tame, and now he doesn't have to use the phone any more—she calls him," Art Whipple said.

"Yeah, but we can't start horning in on the freshman teas. We're seniors. Dean of Women get one look at your little beady eyes, Art, and she'd throw you out for your thoughts. You look like the questing beast—that's a literary reference, English 168," said Bill Ballou.

"We can send our own freshmen from the house. Spies—get the idea? Send Hank here. Let him skulk around the teas and send back dispatches. How'd you like to play Cupid—hey, wait a minute," Art Whipple suddenly remembered. "Didn't I get you a date with some freshman baby at the Pi Phi house for tonight? What was her name?"

"Yeah, Art," Henry said. "Her name was Barbara Patterson."

"Well, spill it, spill it; how'd you make out?"

A man among men, Henry got to his feet. "If you all want dates," he said, "I reckon I can fix it up. Just let me know."

He had it all figured out now. Love was not a silly feeling that made you cry in the street. Love was a trophy. What had he cried about anyway?

AT 10:15 the next morning, Henry sat in Mr. Curtis Foster's office, listening to Mr. Foster criticize his first written paper in English I. The subject was "Personal Honor."

"You see that this is confused, don't you, Clemmons? All we want you to do here is to think clearly, and then put it down in simple words, little words of one syllable."

"Yes, suh, I can see my writing is confused. I put a lot of silly ideas in there. About women, I mean. I guess I kind of idolized—is that the word, suh?—idealized 'em too much."

"It was not your remarks on women I was thinking of. It was the general tone of the paper—one thought does not follow another. You don't seem to think clearly."

"Yes, suh, but—how can you learn to think thataway, when everything is so muddled up?"

"Time and effort, Clemmons. Try hard. You must remember that you are beginning a new kind of life here in the university. New standards, new ideals. Is this your first time away from home?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, you may find it hard to adjust yourself at first. You know, youth is a period of change, and you must expect a certain amount of *Sturm und Drang*."

"Please, suh?"

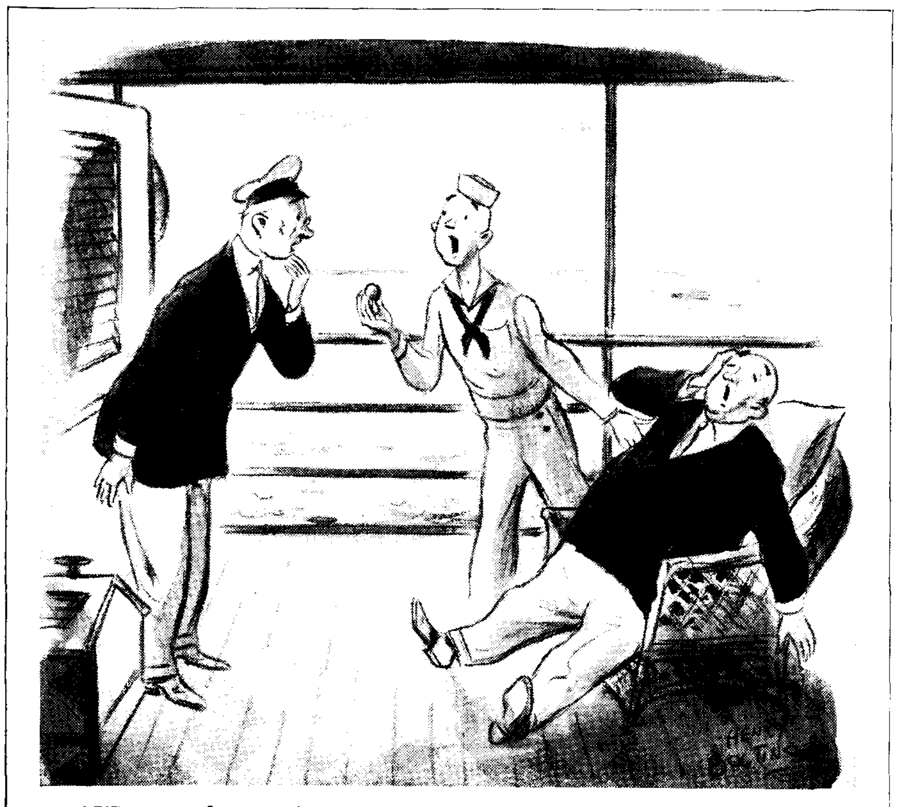
"That's German for storm and stress."

"I see."

Mr. Foster handed him back the paper, and said with perfunctory briskness, "Now, Clemmons, you'll do better next time, I'm sure. Drop in any time. I'm always glad to discuss my students' problems with them. Remember now, think clearly."

"Yes, suh. Thank you, suh."

Henry Clemmons left the office and walked slowly across the campus. There was a high wind, and the air was filled with dry leaves from the maples. The people who passed him did not know how hard he was trying to think clearly.



"We must be nearing land, sir. It was a golf ball that did it!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

NOTICE TO EMPLOYEES
The management will pay
$10.00
for the best idea that saves office time and money. Drop your suggestions into this box.
SUGGESTION BOX

1. "Gosh, Mary, this paper is terrible. It won't erase. I waste more time retyping. I'd like to have good old Hammermill Bond again."

"You've got something there! Why don't you enter the prize contest? Come on, I'll show you."

2. "Here's your chance, Helen. I think you've got a swell idea. Maybe you'll win. It's about time somebody told the boss about our poor office stationery. And certainly the rest of the girls will thank you for making their work so much easier and lots neater."

$10
for the best idea that saves office time and money. Drop your suggestions into this box.
SUGGESTION BOX

3. "Here goes, Mary. Better cross your fingers. My suggestion as our best time and money saver is that we switch back to Hammermill Bond. If they'll only agree to do that, I don't really care whether I win the $10 or not."

4. "Miss Nolan, you win . . . and so do I. My printer tells me that 25 letterheads on Hammermill Bond will cost only 1¢ more than I'm paying for cheap paper. From now on, it's easier typing for you—and a far better impression on our customers and our prospects."

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Too Much Texas

Continued from page 15

for bofe of 'em. Him wid his Texas lies and her wid de Bible tawk."

The farther the foreman walked, the madder he grew. Without planning definitely to do so, he walked straight to Grant's cabin.

"You, Grant!" he roared.

Grant stuck his head out the door. He was tall and stout and good-natured but not too smart. "Yas-ah, Mist' Giles?" he answered.

"Kin you ride a hoss?" Giles demanded.

Grant laughed. "Me, bawn in de Panhandles, and kin I ride a hoss! Sho' I kin."

"Well, den," ordered the foreman, "meet me at de barn at daylight in de mawnin' and ketch Mis' Patsy. Me and you gonter ride over to Benton."

"And git dat carload er hosses de Bossman sont f'm Texas?"

Giles gritted his teeth. Even Grant had heard about that telegram. "No mind what for," the foreman said gruffly. "You meet me at daylight."

The next morning, when Giles reached the barn, he found not only Grant there with both Prince and Miss Patsy saddled, but also Grant's "youngest" twin boy, Rio Grande. The "Texas" twin was astride a rangy young mule. Giles demanded an explanation.

"Hit'll take three to handle dem hosses," Grant told him. "You git in front and p'int 'em. And Ri-o will git in back and push 'em, whilst I weaves in amongst 'em and aidges 'em together."

Giles snorted. "Ri-o," he ordered, "you git a roll er plowline rope. I'm fixin' to lead dem mules home."

Rio slid off the mule and got a big roll of half-inch rope.

"Dat cotton twang won't hold 'em," Grant warned. "Hit take grass rope, and two mens to ev'y one er dem hosses."

They started along the road. The local freight train had already spotted the car by the stock pen when they reached Benton. Giles peeped through the open slatwork.

"Sho' is hosses," he muttered bitterly.

"Better spread back when you opens de door," cautioned Grant. "Dem broncs'll come out rarin' and a-pitchin'. Dey's dangerous!"

"I think you's lyin'," Giles said. "But *you* open de door."

Grant worked with the door for a brief spell; then with great suddenness he pushed it open and dived down between the runway and the car. "Mind out," he yelled, "hyar dey come!"

FOR all of one minute nothing happened. Then a big iron-gray gelding with rounded head and huge, powerful body walked gently down the ramp. Presently, he was followed by a span of bays. Giles noted collar marks on their shoulders. He laughed.

"Come off rarin' and a-pitchin'!" he chided. "Dem hosses is as big as mules and twice as gentle."

Grant crawled out and watched eighteen more horses march down the runway. They were of more than half Clydesdale blood, crossed with the tough range horse of the Texas plains to give them stamina. Neither Giles nor Grant understood that this breed had been carefully worked out by Western stockmen in order to produce big, tough mules for the Southern market; and that, while the mares were valuable for breeding purposes, the geldings usually went on the block for much less than mules of the same weight.

"Dem ain't hosses, man!" Grant exclaimed. "Dem is gi'nts!"

"All of 'em out?" Giles asked.

"Hit's one mo'," Rio Grande volunteered.

"Run him out," Giles told him, and Rio went into the car.

A second later, the horse snorted, Rio yelled, and there was an indefinite streak of man and horse. Rio was leading, and howling. The horse, a big sorrel with mouth open and ears back, was close behind.

Giles claimed afterward that Rio jumped the fence. Grant maintained that Rio neyer even hit the ground. "He spread his arms," he declared, "and jest natchally flew like a bird on de wing."

However Rio escaped, the gelding stopped running when he got down the ramp, but the bronco strain in his blood continued to manifest itself for several minutes while he stood, ears back and head down, and kicked.

Then, as suddenly as he started on his rampage, he quieted and stood placidly with the other horses. Giles looked at Grant for an explanation. Grant was puzzled. "He too big for a bronc," Grant decided. "And efn he was a mustang, he'd 'a' come down sun-fishin' and a-bawlin', and he'd 'a' bucked and bellered to he drapped daid."

Halters were made and the horses divided in three groups.

Halfway home, Giles threw his leg over the saddle and eased himself upon the back of the big sorrel. The horse walked along as though nothing had happened.

"Gentle as a mule," Giles declared, "and Grant is a liar outn de book."

THE rest of that week and most of the next was a busy time on Little Bee Bend. Cottonseed planters creaked from sunup until dark. Wagons hauled seed to the field and women and children toted them in buckets or in their aprons to the planters. It was community work, and everybody helped.

The big horses from Texas had no part in the activities. They stood in the lot and ate corn and hay. Giles managed to take time out from the fields to fit their harness and get them approximately matched into pairs.

Things went along well. Men and women adjusted their domestic difficulties and settled down, ready for a season of teamwork in making the individual crops which were to be assigned as soon as the planting was finished.

"I see Tildy wearin' dem striped socks," Giles remarked to the Widow Duck, one evening. "I reckon dat mean her and Joe Booty fixin' to git married up?"

"Fixin' to?" demanded the Widow Duck. "Efn you'd drap around de church, you'd hyar de news. Tildy stood up and married de stuffin' outn dat walleyed boy. And Joe, he stood up and married her right back, like a man. Giles, dey's a good pair. You had ought to give 'em a good crop."

"I'll give 'em all dey kin handle," Giles promised.

"And for a weddin' present," she went on, "whyn't you let Joe plow a pair er dem big old Texas hosses?"

"Dat's funny. Joe was speakin wid me about dat same thing."

"I put him up to it," the Widow Duck laughed.

"I bet you did," Giles told her. "But I bet you didn't put nobody up to marryin' Grant, did you? Dat's a p'int whar you c'd help me out. I got to git him a woman which kin handle his chilluns in de field, and efn you'd pick out a good woman—"

"De Book say," the Widow Duck informed him, " 'Let de eagle find his own mate in de—' "

"Grant," Giles interrupted, "ain't no eagle. What do hit say about a big ole liar f'm Texas?"

"Texas ain't in de Bible."

"Well, dat's de fust good news I hyared f'm de Bible in a long time. What do *you* say? S'posin' I git Mamie T married up wid Grant?"

"You can't make hit," the Widow Duck said patly. "She wouldn't wipe her shoes off on Grant's front doorsteps. He got too many chilluns. Mamie T wouldn't put up wid him."

"She will efn I tell her to," the foreman said. "And dat's jest what I'm fixin' to do. I'm sick and tired er wearyin' about Grant's crop. I'm gonter tell Mamie T right now."

"You better let de eagle find his own," she cautioned.

Giles walked off. "When Grant git so he kin fly like a eagle," he called over his shoulder, "I'll let him find his own."

HE KNEW the idea of trying to marry one of the most desirable women to one of the least attractive men on the place was foolishness. But he knew that Grant had to work forty acres of cotton to feed his huge family. To work that much land profitably, two cultivators would have to run constantly and somebody would have to supervise Grant's children with the hoeing. Mamie T was the only currently unmarried woman who could do that.

"Maybe I better joke her a little," Giles decided. "Dat'll put her in de good humors."

Mamie T was already in a good humor when Giles reached her house. He noticed a big man sitting on the edge of her porch. He knew what that meant.

"Hy-dy, Mist' Giles," Mamie T said. "I swear, you gittin' so handsome—"

"Hold on," Giles broke in, "who dat settin' on de po'ch?"

"Him?" Mamie T seemed surprised that anybody was on her porch. "Aw, he a friend er mine. I thought maybe—"

"Well," Giles interrupted, "I don't need no mo' hands, efn dat's what you was thinkin'."

"Aw, Mist' Giles," protested Mamie T, "Tex is a good man and I and him is fixin' to git married up and make a crop."

"Tex, hunh?" Giles repeated.

"Yeah. He name's Tex 'cause he comed all de way f'm Texas."

"I got too many people f'm Texas, now," Giles snapped.

"You got some mighty fine hosses in de lot," Tex put in. "I peeped around some dis mawnin' and seed dat Swingin'-H brand on 'em and dem Swingin'-H hosses is sho' mighty fine. Dey got jest enough bronc in 'em to make 'em tough and not enough to make 'em mean."

"Hunh?" Giles was caught off guard. "Sho', dey's fine hosses," he said, recovering. "Us don't buy no yuther kind."

"I sho' would like to git a span of 'em on de yuther end of a cultivator," Tex stated. "I don't mind de mules, but I'd druther have hosses. Dey wawks mo' perter."

Giles was confused. He enjoyed hearing a man talk like that but he was tired of hosses and tired of Texas. The only thing he wanted, just then, was to get Mamie T married to Grant. And the quicker he got her started, the quicker it would be done.

"You want to marry Grant?" he asked abruptly.

"Who, me?" Mamie T snorted.

"You ain't no who-owl," Giles told her.

"Naw." Mamie T shook her head pos-

O-OH—LET'S DANCE! I CAN'T RESIST THAT MUSIC!

The Living, Natural Tone of Labyrinth Radio Entrances All Who Hear It

Like the siren song of the great dance orchestra itself, comes the re-creation of music by the new Stromberg-Carlson Labyrinth Radio. The marvelous *Labyrinth*, most recent wonder of the radio world for improving tone quality, and the flexible *Carpinchoe Speaker* feature Stromberg-Carlson models of the current season.

Flash Tuning, a *VISIBLE* automatic station selector—*Indexed Controls* so convenient in a set's operation—the *Statuary Bronze Dial* with its wide band-spread giving luxurious ease in separating stations, make the new Stromberg-Carlsons a joy to handle.

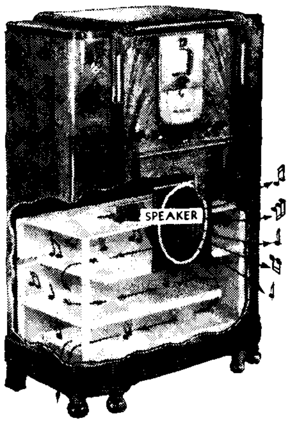
And the *Cabinets*—beautiful beyond anything seen in radio before. Setting a new style trend; with exclusive designs in consoles, coffee and end table models, of brilliant woods in unusual combinations.

Stromberg-Carlson radios range in price from $57.50 to $1050. Models with the exclusive Stromberg-Carlson Labyrinth from $189.50. Antenna Kit $7.00. (*All prices slightly higher* in Southeastern States and West of the Mississippi.) Booklet, "How to Choose a Radio" may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your telephone directory or by mailing coupon.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

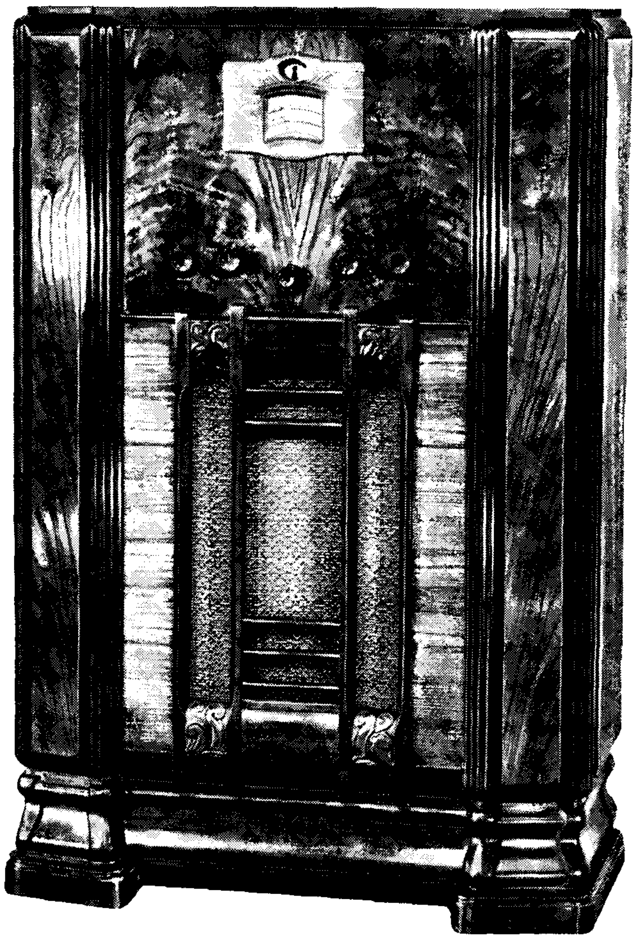
There is nothing finer than a

Stromberg-Carlson

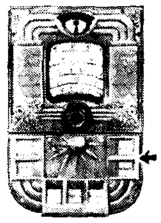


THE ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH

The long, winding passageway of the Acoustical Labyrinth, an exclusive Stromberg-Carlson feature, takes the place of the usual box-like cavity in the cabinet which is the source of the exaggerated boom in low tones. It gives you deeper bass notes, with a new fidelity and increases the volume capacity and accuracy of the loud speaker.



No. 240-M Labyrinth Radio, Carpinchoe Speaker, High Fidelity, Standard, Police, Aircraft, Amateur, Foreign Programs, Tri-Focal Tuning Indicator, Selectorlite Dial, Walnut Finish.



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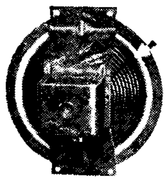
Visual Automatic Station Finding in which you see the station you're tuned to because its call letters light up when you reach it. Automatic Frequency Control makes Flash Tuning, accurate tuning.



Carpinchoe Speaker

The edge suspension of Carpinchoe Leather is more capable of correctly absorbing the vibrations at the edge of the cone than any other material, thus safeguarding the famous Stromberg-Carlson tone.

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
162 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.

Send illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."

Name ______________________

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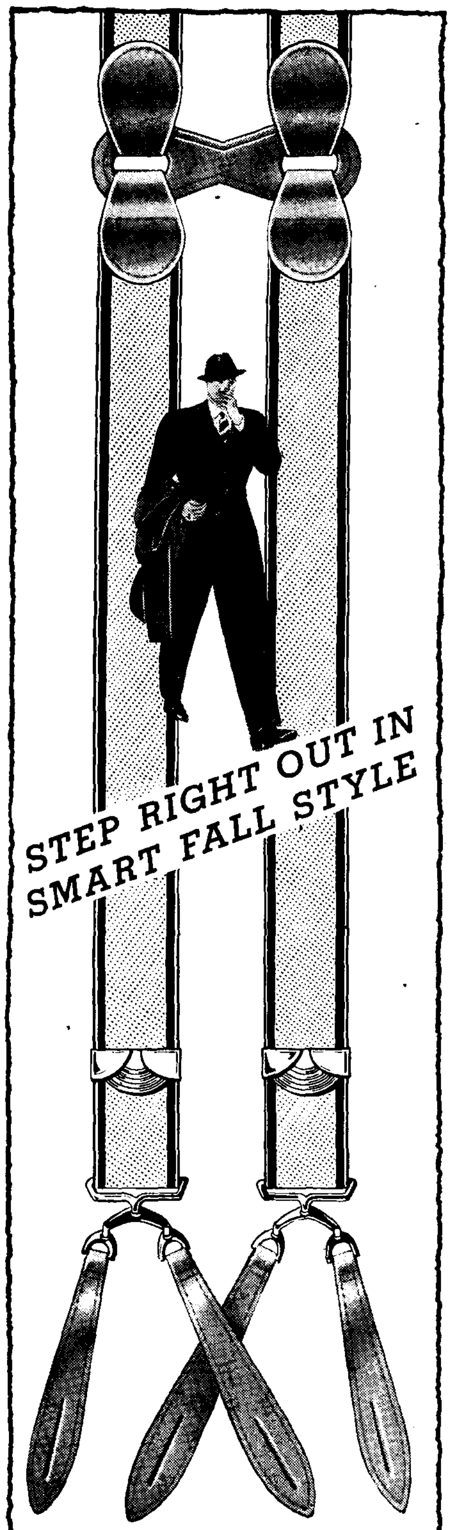
STEP RIGHT OUT IN SMART FALL STYLE

Step out this Fall in the suspender that outsteps them all . . . Paris "Free-Swings." You'll appreciate their smart style . . . and the comforting accommodation of the Paris "Free-Swing" back—widely imitated . . . but never duplicated. Paris alone provides the patented leather-link pivot that always yields with every body motion . . . but never skids . . . never strains . . . never pulls. Because Paris outmodes any suspender made . . . it outsells any suspender sold. $1—$1.50

Get several pairs . . . one for each suit . . . but surely get Paris

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers of Paris Garters, Belts and Gards
Chicago • New York
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PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

itively. "And what's some mo' er de same, I wouldn't marry Grant efn I never got married."

"Who you marry and who you don't," the foreman said, "is yo' business and none er mine. But de kind er work you does whilst you stays on dis place, well, dat's my business."

He squinted his eyes at her. "Efn you marry with him or efn you don't, you gonter git dat bunch er young'ns er hisn and take 'em to de field ev'y mawnin' and chop Grant's cotton jest like you was married to him."

Mamie T was outraged. "Who, me?" she yelled.

"Yo' foots *still* don't fit a limb," Giles said. "I'm startin' Grant and Ri-o plowin' in de mawnin' and I wants to see ev'y lastin' one er his chilluns swingin' a hoe behind dem plows, quick as hit's light enough for me to see."

Mamie T knew the foreman meant it. "Giles," she pleaded, "you knows I'm a good hoehand and Grant—"

"Dat's de word," Giles was curt. "I better see you at daylight. Wid *all* er dem young'ns."

"All right," Mamie T said lamely.

Giles felt like a dog, but he knew no other way out. "I'll tell you what," he conceded. "On account er you so good wid de hoe, I'll take and give Grant a pair er dem big hosses." And he turned away before Mamie T could say anything more.

Giles came to the lot before dawn the next morning. Already nearly every man on the place was there, grumbling and squabbling about the teams. The first ten men had caught the new horses and the rest were arguing. Grant was not there, but Joe Booty was, and he was holding a pair of big horses by the bridle.

"Wait a minute," Giles ordered. "A man smart enough to git hyar before me is smart enough to work de hosses. So de ones which got 'em bridled kin have 'em for dey crop. All 'cept you, Joe Booty. You got pop eyes and you might spread hit amongst dat team you got. You ketch Monk and Pigeon. Dat's a fine team."

Other men clamored for the team that Giles took from Joe Booty, but the foreman waved them back. "I done promised 'em," he said.

Grant stepped into the lot just as day was breaking.

"I'm kind er late," he apologized. "Mamie T come fussin' around my house, tryin' to cook breakfast for de chilluns, and I got to argyin' wid her."

"No mind dat," Giles told him. "Gear up dis pair er hosses and hook on dat cultivator."

Grant put the harness on one horse and began to buckle the collar on the other one. Then he stopped suddenly and jumped back. "Giles, dis is dat kickin' hoss, ain't he?" he demanded.

"I don't know and I don't keer," Giles said shortly. "He got fo' foots and he gonter work. Hook him up."

ONLY the menacing presence of the foreman forced him to harness the sorrel. Grant's nervousness was quickly transmitted to the horses. Even young draft horses that have been standing in the lot and eating for a week can do foolish things. Add a strain of bronco ancestry and let a frightened, inexpert horseman try to manage them and there is no telling what might happen.

Grant finally got hitched up. He took a line in each hand and tried to say, "Get up!" But his mouth was dry and no sound came.

"Start 'em!" Giles shouted.

Grant rapped both horses with the lines, much harder than he intended to, and yelled at them at the same time. The horses jumped and ran.

It was not the first team that had run away on Little Bee Bend, and the rule in case of runaways was that a man had to hold onto the lines, regardless. If the lines broke, he had to show the foreman his pieces to prove that he tried to hold the team.

"You better bring me a piece er line!" Giles roared. "You better stop dem hosses, or bring me a line!"

But Grant could neither stop the horses nor break the lines. He stumbled and fell. The team raced down the turnrow.

Giles leaped on his own saddle horse, bareback and with only a halter, and started chase. Prince felt pretty frisky himself, and the task of outrunning the big-footed work team was too easy. He sailed past them in a swinging gallop and kept right on going. Giles slid from Prince's back, jumped in front of the team and tried to stop them. They rumbled right over him, knocking him down with the neckyoke.

THE foreman sputtered in fury. "Grant done me ev'y bit er dat," he told himself, "and I'm gonter kill him daid." He got up, brushed the dirt from his clothes and started walking. "I'm gonter cut me a swish-elm club and beat his years off."

The runaways were stopped finally by a group of women hoehands who surrounded them and threw them into confusion by shouting and waving their aprons. When Giles reached the horses, the Widow Duck was holding them by the bridles and talking earnestly. "Be not afraid, ye strangers in a strange land," she was saying soothingly. "Wawk ye in de middle er righteousness and God will *daid* change conditions. Be not disencouraged."

"Whar Grant at?" Giles demanded.

"Who keer?" the Widow Duck wanted to know.

"Me," stated Giles. "I'm fixin' to kill him."

"No need in killin' a sheep for what de goat done," the Widow Duck reminded him. "Efn you think somebody need killin', whyn't you kill de devil you got in yo' heart? You been had de devil in yo' heart ev'y since you got dat big telegram f'm Texas."

"Don't say 'Texas' to me," Giles warned her. "I'm sick er Texas."

"Yonder come Mamie T's Texas boy, bringin' Prince back," the Widow Duck pointed.

Giles looked. Sure enough, Tex was leading Prince, the foreman's horse.

"I seed him runnin'," Tex explained, "so I called and he come to me like he was a baby. He sho' is a smart hoss. Jest tawk to him."

"I know dat," growled the foreman. "I learnt him like dat."

"Den why didn't *you* tawk to him?" the Widow Duck challenged.

"I was too busy," Giles defended himself.

"Too busy mindin' somebody else's business," the Widow Duck agreed. "Dat's what you been, ev'y since—"

"Well, what would you do about it, den?"

"Me? I'd use my haid," the Widow Duck said firmly. "I'd make Grant's yuther Texas twin get back to Grant and plow wid Ri-o, and let his wife chop along wid de rest er Grant's crew. 'Cause de Lawd knows when you got as many gals as Grant is got, one mo' won't matter. Den, I'd take dis big pair er Texas hosses hyar and give 'em to a man which kin plow 'em, like Tex, hyar, and put him and Mamie T in dat patch you was fixin' to give Dallas. And den," the Widow Duck paused for emphasis, "efn hit was me, I'd thank de Lawd for makin' me smart enough to do dat."

Giles frowned importantly. "I been studdin' 'bout dat," he lied. "Texas, you take dem Fo't Worth hosses and start plowin' in Dallas' cotton. Whilst I finds ole Panhandles Grant, so's I kin git dis Bossier Parish Johnson grass whupped outn dis Little Bee Bend cotton!"

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84 PROOF

HENNESSY-and-SODA
1 Wineglass Three-Star Hennessy
Ice cubes
Plain soda or charged water

The pioneering British discovered the happy affinity between Three-Star Hennessy and charged water. Indeed, it was the spread of British Empire that carried around the world the knowledge of Three-Star Hennessy's flawless quality, bouquet and "clean" taste. The gayety of charged water and the distinguished flavour of Three-Star Hennessy make a delightful combination.

INSIST ON HENNESSY IN A
Side-Car **Old-Fashioned**
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Pet Shopping

Continued from page 25

country and registrar of over 1,250,000 current pedigrees, assumes responsibility for keeping the dog game straight, and not only exposes and prosecutes dishonest operators but can guide the Spelvins past the racketeers and direct them to reliable breeders or dealers.

Let us say that the Spelvins have argued back and forth between Mr. Spelvin's idea of a big dog and Mrs. Spelvin's idea of a little dog, and—if they are an average American couple—they have compromised on Mrs. Spelvin's idea. How are they going to pick out their puppy from a yardful of tumbling, twisting, identical balls of black fur, particularly when the kennel-owner himself has to tag them to tell one litter from another?

I have seen hundreds of average Mrs. Spelvins arrive at kennels and step out of their small coupés into a bewildering maze of inquisitive, sniffing, friendly Scotties of all ages and sizes; and there is only one way we've ever found to help Mrs. Spelvin make up her mind. That is to invite her into the run where a dozen three-months pups can chew her ankles—and let one of them pick her. The deal can always be clinched by remarking to her soberly: "You must have a way with dogs, you're the very first person that pup's ever paid any attention to. . . ."

After all, the only things you can be sure of about a puppy at that age—and, all things considered, three months is the earliest age that it is safe to take a puppy—are whether its background is good, whether it's had a healthy start in life, and whether its price is commensurate with the known cost of a good dog. For if you have any change left over from your fifty dollars, you can be sure that somebody is making you a gift or else that something is radically wrong with the pup.

Several years ago, when S. S. Van Dine was prominent as a Scottie breeder, he estimated the actual cost to him of raising a puppy to six months as $125. And when you take into account the initial investment in breeding stock, the stud fees, the food, labor, medical care and inoculations, not to mention the overhead costs of buildings, wire-runs, heating and lighting, you will see that fifty dollars is an absolute minimum. On the other hand, there is no other way to get so large a profit from a small investment; and if you don't think so, the owners of fifteen million dogs will be glad to tell you.

How Much Will You Take?

For a dog, in these modern times, is more than just a luxury. It often becomes the center of the family, the boss of the household, the bored recipient of thwarted maternal emotion. Recently a down-at-the-heel spinster was exercising her particular pride and joy at the end of a shabby leash in Central Park. It was a nondescript cross between a flying-squirrel and a floor-mop, but it attracted the attention of a wealthy dowager in a passing limousine. She stopped the car and leaned forward condescendingly. "My little girl likes your dog," she smiled. "How much will you take for it?"

"Madam," replied the owner, drawing herself up haughtily, "how much will you take for your little girl?"

"But how," Mrs. Spelvin invariably asks us as she prepares to leave the kennels with her new Scottie perched on the front seat of her coupé, "shall I take care of it? What kind of feed shall I give it? Does it need to be wormed? Do you think it's a good thing to inoculate it against distemper? What's the best way to house-break it? What do you use for fleas? What's a good Scotch name?"

What should she feed it? First of all, not too much. Just enough to keep it in good condition. Five light meals a day are better for a puppy than three heavy ones; and puppies, like Hollywood stars, will keep their girlish figures better if they leave the table a little bit hungry. The only thing that kills more dogs than automobiles or distemper each year is kindness.

The diet should be varied, with a proper mixture of meat, vegetables, milk and cereal—scientifically prepared dog-foods are apt to present a better-balanced ration than table-scraps—and cod-liver oil is a wise addition during the winter months. In other words, the best advice the kennelman can give Mrs. Spelvin is: Don't feed the puppy any better than you would feed your own husband.

Health Measures

How should she take care of it? Probably the most universal canine complaint, outside of fleas, is worms; but the control of these pests is not so simple as it seemed to the old-timers who fed their dogs a handful of pumpkin-seeds and let it go at that. There are a number of varieties, from ordinary roundworms and hookworms to the dangerous tapeworms and heartworms, and no single pill gets all of them. The wise owner will have a veterinarian make periodic examinations of his dog, and let him treat the specific parasite with which the dog is infested.

The scourge of the kennel, of course, is the widespread and dreaded distemper. To date, this disease has proved easier to prevent than to cure; and inoculation at the earliest practicable age is the best life insurance you can buy for your dog. For any other diseases, from running fits to follicular mange, the experienced kennelman will tell his customers to forget home cures and see the nearest vet.

How to house-break it? First, never give the puppy a chance to make a mistake. A very young puppy should be given an opportunity to get outside every half-hour or so; and if Mr. Spelvin objects to being routed out of his easy-chair so often, make him responsible for the consequences. A dog of ordinary intelligence should not take more than a day or two to begin to get the idea; though its progress can be expedited by rubbing its nose in its mistake and shoving it out the door, or perhaps by adopting the humane method attempted by the indulgent owner who tried to get the idea across to his own dog by setting a dripping umbrella in a corner of the room, pointing out the resultant puddle to his dog, shaking his head, and solemnly spanking the umbrella.

How to name it? This is the most serious problem of all. Relatives are apt to greet with mingled emotions the news that they have just had the spaniel named after them. It was Ed Wynn who solved his own problem by naming his dog Opium, because, he explained, he had raised it from a poppy. Whatever name may be chosen, however, the owner with foresight will register that name at once with the American Kennel Club. A registered dog eats no more than a nonregistered dog, and he is infinitely more valuable in the event of resale or breeding.

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales
NOTARY PUBLIC

WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"

IF THEY WILL ONLY HELP
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"

THEY'VE WORKED WONDERS

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"

NOTE: *The above letter is so typical of many others that it justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

NEW DOUBLE VALUE
30-Day Size Bottle of
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

ARE you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of many from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Now, with the new Double-Value size bottle available at drug counters, you can actually get the full value of the 30-day course for *one-half* of the former cost! Remember to ask for the 250-tablet size of Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets — and refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
At Drug Counters Now! Double-Value 250-Tablet Size

Free Taste Sample
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE TASTE SAMPLE of Yeast Foam Tablets. I want to prove for myself that it is *pleasant* to take yeast in this form. C 9-25-37

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The Only Hats Showerproofed by "CRAVENETTE"

The Option.. Wear the brim up or snap it down... $5

The Warrant.. The coming college style from Stanford to "Dear Old Maine" $6

The Empire.. The Homburg, a "must" for your fall wardrobe $7.50

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SEE YOUR HATTER!

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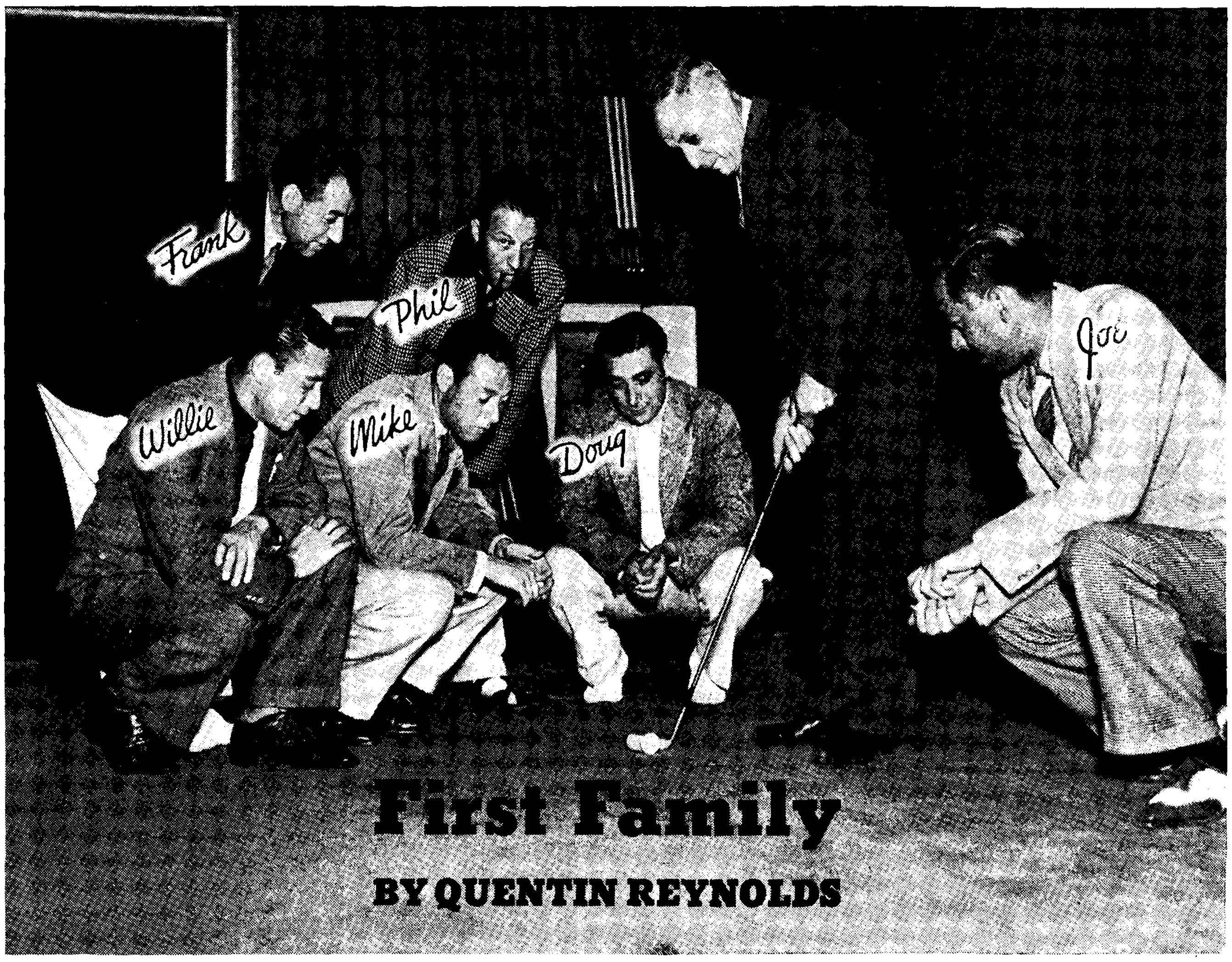


First Family

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

IFOR THOMAS

Vitale Turnesa and six of the seven sons that have made his name famous wherever golf is played

There must be something fine about golfers, Poppa Turnesa thought, they take such good care of the grass. Now he knows: he has seven champions in the family

THE New York pavements were hot and sticky and Vitale Turnesa mopped his brow and wished that he were back in Armento, which is east of Rome. Armento is framed by long, rolling hills covered with grass of an incredible greenness and of incredible softness. When the pavements grew hot and sticky, Vitale always walked up to Central Park. He'd roam through the sheep meadow and watch the grass anxiously. It wasn't as green or as soft as the grass on the rolling hills of Armento, but it was grass.

Thousands of youngsters were playing there on the meadow and their quick feet cut into the grass, trampling it down.

"The grass is dying," Vitale would say sadly. And it was true; the grass was being killed.

One day he met a friend who told him of a place called Fairview which had rolling hills, green hills, and which wasn't far from New York. Vitale went to Fairview. He took one look at the greenness of the hills and he took off his shoes and socks so that he could feel the coolness of the living grass as he had done when he was a boy. He saw men tending the grass; saw them cutting it and nursing it and he asked them what they were doing and why.

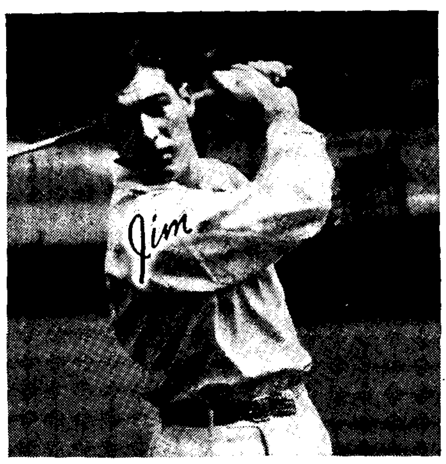
They told him that they were building a golf course; told him proudly that it was one of the first courses to be built in that part of the country. This was in 1904. Vitale listened with delight. He had never heard of golf or of a golf course but here he saw men treating grass as he liked it to be treated; men who had great respect for the land and for growing things.

"I will live here," Vitale said solemnly, "and I will help you grow the grass."

Vitale Turnesa has been working at Fairview ever since. He has worked on the greens of the Fairview Country Club since 1905 and there are no better greens anywhere in the country. His sons inherited their father's love of growing things and when they were very small they would go and watch him tend the grass and they would listen solemnly as he told them how to take care of it; he talked of grass as a fragile, tender thing that had to be nursed and petted and cajoled.

"The earth is not beautiful in itself," he would tell them, "so the good Lord gave it a green cloak to make it beautiful."

His sons grew older and when they were through with school they always hurried to the golf course, for here they were at home. The game of golf became popular and people no longer laughed at men who wore baggy pants and carried strange-looking clubs. They needed boys to carry these clubs and inevitably the Turnesa boys became caddies. Eventually there were seven of them—Phil, Frank, Joe, Mike, Doug, Jim and Willie. All of them became caddies. All of them became golf players. And now all of them have achieved fame because of their skill. Six of them are professional golfers. The seventh, Willie, is at Holy Cross, the holder of the New England Intercollegiate title and one of the best young golfers in the game. Let's take them up one by one.



PAINE STUDIOS

"Jim's another Sam Snead," Willie says

From Bottom to Top

Phil is the oldest. He began by helping his father, and in him, too, there was that inborn love of growing grass. He played golf as one does if one lives on a golf course, but he was more interested in nursing greens and in the architecture of courses than he was in making low scores. Besides, he felt that to know the game well and to play it well you had to know everything there was to know about the things one used to play the game. The clubs, the ball, the sand bunkers and the very soil itself were all part of the game to Phil Turnesa.

The Fairview Club, delighted with Vitale's son, sent him to Columbia University when he was seventeen to study soil. He studied greens-keeping and the care of grass and he studied golf architecture and then, when his course was finished, he became an assistant to Devereaux Emmett, one of the great course builders of our time. Emmett built many of the courses in the metropolitan area and he designed and built a great many in upper New York State. Finally, Phil mastered his trade. He knew golf courses literally from the ground up. Then he decided to play competitive golf.

Since 1924 he has been playing the golf circuit and always he is a dangerous

"CAVALIER" CAPTAIN in 1936 . . . and a triple-threat man. Harry Martin gained a total of 2440 yards—scored 138 points—during his seasons of competition.

POPULAR at proms, as well as on the gridiron. He enjoys dancing—and shows it.

A NEW RECORD for the intramural javelin throw was set by Harry Martin. He also took first place in the discus throw.

WHIPPING trout streams has long been a hobby with him. He finds a sturdy Elgin Sport Watch a good companion to his fun.

"ASK A MARTIN AND THE ANSWER IS ELGIN"

writes HARRY MARTIN, *University of Virginia, '38*

Proclaimed one of the most famous athletes of "Old Dominion"! Eager, energetic Harry Martin has earned twenty athletic letters in prep school and college. He has starred in football, baseball, basketball, track, swimming and boxing.

"Traditions run strong with us," writes this popular young leader whose family settled in Virginia nearly 300 years ago. "And one of those traditions for generations has been ELGIN. Since great-uncle's day we Martins have been choosing ELGINS."

Have you had the pleasant experience of becoming an ELGIN owner? Whether the answer is "yes" or "no", you will be interested in the newest models of these timepieces. Your jeweler is showing them now. They are in growing demand wherever spirited, purposeful styling, dependability, and natural leadership are respected.

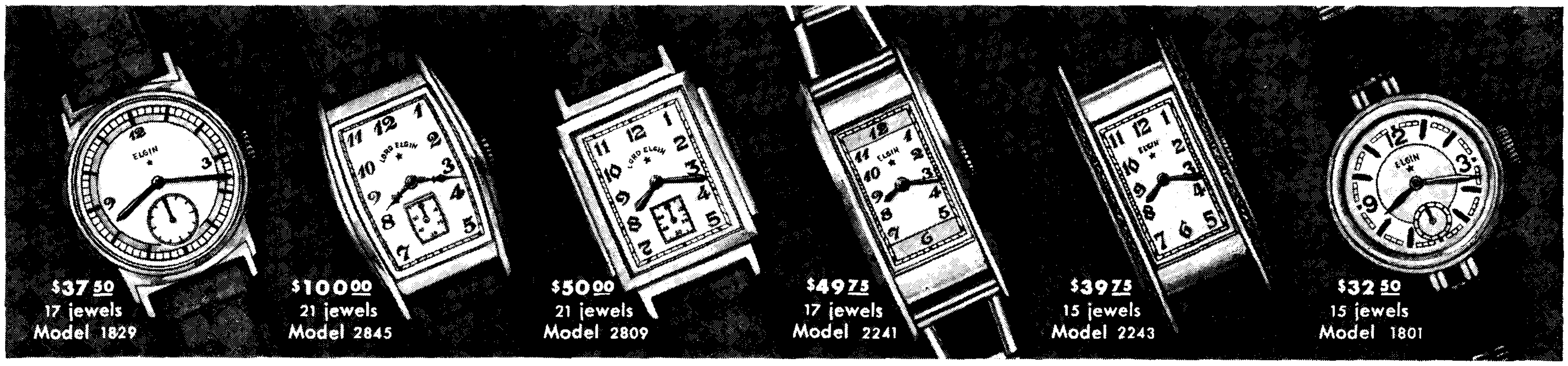
☆ ELGIN ☆

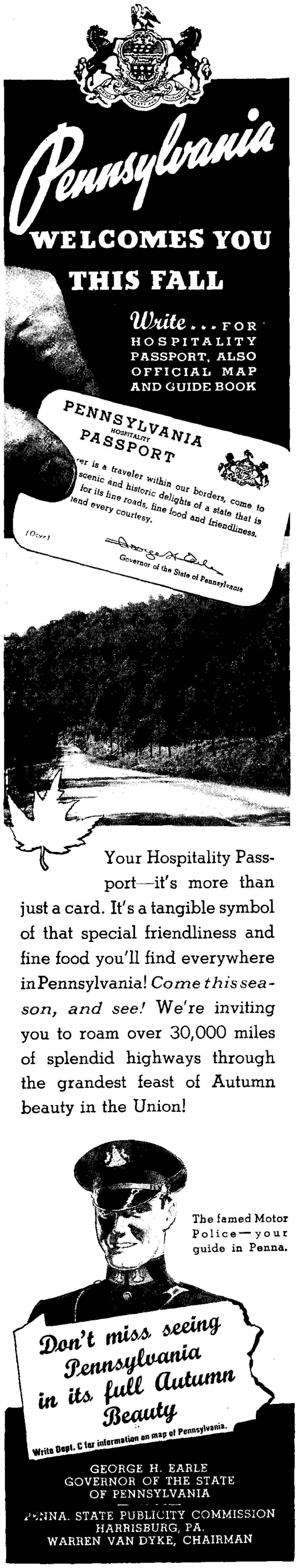
MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

It of course requires more care, more skill, more science to produce timepieces like these. And only at ELGIN do you find the perfect partnership between craftsmanship and science—a partnership which functions at every step in the creative process.

Every ELGIN is solidly honest in every detail of materials and workmanship. Timed for accuracy to the absolute standard of the stars by means of an electrical device created through the cooperation of ELGIN craftsmen. Flawless...even under the microscope.

ELGIN models of 15 jewels and more are priced from $25 to $750. Other fine models from $18.50.




Pennsylvania
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THIS FALL

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contender, the one who is always apt to sneak in. In 1935 he was runner-up in the Metropolitan P. G. A. Between tournaments he teaches at the Elmsford Country Club. He is forty.

Frank Turnesa, two years younger, is slightly built and wiry and he likes to sit on the comfortable porch of the Briar Hills Country Club, where he is the pro, and talk of this and that—but mostly of his father, Vitale, who is still tending the greens at Fairview just a few miles away. When Frank was twelve, his father got him a job working in the golf shop at Fairview. John Inglis was the pro at Fairview then. Young Frank had a great respect for Inglis. When Inglis gave a lesson, Frank was always there chasing the balls for Inglis and his pupils. He'd sit there quiet, unobtrusive, listening to Inglis teach, absorbing the technique of the master. For years he listened as Inglis made good golfers out of duffers. He listened and he chased balls. And, like his brother Phil, he learned about soil and about the construction of golf courses.

"I'd been listening to John Inglis for so many years that golf became a natural part of me," Frank says. "I mean I didn't have to learn how to drive or how to putt. It seemed as though I'd always known the right way to do both. I'd absorbed all of John Inglis' ideas."

The Road Up

Finally he became an assistant to Alec Finlay at the Lawrence Park Golf Club. Later he joined his father and Phil at Fairview and still later he helped build golf courses. He is prouder of having built the last nine holes of the Shrewsbury River Golf Club than he is of his tournament record. Frank is busily engaged in making golf records—not on the course but on the round rubber disks. Teaching golf by phonograph records is a new stunt and one which Frank thinks will be of immense benefit to golfers—and of financial benefit to himself. Today Frank Turnesa is recognized as one of the greatest of teaching professionals. Even his brothers take occasional lessons from him.

Just a few weeks ago Brother Joe found himself hooking badly. Some important tournaments were coming up and Joe was nervous. One afternoon he phoned one of Frank's assistants: "I want to make an appointment for a lesson. Can I have an hour with Frank sometime soon?"

The assistant looked at the appointment book. "You can have from two to three tomorrow afternoon."

Joe showed up on time and for an hour he worked under Frank's critical eye. Joe's drive had developed a terrific hook. Frank watched Joe drive a dozen balls. Then he smiled.

"Too much right hand—that's all," he said finally.

Now Joe drove and this time he didn't bring his right hand in so quickly. The ball traveled straight down the fairway. He drove another and another. Then he relaxed. His game was all right now.

"Did you charge Joe for that lesson?" I asked Frank.

"By golly, I forgot to charge him," Frank laughed.

Joe Turnesa, the third brother, has made the best competitive record in the family. Like the others, he caddied at Fairview and then became a tournament golfer. He has been a member of three Ryder Cup teams. In 1928 he won the British News Thousand Guineas tourney, the English equivalent of our P. G. A. He was runner-up to Walter Hagen in the 1927 P. G. A. event, and it took the genius of Bobby Jones to keep him from winning the National Open in 1926. Golfers insist that Joe has the smoothest swing of any man in the game. He is a good putter and he can putt better using one hand than most golfers can using both. You don't believe that? Listen:

Three years ago he was preparing for the Long Island Open. Suddenly for no accountable reason his putting went completely to pieces. In desperation he began putting with one hand. They started to drop. He kept it up and went through the tournament holding his putter only with his right hand.

P. S.: He won the tournament.

Mike Turnesa, who is twenty-eight now, won the first tournament he ever entered. That was a caddies' tournament in 1924. Since then he has won such events as the Westchester Open, the $10,000 Miami Biltmore event and the North and South Open. Mike has the perfect competitive temperament.

"He never gets excited while playing," Frank says. "I guess he gets that placid good nature from Mom. Mom is like that and we all more or less take after her."

Doug is next. He's at Elmsford helping Brother Phil. To date he hasn't played much competitive golf—but we'll be hearing of him.

That brings us to Willie and Jim and which of these is the better golfer is a moot question.

"Jim is another Sam Snead," Willie told me. "He's going to be the greatest of us all."

"Willie is one of the best amateurs in the game and he's still coming," Jim says. "Just wait another year."

Willie stopped caddying at Fairview when he was sixteen to comply with the amateur rule. He had won several caddy tournaments by then. His first amateur tournament was the Westchester Junior. He was medalist and finalist and you can't ask much more of a sixteen-year-old kid. He has been a dangerous contender in the last four National Amateur events. He was the medalist in the last National Intercollegiate. He holds several course records.

"Every golfer holds a few course records, though," Willie laughs.

There is one record, though, of which he is really proud. He shot a 68 on the Winged Foot course to set aside the former record of 69 made by Bobby Jones in the Open a few years back. He also likes to kid his big brothers about the record 67 at Briar Hills and his 66 at Elmsford, for they have played both of those courses dozens of times.

Today, Willie is a senior at Holy Cross. When he is finished he is going into business. He is never going to turn professional.

"My brothers thought it would be nice to have one amateur in the family," Willie laughs.

Being an amateur tournament golfer is an expensive proposition. There are a great many amateurs of note who allow "friends" to pay their way to tournaments and to help out with living expenses. The "friends" are usually wealthy golf devotees who like to play with leading amateurs. The amateur, in return for the bread and butter and traveling expenses, must play with these "friends" and be at their beck and call.

It isn't like that with Willie. When he hies himself off to a tournament his brothers all contribute to his expenses. The brothers are proud of Willie and he'll travel first class wherever he goes.

Family Pride

As for Jim—he, too, was a caddy and then he won the caddy masters' tournament at Canoe Brook, N. J., in 1934. That was his first taste of tournament victory and he cried out for more. He played tournament golf when he wasn't assisting Frank at Briar Hills or Joe on Long Island. His game developed beautifully. He and Brother Willie did a lot of playing together and they'd criticize each other and straighten out kinks in each other's game and if they got into real trouble they'd scurry over to Brother Frank or Brother Phil to get back on the right path.

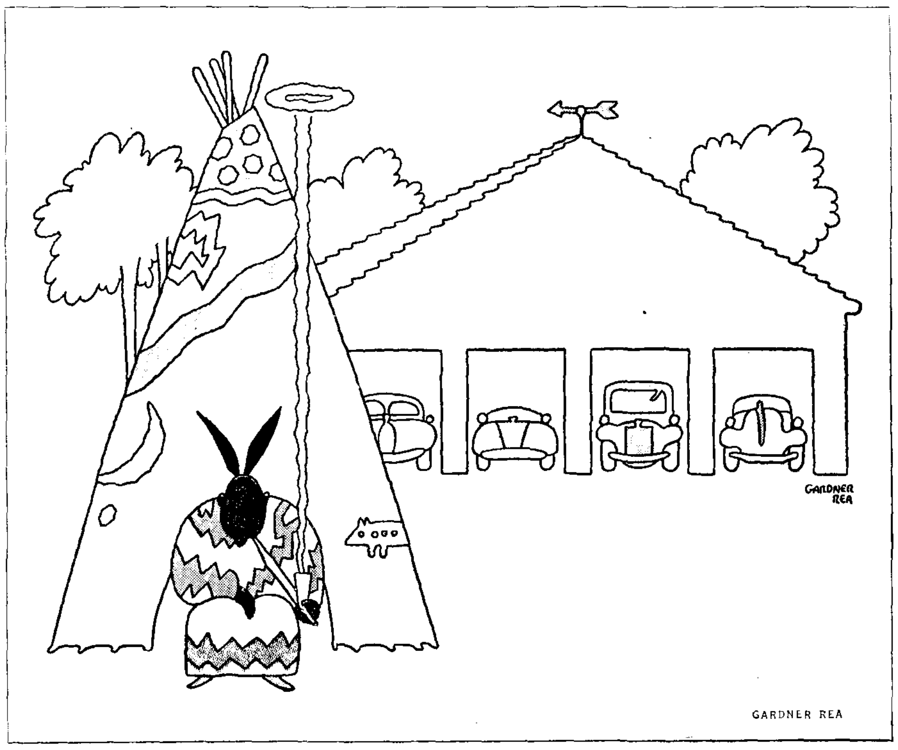
Today young Jim—he's only twenty-four—is the pro at the Louisquisett Club in North Providence, Rhode Island. Last year he was runner-up in the Rhode Island Open. It isn't what Jim has done, it's what he is going to do that has the brothers excited.

"He's going to be great," Frank says gravely. "Right now he's very good. Another year and you'll be hearing a lot about Jim."

Well, there they are—the seven of them—America's first golfing family. Seven of them? Make it eight. We can't leave Poppa Vitale out. Poppa Vitale never misses a tournament in which one of his sons is entered.

"When I'm playing in a tournament," Willie says, "I know that Pop is there somewhere in the gallery. But he never comes up to speak to me. He's afraid it'll get my mind off my game. But I know he's out there somewhere and it's a nice feeling."

A nice family, Momma and Poppa Turnesa and their seven wiry, agile, brown-eyed sons. But I almost forgot. There are two daughters—Rose and Mildred. Do they play golf? No, indeed. They think it's sort of a silly game.



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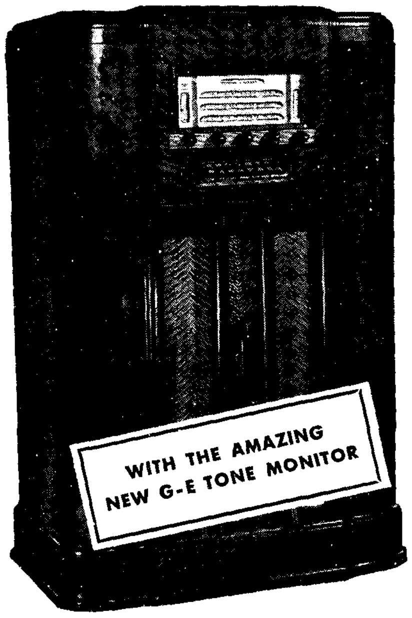

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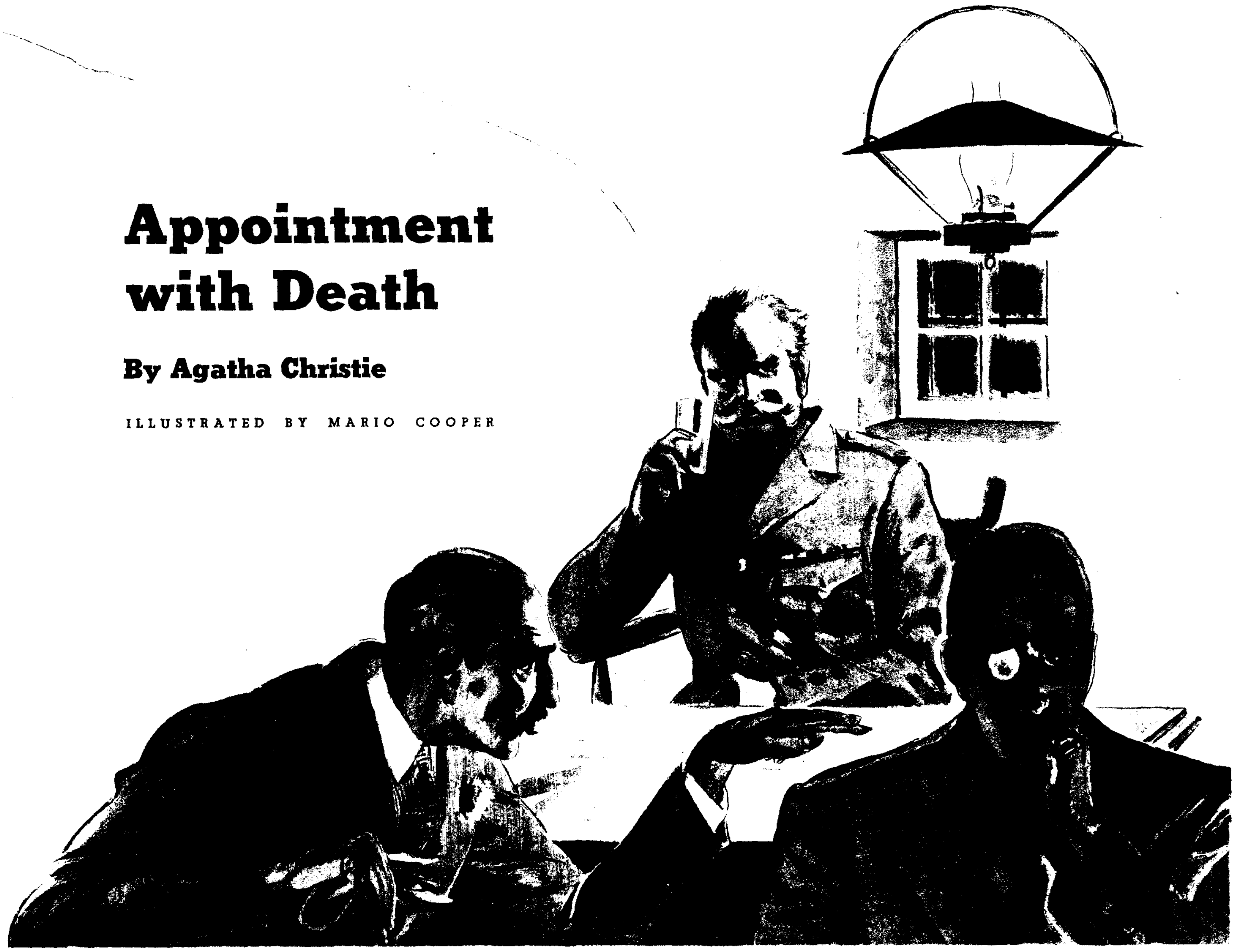

Poirot held up a hand. "One moment! We have not yet arrived at that point. There is still some evidence to consider"

The Story Thus Far:

MRS. BOYNTON—widow of a wealthy American, and once a wardress in a prison—is escorting her family on a tour of the Near East. The members of her party—her stepchildren: Raymond, Carol, and Lennox; Ginevra, her daughter; and Lennox's wife, Nadine—seem strangely nervous, overwrought.

Encountering them frequently, Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted French alienist, wonders what is wrong. Sarah King, an English girl whose route is the same as the Boyntons', gives him the answer: Mrs. Boynton is a sadistic tyrant who refuses to permit the members of her family to meet anyone! For some curious reason, however, the old woman has let Jefferson Cope, a middle-aged American (secretly in love with Lennox's wife) attach himself to her party.

When the Boyntons leave Jerusalem, Sarah (who, like Gerard, has been severely snubbed by the head of the Boynton household) makes some cutting remarks to Mrs. Boynton on the subject of civility. Mrs. Boynton gazes over Sarah's shoulder, and says cryptically: "I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face! . . ."

A few days later, Sarah goes to the ancient city of Petra. She is accompanied by Dr. Gerard, Miss Amabel Pierce (an innocuous little English spinster), and Lady Westholme, a high-and-mighty English woman who takes pride in her dominant personality. Arrived, she finds Mr. Cope and the Boyntons (still miserable) comfortably ensconced in the "red rose city."

Two other surprises await her: Raymond Boynton (with whom she has exchanged only a few furtive words) tells her that he loves her; and *Mrs. Boynton dies!*

The old woman's sudden death arouses Dr. Gerard's suspicions—he believes that she has been murdered! A few hours later he is deep in an interview with Colonel Carbury and a brilliant Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, who are investigating the case. Dr. Gerard outlines part of his theory: Someone, using the doctor's hypodermic syringe, had administered digitoxin to Mrs. Boynton.

V

"AND Mrs. Boynton already suffered with heart trouble?" Colonel Carbury asked Dr. Gerard.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, she was actually taking a medicine containing digitalin."

"That," said Poirot, "is extremely interesting."

"D'you mean," asked Colonel Carbury, "that her death might have been attributed to an overdose of her own medicine?"

"That—yes. But I meant more than that."

"In some senses," said Dr. Gerard, "digitalin may be considered a cumulative drug. Moreover, as regards post-mortem appearance, the active principles of the digitalis may destroy life and leave no appreciative sign."

Poirot nodded slow appreciation.

"Yes, that is clever—very clever. Almost impossible to prove satisfactorily to a jury. Ah, but let me tell you, gentlemen, if this is a murder, it is a very clever murder! The hypodermic replaced, the poison employed a poison which the victim was already taking—the possibilities of a mistake or accident are overwhelming. Oh, yes, there are brains here. There is genius."

For a moment he sat in silence, then he raised his head.

"And yet, one thing puzzles me."

"What is that?"

"The theft of the hypodermic syringe."

"It was taken," said Dr. Gerard.

"Taken and returned?" Poirot asked.

"Yes."

"Odd," said Poirot. "Very odd. Otherwise everything fits so well . . ."

Colonel Carbury looked at him curiously.

"Well?" he said. "What's your expert opinion? Was it murder—or wasn't it?"

Poirot held up a hand.

"One moment. We have not yet arrived at that point. There is still some evidence to consider."

"What evidence? You've had it all."

"Ah! but this is evidence *that I, Hercule Poirot, bring to you.*"

He nodded his head and smiled a little at their two astonished faces.

"Yes, it is droll, that! That I, to whom you tell the story, should in return present you with a piece of evidence about which you do not know. It was like this: In the Solomon Hotel, one night, I go to the window to make sure it is closed—"

"Closed—or open?" asked Carbury.

"Closed," said Poirot firmly. "It was open, so, naturally, I go to close it. But before I do so, as my hand is on the latch, I hear a voice speaking, an agreeable voice, low and clear with a tremor in it of nervous excitement. I say to myself it is a voice I will know again. And what does it say, this voice? It says these words: *'You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?'* "

He paused.

"At the moment, naturally, I do not take those words as referring to a killing of flesh and blood. I think it is an author or perhaps a playwright who speaks. But now, *I am not so sure.* That is to say I am sure it was nothing of the kind."

Again he paused before saying:

"Messieurs, I will tell you this—*to the best of my knowledge and belief* those words were spoken by a young man whom I saw later in the lounge of the hotel and who was, so they told me on inquiring, a young man of the name of Raymond Boynton."

"RAYMOND BOYNTON said that!" The exclamation broke from the Frenchman.

"You think it unlikely, psychologically speaking?" Poirot inquired placidly.

Gerard shook his head.

"No, I should not say that. I was surprised, yes. If you follow me, I was surprised just because Raymond Boynton was so eminently fitted to be a suspect."

Colonel Carbury sighed. "These psychological fellers!" the sigh seemed to say.

"Question is," he murmured, "what are we going to do about it?"

Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not see what you can do," he confessed. "The evidence is bound to be inconclusive. You may know that murder has been done but it will be difficult to prove it."

"I see," said Colonel Carbury. "We

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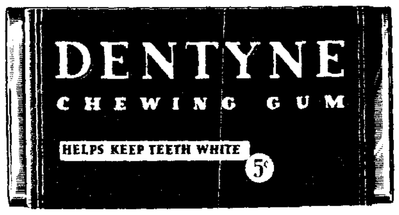

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

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suspect that murder's been done and we just sit back and twiddle our fingers! Don't like it!" He added, as if in extenuation, his former odd plea, "I'm a tidy man."

"I know. I know." Poirot nodded his head sympathetically. "You would like to clear this up. You would like to know definitely exactly what occurred and how it occurred. And you, Dr. Gerard? You have said that there is nothing to be done; that the evidence is bound to be inconclusive? That is probably true. But are you satisfied that the matter should rest so?"

"HER health was bad," said Gerard slowly. "In any case she might have died very shortly—a week—a month—a year."

"So you are satisfied?" persisted Poirot.

Gerard went on:

"There is no doubt that her death was—how shall we put it?—beneficial to the community. It has brought freedom to her family. They will have scope to develop; they are all, I think, people of good character and intelligence. They will be—now—useful members of society! The death of Mrs. Boynton, as I see it, has resulted in nothing but good."

Poirot repeated, for the third time, "So you are satisfied?"

"No." Dr. Gerard pounded a fist suddenly on the table. "I am *not* 'satisfied,' as you put it! It is my instinct to preserve life—not to hasten death. Therefore, though my conscious mind may repeat that this woman's death was a good thing, my unconscious mind rebels against it! *It is not well, gentlemen, that a human being should die before her time has come.*"

Poirot smiled. He leaned back contented with the answer he had probed for so patiently.

Colonel Carbury said unemotionally:

"He doesn't like murder! Quite right! No more do I."

He rose and poured himself out a stiff whisky and soda.

"And now," he said returning to the subject. "Let's get down to brass tacks. *Is there anything to be done about it?* We don't like it—no! But we may have to lump it! No good making a fuss if you can't deliver the goods."

Gerard leaned forward.

"What is your professional opinion, M. Poirot? You are the expert."

POIROT took a little time to speak. Methodically he arranged an ash tray or two and made a little heap of used matches. Then he said:

"You desire to know—do you not, Colonel Carbury?—*who killed Mrs. Boynton* (that is, if she was killed and did not die a natural death), exactly *how and when* she was killed and, in fact, the whole truth of the matter."

"I should like to know that, yes," Carbury spoke unemotionally.

Hercule Poirot said slowly:

"I see no reason why you should not know it!"

Dr. Gerard looked incredulous. Colonel Carbury looked mildly interested.

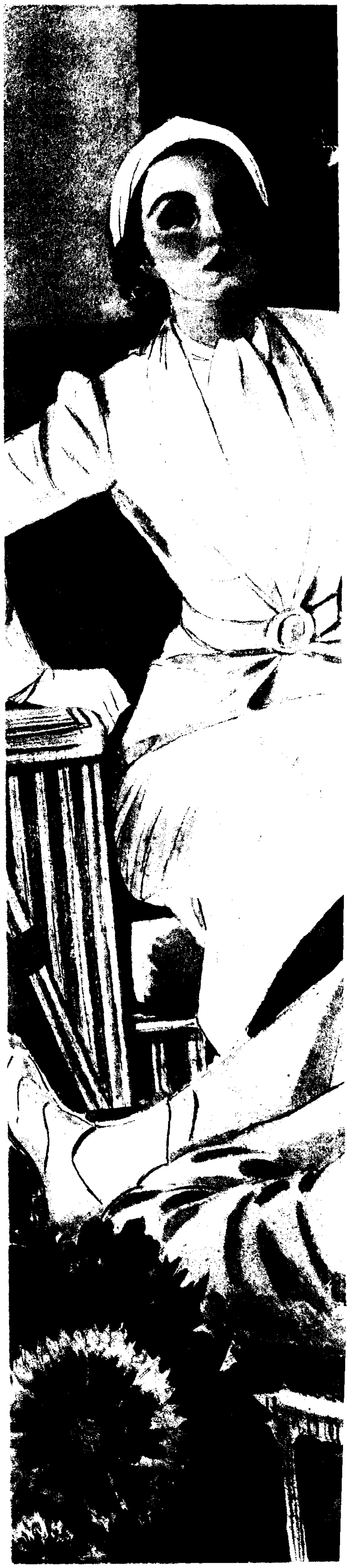
"Oh," he said. "So you don't, don't you? That's interestin'. How d'you propose to set about it?"

"By methodical sifting of the evidence, by a process of reasoning."

"Suits me," said Colonel Carbury.

"And by a study of the psychological possibilities."

"Suits Dr. Gerard, I expect," said Carbury. "And after that—after you've sifted the evidence and done some rea-



"Really, M. Poirot," Sarah said, "if you had been to Petra you would realize that the journey there is a somewhat strenuous business for an old woman"

soning and paddled in psychology—hey, presto—you think you can produce the rabbit out of the hat?"

"I should be extremely surprised if I could not do so," said Poirot calmly.

Colonel Carbury stared at him over the rim of his glass. Just for a moment the vague eyes were no longer vague—they measured and appraised.

He put down his glass with a grunt. "What do you say to that, Dr. Gerard?"

"I admit that I am skeptical of success . . . Yet I know that M. Poirot has great powers."

"I am gifted, yes," said the little man. He smiled modestly.

Colonel Carbury turned away his head and coughed.

Poirot said:

"The first thing to decide is whether this is a composite murder, planned and carried out by the Boynton family as a whole, or whether it is the work of one of them only. If the latter, which is the most likely member of the family to have attempted it?"

Dr. Gerard said:

"There is your own evidence. One must, I think, first consider Raymond Boynton."

"I AGREE," said Poirot. "The words I overheard and the discrepancy between his evidence and that of the young woman doctor puts him definitely in the forefront of the suspects.

"He was the last person to see Mrs. Boynton alive. That is his own story. Sarah King contradicts that. Tell me, Dr. Gerard, is there—eh?—you know what I mean—a little *tendresse,* shall we say, there?"

The Frenchman nodded.

"Emphatically so," he replied.

"Aha! Is she, this young lady, a brunette with hair that goes back from her forehead—so—and big hazel eyes and a manner very decided?"

Dr. Gerard looked rather surprised.

"Yes, that describes her very well."

"I think I have seen her in the Solomon Hotel. She spoke to this Raymond Boynton and afterward he remained *planté là*—in a dream—blocking the exit from the lift. Three times I had to say 'Pardon' before he heard me and moved."

He remained in thought for some moments. Then he said:

"So, to begin with we will accept the medical evidence of Miss Sarah King with certain mental reservations. She is an interested party." He paused, then went on. "Tell me, Dr. Gerard, do you think Raymond Boynton is of the temperament that could commit murder easily?"

Gerard said slowly:

"You mean deliberate, planned murder? Yes, I think it is possible, but only under conditions of intense emotional strain."

"Those conditions were present?"

"Definitely. This journey abroad undoubtedly heightened the nervous and mental strain under which all these people were living. The contrast between their own lives and those of other people was more apparent to them. And in Raymond Boynton's case—"

"Yes?"

"There was the additional complication of being strongly attracted to Sarah King."

"That would give him an additional motive? And an additional stimulus?"

"That is so."

Colonel Carbury coughed.

"Like to butt in a moment. That sentence of his you overheard, '*You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?*' must have been spoken to someone."

"A good point," said Poirot. "I had not forgotten it. Yes, to whom was Raymond Boynton speaking? Undoubtedly to a member of his family. But which

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member? Can you tell us something, Doctor, of the mental condition of the other members of the family?"

Gerard replied promptly.

"Carol Boynton was, I should say, in very much the same state as Raymond—a state of rebellion accompanied by severe nervous excitement, but uncomplicated in her case by the introduction of a sex factor. Lennox Boynton had passed the stage of revolt. He was sunk in apathy. He was finding it, I think, difficult to concentrate. His method of reaction to his surroundings was to retire farther and farther within himself. He was definitely an introvert."

"And his wife?"

"His wife, though tired and unhappy, showed no signs of mental conflict. She was, I believe, hesitating on the brink of a decision."

"Such a decision being?"

"Whether or not to leave her husband."

He repeated the conversation he had held with Jefferson Cope.

Poirot nodded in comprehension.

"And what of the younger girl—Ginevra her name is, is it not?"

The Frenchman's face was grave. He said:

"I should say that mentally she is in an extremely dangerous condition. She has already begun to display symptoms of schizophrenia. Unable to bear the suppression of her life, she is escaping into a realm of phantasy. She has advanced delusions of persecution—that is to say, she claims to be a royal personage, in danger, enemies surrounding her—all the usual things!"

"And that is dangerous?"

"Very dangerous. It is the beginning of what is often homicidal mania. The sufferer kills not for the lust of killing but *in self-defense.* He kills in order not to be killed himself. From his point of view it is eminently rational."

"So you think that Ginevra Boynton might have killed her mother?"

"Yes. But I doubt if she would have had the knowledge or the constructiveness to do it the way it was done. The cunning of that class of mania is usually very simple and obvious. And I am almost certain she would have chosen a more spectacular method."

"But she is a *possibility?*" Poirot insisted.

"Yes," admitted Gerard.

"And afterward, when the deed was done? *Do you think the rest of the family knew who had done it?*"

"THEY know!" said Colonel Carbury unexpectedly. "If ever I came across a bunch of people who had something to hide these are they! They're putting something over all right."

"We will make them tell us what it is," said Poirot.

"Third degree?" said Colonel Carbury, raising his eyebrows.

"No," Poirot shook his head. "Just ordinary conversation. On the whole, you know, people tell you the truth. Because it is easier! Because it is less strain on the inventive faculties! You can tell one lie, or two lies, or three lies or even four lies, *but you cannot lie all the time.* And so the truth becomes plain."

"Something in that," agreed Carbury. Then he said bluntly:

"You'll talk to them, you say? That means you're willing to take this on."

Poirot bowed his head.

"Let us be very clear about this," he said. "What you demand, and what I undertake to supply, is the truth. But mark this, even when we have got the truth, there may be no *proof.* That is to say, no proof that would be accepted in a court of law. You comprehend?"

"Quite," said Carbury. "You satisfy me of what really happened. Then it's up to me to decide whether action is possible or not—having regard to the international aspects. Anyway, it will be cleared up—no mess. Don't like messes."

Poirot smiled.

"One more thing," said Carbury. "I can't give you much time. Can't detain these people here indefinitely."

Poirot said quietly:

"You can detain them twenty-four hours. You shall have the truth by tomorrow night."

Colonel Carbury stared hard at him.

"Pretty confident, aren't you?" he asked.

"I know my own ability," murmured Poirot.

Rendered uncomfortable by this un-British attitude, Colonel Carbury looked away and fingered his untidy mustache.

"Well," he mumbled, "it's up to you."

"And if you succeed, my friend," said Dr. Gerard, "you are indeed a marvel!"

SARAH KING looked long and searchingly at Hercule Poirot. She noted the egg-shaped head, the large mustaches, the dandified appearance and the suspicious blackness of his hair. A look of doubt crept into her eyes.

"Well, Mademoiselle, are you satisfied?"

Sarah flushed as she met the amused, ironical glance of his eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said awkwardly.

"*Du tout!* To use an expression I have recently learned, you give me the once-over, is it not so?"

Sarah smiled a little.

"Well, at any rate, you can do the same to me," she said.

"Assuredly. I have not neglected to do so."

She glanced at him sharply. Something in his tone— But Poirot was twirling his mustaches complacently and Sarah thought (for the second time), "The man's a mountebank!"

Her self-confidence restored, she sat up a little straighter and said:

"I don't think I quite understand the object of this interview."

"The good Dr. Gerard did not explain?"

Sarah said, frowning, "I don't understand Dr. Gerard. He seems to think—"

"That there is something rotten in the state of Denmark," quoted Poirot. "You see, I know your Shakespeare."

SARAH waved aside Shakespeare.

"What, exactly, is all this fuss about?" she demanded.

"*Eh bien,* one wants, does one not, to get at the truth of this affair?"

"Are you talking about Mrs. Boynton's death?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it rather a fuss about nothing? You, of course, are a specialist, M. Poirot. It is natural for you—"

Poirot finished the sentence for her.

"It is natural for me to suspect crime whenever I can possibly find an excuse for doing so?"

"Well, yes—perhaps."

"You have no doubt yourself concerning Mrs. Boynton's death?"

Sarah shrugged her shoulders.

"Really, M. Poirot, if you had been to Petra you would realize that the journey there is a somewhat strenuous business for an old woman whose cardiac condition was unsatisfactory."

"It seems a perfectly straightforward business to you?"

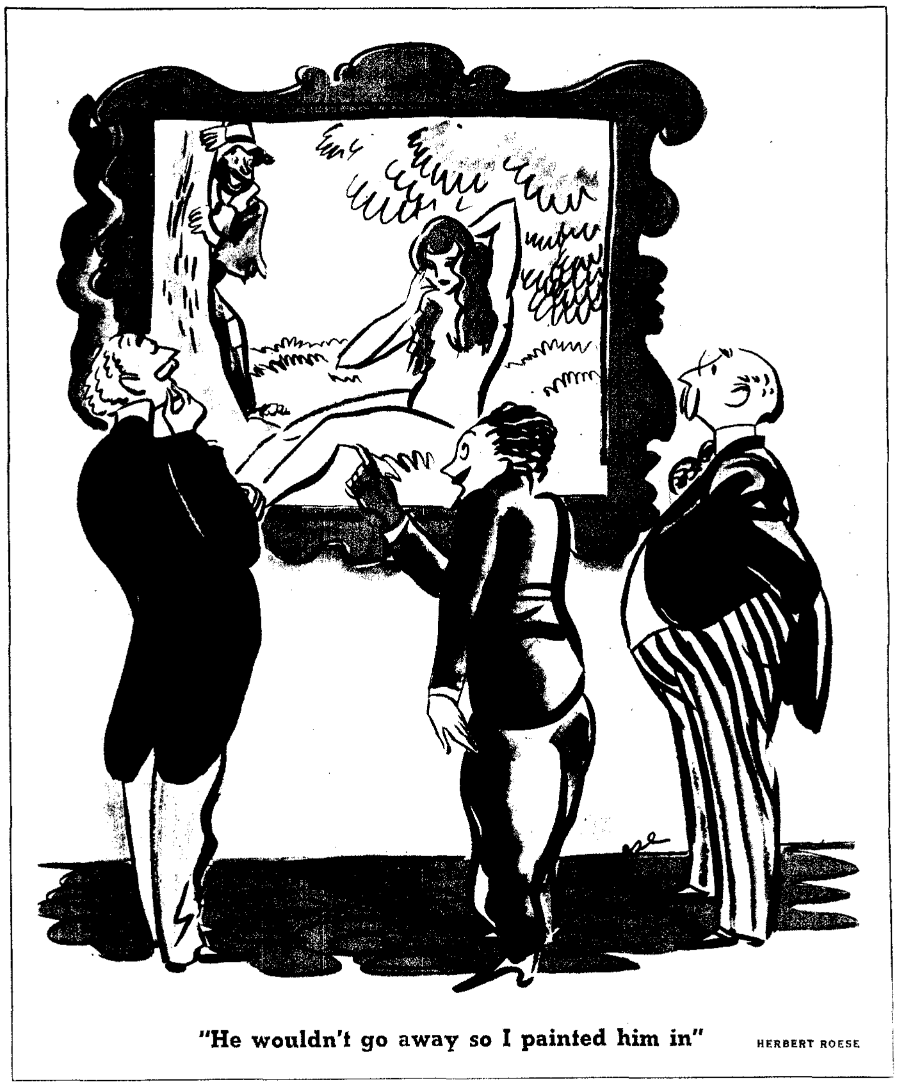
"Certainly. I can't understand Dr. Gerard's attitude. He didn't even know anything about it. He was down with fever. I'd bow to his superior medical knowledge, naturally, but in this case he had nothing whatever to go on. I suppose they can have a post mortem in Jerusalem if they like, if they're not satisfied with my verdict."

Poirot was silent for a moment, then he said:

"There is a fact, Miss King, that you do not yet know. Dr. Gerard has not told you of it."

"What fact?" demanded Sarah.

"A supply of a drug—digitoxin—is



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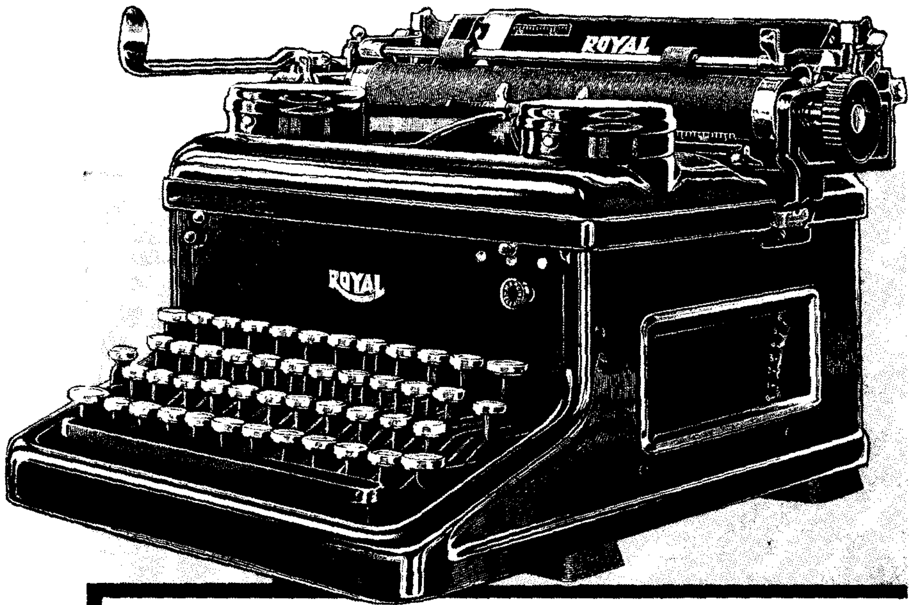

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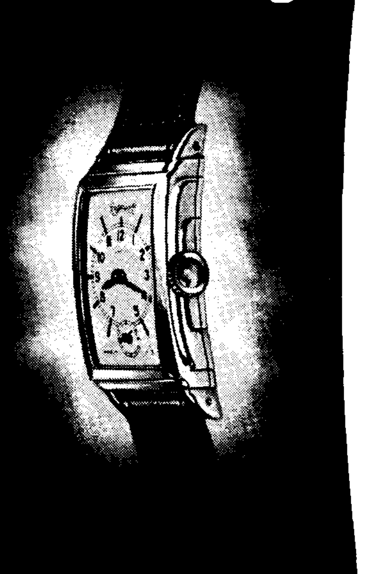

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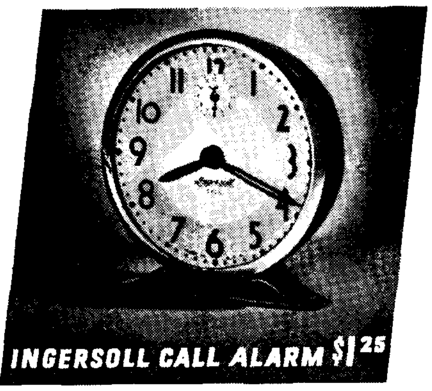

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missing from Dr. Gerard's traveling medicine case."

"Oh!" Quickly Sarah took in this new aspect of the case. Equally quickly she pounced on the one doubtful point. "Is Dr. Gerard quite sure of that?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"A doctor, as you should know, Mademoiselle, is usually fairly careful in making his statements."

"Oh, of course. That goes without saying. But Dr. Gerard had malaria at the time."

"That is so, of course."

"Has he any idea when it could have been taken?"

"He had occasion to go to his case on the night of his arrival in Petra. He wanted some phenacetin as his head was aching badly. When he replaced the phenacetin on the following morning and shut up the case he is almost certain that all the drugs were intact."

"Almost—" said Sarah.

Poirot shrugged. "Yes, there is a doubt! There is the doubt that any man, *who is honest,* would be likely to feel."

Sarah nodded.

"Yes, I know. One always distrusts those people who are *over*sure. But all the same, M. Poirot, the evidence *is* very slight. It seems to me—" She paused. Poirot finished the sentence for her.

"It seems to you that an inquiry on my part is ill advised!"

Sarah looked him squarely in the face.

"Frankly, it does. Are you sure, M. Poirot, that this is not a case of a Roman holiday?"

Poirot smiled.

"The private lives of a family upset and disturbed so that Hercule Poirot can play a little game of detection to amuse himself?"

"I didn't mean to be offensive—but isn't it a little like that?"

"You, then, are on the side of the Boynton family, Mademoiselle?"

"I think I am. They've suffered a good deal. They—they oughtn't to have to stand any more."

"And *la maman,* she was unpleasant, tyrannical, disagreeable and decidedly better dead than alive? That also—*hein?*"

"When you put it like that—" Sarah paused, flushed, went on: "One shouldn't, I agree, take that into consideration."

"But all the same—one does! That is, *you* do, Mademoiselle! I—do not! To me, it is all the same. The victim may be one of the good God's saints or, on the contrary, a monster of infamy. It moves me not. The fact is the same. A life—taken! I say it always: I do not approve of murder."

"Murder?" Sarah drew in her breath sharply. "But what evidence of that is there? The flimsiest imaginable! Dr. Gerard himself cannot be sure!"

Poirot said, quietly, "But there is other evidence, Mademoiselle."

"What evidence?"

Her voice was sharp.

"*The mark of a hypodermic puncture upon the dead woman's wrist.* And something more still—*some words that I overheard spoken in Jerusalem* on a clear still night when I went to close my bedroom window. Shall I tell you what those words were, Miss King? They were these. I heard Mr. Raymond Boynton say: '*You do see, don't you, that she's got to be killed?*' "

He saw the color drain slowly from Sarah's face.

"*You heard that?*"

"Yes."

The girl stared straight ahead of her.

She said, at last, "It would be you who heard it!"

He acquiesced.

"Yes, it would be me. These things happen. You see now why I think there should be an investigation?"

Sarah said, quietly, "I think you are quite right."

"Ah! And you will help me?"

"Certainly."

Her tone was matter-of-fact, unemotional. Her eyes met his coolly.

Poirot bowed.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. Now I will ask you to tell me in your own words exactly what you can remember of that particular day."

Sarah considered for a moment.

"Let me see. I went on an expedition in the morning. None of the Boyntons were with us. I saw them at lunch. They were finishing as we came in. Mrs. Boynton seemed in an unusually good temper."

"She was not usually amiable, I understand."

"Very far from it," said Sarah with a slight grimace.

She then described how Mrs. Boynton had released her family from attendance on her.

"That, too, was unusual?"

"Yes. She usually kept them round her."

"Do you think, perhaps, that she suddenly felt remorseful—that she had what is called—*un bon moment?*"

"No, I don't," said Sarah bluntly.

"What did you think, then?"

"I was puzzled. I suspected it was something of the cat-and-mouse order."

"If you would elaborate, Mademoiselle?"

"A cat enjoys letting a mouse get away—and then catching it again. Mrs. Boynton had that kind of mentality. I thought she was up to some new deviltry or other."

"What happened next, Mademoiselle?"

"The Boyntons started off—"

"All of them?"

"No, the youngest, Ginevra, was left behind. She was told to go and rest."

"Did she wish to do so?"

"No. But that didn't matter. She did what she was told. The others started off. Dr. Gerard and I joined them—"

"When was this?"

"About half past three."

"Where was Mrs. Boynton then?"

"Nadine—young Mrs. Boynton—had settled her in her chair outside her cave."

"Proceed."

"When we got round the bend, Dr. Gerard and I caught up with the others. We all walked together. Then, after a while, Dr. Gerard turned back. He had been looking rather queer for some time. I could see he had fever. I wanted to go back with him, but he wouldn't *hear of it.*"

"What time was this?"

"Oh, about four, I suppose."

"And the rest?"

"We went on."

"Were you all together?"

"At first. Then we split up." Sarah hurried on as though foreseeing the next question. "Nadine Boynton and Mr. Cope went one way and Carol, Lennox, Raymond and I went another."

"And you continued like that?"

"Well—no. Raymond Boynton and I separated from the others. We sat down on a slab of rock and admired the wildness of the scenery. Then he went off and I stayed where I was for some time longer. It was about half past five when I looked at my watch and realized I had better get back. I reached the camp at six o'clock. It was just about sunset."

"You passed Mrs. Boynton on the way?"

"I noticed she was still in her chair up on the ridge."

"That did not strike you as odd—that she had not moved?"

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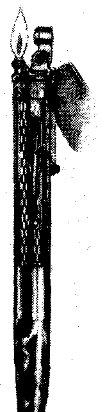

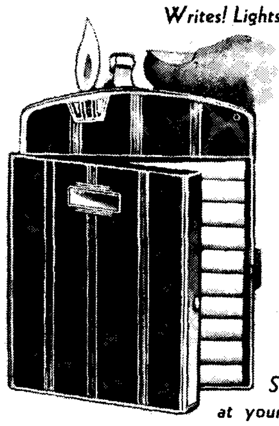

"No, because I had seen her sitting there the night before when we arrived."

"I see. Continue."

"I went into the marquee. The others were all there—except Dr. Gerard. I washed and then came back. They brought in dinner and one of the servants went to tell Mrs. Boynton. He came running back to say she was ill. I hurried out. She was sitting in her chair just as she had been, but as soon as I touched her I realized she was dead."

"You had no doubt at all as to her death being natural?"

"None whatever. I had heard that she suffered from heart trouble, though no specific disease had been mentioned."

"You simply thought that she had died sitting there in her chair?"

"Yes."

"Without calling out for assistance?"

"Yes. It happens that way sometimes. She might even have died in her sleep. She was quite likely to have dozed off. In any case, all the camp was asleep most of the afternoon. No one would have heard her unless she had called very loud."

"DID you form an opinion as to how long she had been dead?"

"Well, I didn't really think very much about it. She had clearly been dead some time."

"What do you call some time?"

"Well—over an hour. It might have been much longer. The heat off the rock would keep her body from cooling quickly."

"Over an hour? Are you aware, Mademoiselle King, that Mr. Raymond Boynton spoke to her only a little over half an hour earlier and that she was then alive and well?"

Now her eyes no longer met his. But she shook her head.

"He must have made a mistake. It must have been earlier than that."

"No, Mademoiselle, it was not."

She looked at him point-blank. He noticed again the firm set of her mouth.

"Well," said Sarah, "I'm young and I haven't had much experience with dead bodies—but I know enough to be quite sure of one thing. Mrs. Boynton had been dead *at least* an hour when I examined her body!"

"That," said Hercule Poirot unexpectedly, "is your story and you are going to stick to it!"

"It's the truth," said Sarah.

"Then can you explain *why* Mr. Boynton should say his mother was alive when she was, in point of fact, dead?"

"I've no idea," said Sarah. "They're probably rather vague about time, all of them! They're a very nervous family."

Poirot smiled.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," he said. "I will now converse with the other witnesses."

Sarah rose.

"Excuse me, M. Poirot, but if I might make a suggestion—"

"Certainly. Certainly."

"Why not postpone all this until an autopsy can be made and you discover whether or not your suspicions are justified? I think all this is rather like putting the cart before the horse."

Poirot waved a grandiloquent hand.

"This is the method of Hercule Poirot," he announced.

Pressing her lips together, Sarah left the room.

LADY WESTHOLME entered the room with the assurance of a transatlantic liner coming into dock.

Miss Amabel Pierce, an indeterminate craft, followed in the liner's wake and sat down in an inferior make of chair slightly in the background.

"Certainly, M. Poirot," boomed Lady Westholme. "I shall be delighted to assist you by any means in my power. I have always considered that in matters of this kind one has a public duty to perform—"

When Lady Westholme's public duty had held the stage for some minutes, Poirot was adroit enough to get in a question.

"I have a perfect recollection of the afternoon in question," replied Lady Westholme. "Miss Pierce and I will do all we can to assist you."

"Oh, yes," sighed Miss Pierce, almost ecstatically. "So tragic, was it not? Dead—just like that—in the twinkle of an eye!"

"If you will tell me exactly what occurred on the afternoon in question—" suggested Poirot.

"Certainly," said Lady Westholme. "After we had finished lunch I decided to take a brief siesta. The morning excursion had been somewhat fatiguing. Not that I was really tired—I seldom am. I do not really know what fatigue is. One has so often, on public occasions, no matter what one really feels—"

Again an adroit murmur from Poirot.

"As I say, I was in favor of a siesta. Miss Pierce agreed with me."

"Oh, yes," sighed Miss Pierce. "And I was *terribly* tired after the morning. Such a *dangerous* climb—and, although interesting, *most* exhausting. I'm afraid I'm not *quite* as strong as Lady Westholme."

"Fatigue," said Lady Westholme, "can be conquered like everything else. I make a point of never giving in to my bodily needs."

Miss Pierce looked at her admiringly.

Poirot said, "After lunch, then, you two ladies went to your tents?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Boynton was then sitting at the mouth of her cave?"

"Her daughter-in-law assisted her there before she herself went off."

"You could both see her?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Pierce. "She was opposite, you know—only of course a little way along and up above."

LADY WESTHOLME elucidated the statement:

"The caves opened onto a ledge. Below that ledge were some tents. Then there was a small stream and across that stream was the big marquee and some other tents. Miss Pierce and I had tents near the marquee. She was on the right side of the marquee and I was on the left. The opening of our tents faced the ledge, but of course it was some distance away."

"Nearly two hundred yards, I understand."

"Possibly."

"I have here a plan," said Poirot, "concocted with the help of the dragoman, Mahmoud."

Lady Westholme remarked that in that case it was probably wrong.

"That man is grossly inaccurate. I have checked his statements from my Baedeker. Several times his information was definitely misleading."

"According to my plan," said Poirot, "the cave next to Mrs. Boynton's was occupied by her son Lennox and his wife. Raymond, Carol and Ginevra Boynton had tents just below but more to the right—in fact, almost opposite the marquee. On the right of Ginevra Boynton's was Dr. Gerard's tent and next to that again that of Miss King. On the other side of the stream—next to the marquee on the left, you and Mr. Cope had tents. Miss Pierce's, as you mentioned, was on the right of the marquee. Is that correct?"

Lady Westholme admitted grudgingly that as far as she knew it was.

"I thank you. That is perfectly clear. Pray continue, Lady Westholme."

(To be continued next week)

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Affair of Honor

Continued from page 17

combat. I have never seen Cowper *drunk* and, I dare say, no one ever will."

Indeed, so meticulous was Archibald Cowper about concealing the fact that he occasionally was forced to indulge in intoxicants that he once risked his life to prevent Jacqueline Cowper from discovering that he had imbibed.

The Gem City high school gave a moonlight excursion and dance aboard the steamboat Capitol one night in the spring of 1931. Archibald Cowper had gone aboard the steamboat as the invited guest of Captain Millard, a friend of old river days. Captain Millard and other officers insisted that Cowper partake of at least one drink. He did so, under emphatic protest, and was horrified to see his grandniece Jacqueline approaching. In seeking to avoid her, he slipped and fell overboard, his life being spared by the happy circumstance that the Capitol had not yet left the landing.

BUT the meanest-spirited and most unjust criticism of their Uncle Archie was the Cowpers' often-stated opinion to the public at large in Gem City that he was "an impractical schemer."

Cowper, having left the river, conceived the idea of organizing a corporation to manufacture genuine Southern beaten biscuits. It was Cowper's theory, never successfully refuted, that beaten biscuits are the only wholesome and healthful form of bread.

I attended the meeting at the Farmers' State Bank when Cowper presented his working program to Judge Tom and Cousin John Sanders, president of the bank. It was a thoroughly feasible plan—I made a modest investment in it myself—and both Judge Tom and Sanders, at that time, saw sufficient merit in the venture to advance Cowper two thousand dollars. But they did so in an insulting manner, Judge Tom stating: "This sounds better than your rheumatism cure, at any rate."

The Cowper Beaten Biscuit Bakery Inc., I wish to state, was soundly established in the old Byers' wagon-factory building; it had good equipment and every prospect of success. Unfortunately, the general public in the Middle West were not educated to beaten biscuits. Cowper's customers reported that the biscuits were stale, when purchased, although this dryness was inherent in beaten biscuits.

There was a distressing scene between Judge Tom and his Uncle Archie, when we were obliged to tell the family that Cowper had failed for sixty-eight hundred dollars.

"Why did you have to bake two thousand dozen of the things?" Judge Tom demanded. "A hundred dozen could have told you that they wouldn't sell!"

"We wanted national distribution, Nephew," Cowper stated, keeping his temper.

"What is this item labeled entertainment? I suppose that meant booze for you and the directors?"

It is a tribute to Cowper's forbearance and unfailing sense of humor when dealing with his family that he said, coolly: "We entertained the regional congress of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Nephew—to get their testimonials. You go ask 'em *how much they drank!*"

Having failed in business, through no fault of his own, Archibald Cowper went into politics. And here, again, I am reminded of a most humiliating scene of quite recent years—a scene in which Jacqueline Cowper generously took her Uncle Archie's side.

Cowper was elected a delegate to the county Democratic convention from Prairie Township.

It so happened that, unknown to Cowper, Judge Tom was to be renominated for Circuit Judge. The judge had not seen fit to take his Uncle Archie into his confidence.

At a very dramatic moment in proceedings, Archibald Cowper obtained the floor of the convention. And in one of the most eloquent speeches it has been my privilege to hear, Cowper placed his nephew in nomination for congressman.

"I stand before you—his old uncle who reared him from babyhood—imploring you to give him a position befitting his *real* caliber. Send my nephew Tom Cowper to Congress!" Cowper said, in part, "and you will find him capable of every demand the job can make. In fact, gentlemen of the Democratic party, Tom Cowper is the stuff of which United States senators are made! Aye, of which Presidents are made!" He then finished with a stirring account of the part the Cowper family had played in the Civil War.

But was Judge Tom grateful? He rushed over to his Uncle Archie after adjournment and in a bitter speech stated that Cowper had embarrassed him. He said Cowper had got him in bad with Congressman Talbot, who was the party's nominee.

"Talbot thinks I inspired you to make the speech," Judge Tom says. "You're coming right over and tell him it was your own fool idea!"

For the first time during my association with him, Cowper was moved to tears by this cruel repulse.

"I meant it for the best, Nephew," he said. "I'm proud of you, Nephew. I love you!"

"Bah! You're drunk!"

Jacqueline Cowper overheard these last two speeches and she spoke up in defense of her Uncle Archie.

"You apologize to Uncle Archie, Dad!" she said. "It was a beautiful, generous speech—after the way this family has treated him. You didn't deserve to have him say such nice things of you. Uncle Archie, *I* think you're an old dear, and I'm *proud* of you!"

Judge Tom apologized, but with very poor grace. Cowper accepted the apology and loudly declared that he was going to make Judge Tom a United States Supreme Court justice before he was through.

THE worst cause of friction between Cowper and the family was not due to business misunderstandings or politics or a coldly self-righteous attitude on the part of Judge Tom and Nina and Amelia. I wish to state the truth, without "fear or favor," that Jacqueline Cowper, all unwittingly, made the trouble.

Archibald Cowper, having no children of his own, looked upon Jacqueline as an adopted daughter. And since it is my purpose to "hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may," I feel impelled to note that Cowper always encouraged Jacqueline to be what we term in the vernacular "tomboyish."

I recall most vividly that when Jacqueline was a mere slip of a girl, perhaps fifteen, she openly expressed the desire to own a motorcycle. She came tearfully to Cowper, in the midst of a horseshoe-pitching contest, and announced that Judge Tom had refused to buy her a motorcycle.

"*You* buy me one, Uncle Archie," she said, "and I'll keep it in your office and they won't know."

Cowper, upon the earnest advice of Major Whitsett and myself, demurred. We pointed out to him that he would be encouraging the child in headstrong, modern ways. Jacqueline delivered herself of several pert, hotheaded remarks and Cowper would not permit us properly to reprimand her.

"Jacky," said Cowper, "tell you what I'll do. We can't go above the judge's ruling. *You* can't have a motorcycle. But by cracky there's no law against your Uncle Archie having one. And if you're an extra good girl I might *lend* it to you, now and then."

"You're my only friend, Uncle Archie," the foolish child replied.

Accordingly, Cowper entered into negotiations to trade his share in the catfish boat Nancy Lee to a young lad named Maguire for a motorcycle. The result was unfortunate.

Jacqueline fell off the motorcycle and broke her left ankle.

This incident led directly to the family's decision to send Jacqueline away to school. Cowper very indiscreetly protested, but to no avail. Relations between him and Judge Tom were further strained about this time through Cowper's efforts to promote an airplane landing field for Gem City.

Archibald Cowper would be the last to deny that he committed a grave error in encouraging Jacqueline to rebel against the authority of her parents. Although Jacqueline passed the years between sixteen and twenty-one away from Gem City—at a finishing school in New York and a college in Massachusetts—she continued to confide in her Uncle Archie.

I HAVE a distinct recollection that shortly before Jacqueline returned for her senior year at college, she expressed herself in extremely rebellious terms.

"Dad and Mother are so *stuffy,* Uncle Archie," she said, in my hearing. "Since Dad heard he is going to be appointed to the Supreme Court he thinks he's divine. And Mother is so afraid she won't live up to judicial dignity. I don't think I could bear it, if I couldn't talk to you once in a while, Uncle Archie."

Archibald Cowper lived to regret his pampering and petting of Jacqueline.

She returned home, suddenly, in the midst of her last semester at college. I happened to be playing checkers with Cowper in the clubroom of the Samuel Johnson, Jr., Social Club, when Jacqueline abruptly appeared. She had come to the Commercial House direct from the train.

"Oh, Uncle Archie, I've got to talk to you alone! Right away!" she exclaimed.

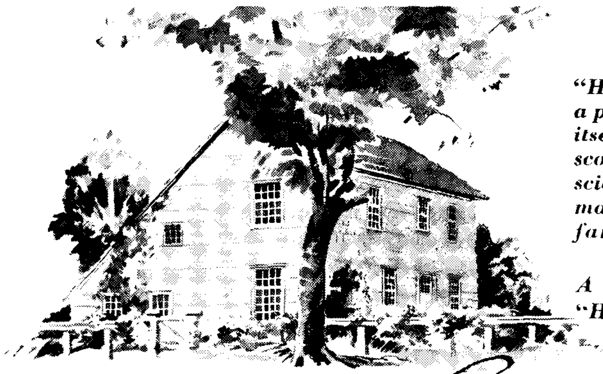
They went up to Cowper's sitting room and were there about an hour.

I had waited to finish the checker game, since an interesting problem had presented itself, and when Jacqueline left I chanced to notice that she had been weeping.

Cowper motioned for me to come upstairs to his quarters. He was in a state of high excitement.

"I feel, Broussard, that I may speak to you as a gentleman and as an old friend of the Cowper family," he said. "May I take you into my confidence, sir?"

I assured him that he could. Whereupon, he told me a most distressing story. Jacqueline had become infatuated with an orchestra conductor named Ramon Ortega. Without telling her family of the man or communicating with Cowper, the girl had agreed to elope with Ortega. They were married in Powatan, Connecticut, April 27th. But,



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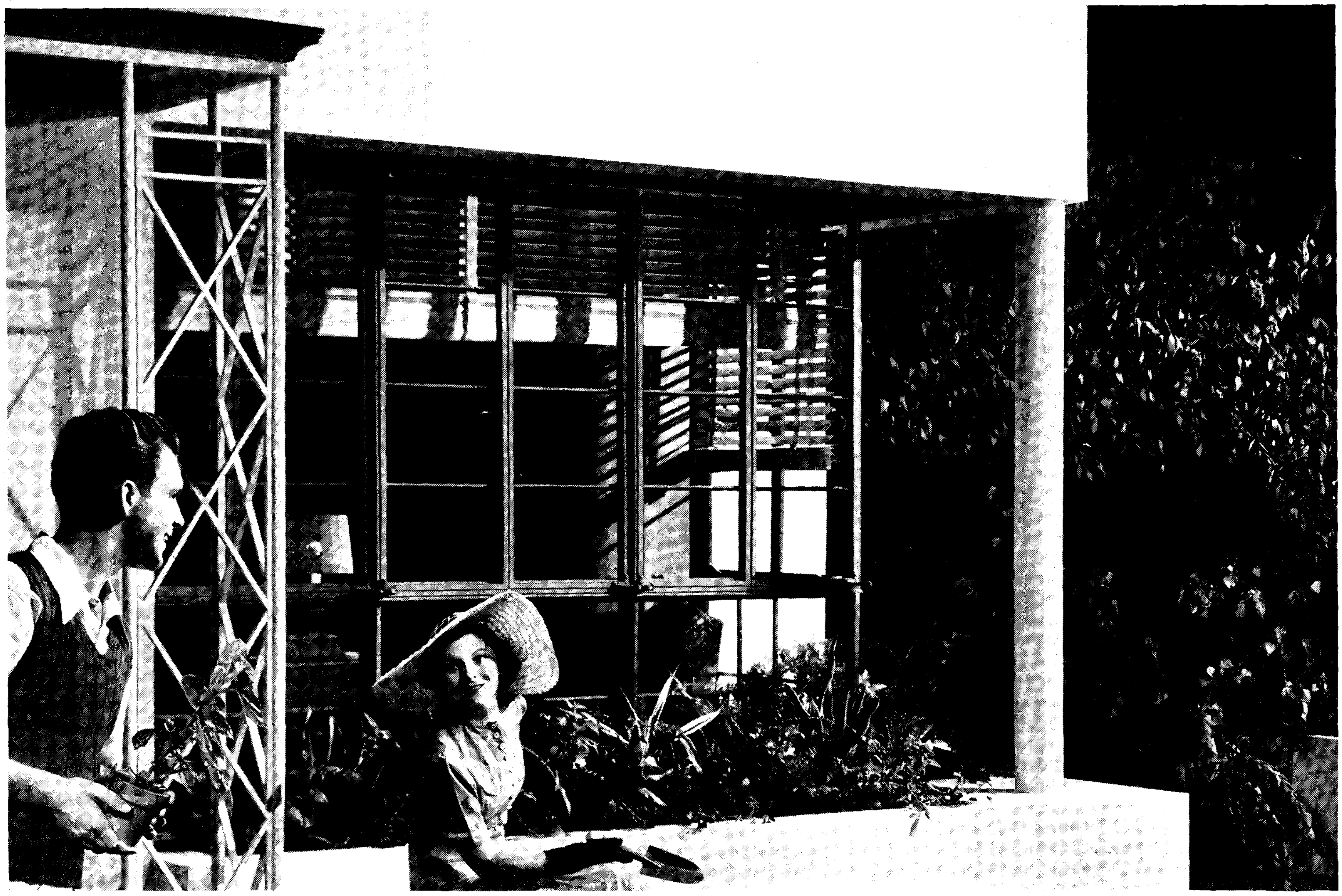
Homes, Sweet Homes



HOMES being built today are designed to take much from the drudgery of housekeeping and give more to the art of living. You can thank your architect for that—for he builds the modern home by placing walls around your needs. Gone forever is the house of the "Nineties"—today's roofs are designed for efficiency—today's walls, to keep heat in or out. Yes, and in those walls are better windows, properly designed and placed to make the most of sunshine and surroundings.

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immediately after the ceremony, Jacqueline was conscience-stricken and ran away from her husband.

She afterward learned from another member of the orchestra that Ortega, a Cuban, was an ex-convict and a thoroughly bad character.

"This is indeed a crisis, Cowper," I said, visibly affected by his grief. "Is Jacqueline going to tell her parents?"

Cowper shook his head, trembling with emotion.

"She's promised me not to. This is a matter I can handle alone, sir!"

I was further informed that Ortega had demanded that Jacqueline return to him and live with him as man and wife. He had threatened to go to Judge Tom Cowper with his ultimatum.

"It looks like a plain case of blackmail," I remarked, "and it comes at a very awkward time for Judge Tom. I'm afraid he will think he has to pay the fellow to obtain a quiet annulment."

The really fine character of Archibald Cowper was never better emphasized, it seems to me, than in his reply to my summary of the case.

"The Cowpers do not pay blackmail, sir, to protect their womenfolks. I shall take steps to settle this with honor."

He turned away from me and walked to a bureau drawer, removing from it his old .41 caliber derringer which he had carried in the river days.

"Oh," I observed, "is Ortega in town?"

"No. But he will be soon. I must arrange to keep a watch posted at the railroad and bus stations and stop him before he goes to my nephew!"

My next question was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

"Do you intend to shoot him down in cold blood, Cowper?" I inquired.

I realized immediately that I had done Archibald Cowper a grave injustice.

"He will have his chance to draw," Cowper said.

Cowper then removed the cartridges from the derringer and observed that they were covered with a green corrosion. He asked me to make inquiries about Gem City for new cartridges which would be certain to fire. He also asked that I summon Major Whitsett and old man Quincy Murphy and Mr. McCuen, as they also were old friends of the family and would want to assist him.

I next saw Archibald Cowper that evening. He was in his bedroom practicing with the derringer.

"My hand is quite rusty and slow, Broussard," he said, calmly. "Did you find some new cartridges?"

"I have had to send to St. Louis," I said. "How is Jacqueline?"

"Lied like an Archibald!" he said. "Told her folks she's had a nervous breakdown studying. They don't suspect a thing."

I WAS a little worried about Cowper's plan to shoot Ortega as a gentleman would, in my time. I observed that the fellow was unquestionably a modern gangster well used to handling firearms; that he doubtless would be armed with the most efficient weapon and that for a man of Cowper's years to challenge him was needlessly reckless. In short—and the truth must be told—I suggested to Cowper that it would not be difficult to arrange the killing so that it would appear either accidental or in self-defense. I pointed out that Archibald Cowper was not a man to lack for good friends and stout eyewitnesses along the river front of Gem City.

"No. In a fair fight, sir!" Cowper said.

True to his prediction, this Ortega fellow was not long in following Jacqueline to Gem City. Major Whitsett spotted him getting off the 4:17 Burlington and, a few minutes later, Tod Dubrock telephoned Archibald Cowper that he had driven Ortega to the Central Hotel on Main Street.

Cowper turned away from the telephone and thoughtfully tucked his derringer into his left vest pocket under his coat. The new cartridges from St. Louis had not come.

"Well, Broussard," said Cowper, cheerfully, "would you care to accompany me?"

I wavered in my faith, doubting that a man of Cowper's age and build could have any chance in such desperate business. What if those old cartridges failed to fire? Nevertheless, I accompanied him.

On the way to the Central Hotel, Cowper warned me to corroborate anything he might say to Ortega. Cowper had, I might add, put on a clean collar and cravat and was wearing his best black broadcloth suit.

WE FOUND the fellow in his room, sitting on the bed. He had his coat off and a shoulder holster with an automatic pistol in it lay on the dresser. He was a man of about thirty, I should judge, and very handsome in the Spanish way. He was smoking a cigarette.

Since I have testified in court of record as to the conversation and events that followed and recall them verbatim, I shall set it all down in order:

Cowper: "How do you do, Mr. Ortega? I am Archibald Cowper. This is Mr. Broussard, a friend of the family."

Ortega: "You're not Jacky's father?"

Cowper: "No. I am her great-uncle."

Ortega: "I came here to see her father. It's a personal matter. I don't want to make any trouble. I just want my wife, see?"

Cowper: "Of course not, young fellow! I'm on your side, as Mr. Broussard here will tell you!"

Broussard: "That is a fact."

Ortega: "I don't quite get you."

Cowper: "I'm not friendly to the Judge. I intend to see that he does right by you in this matter. He's a hard man to deal with—"

Ortega: "Oh, I am beginning to see. Well, supposing I might need you to talk to Judge Cowper for me? How much would you cut in—just supposing?"

Cowper: "I would act as your attorney. I would expect ten per cent of any settlement the family might pay. It would be entirely legal."

Ortega: "Sure it would. I only want my just rights. If Jacky doesn't want to go through with it, I say okay, okay. Only I should have some settlement. Otherwise, I don't play ball, see?"

Cowper: "That is a fair way of putting it, sir."

Broussard: "Eminently reasonable, I should say."

Ortega: "The way I look at it, Mr. Cowper, she can't get a divorce because I'm willing to go through with it. She can't get an annulment unless I agree—I mean, not without publicity, she can't. So her dad had better be reasonable and friendly."

Cowper: "I think he will be, sir."

Ortega: "Wait a minute—how do I know you aren't working with the judge? And who's this guy? A witness—to get me in a jam? Well, listen, Grandpa, you see that little thing over there? One bad break and you'll be sorry, maybe."

Cowper: "Oh, I'm regular, young fellow. That's why the judge doesn't like me. You can ask anyone in town—"

Ortega: "You *look* crummy enough, Grandpa."

Cowper: "Now, as to details—"

Ortega: "I'm thirsty. Let's go down to the bar and have something."

Ortega, Archibald Cowper and I went down to the Central Hotel bar. It was precisely 5:06 P. M. We seated ourselves at a corner table and Hiram Schmidt, the bartender, took our order. Ortega had strapped on his shoulder holster, which he wore beneath his coat.

I perceived from Archibald Cowper's expression that he intended to call for an immediate showdown. I became alarmed, seeing Ortega with a weapon so handy and having sized him up as a tough modern gangster, so I said: "Archibald, I'm afraid we should not tarry here. You had an appointment at five o'clock."

Cowper reached over and grabbed my arm.

"One moment, Broussard," he said, "there is a little matter to be attended to here." Then, still looking at me, he said: "I have not told this yellow, blackmailing rat just what I think of him—"

"What—what's that?" Ortega said, sharply.

Archibald Cowper slapped both hands on the table ledge.

"You, sir," he said, "are not fit to live. In ten seconds I am going to draw a gun and shoot you dead! One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—"

It took just this long for Ortega to comprehend that Cowper meant what he said. He pushed back on his chair and his right hand darted toward the shoulder holster.

"Look out, Cowper!" I cried.

I think it best, at this point, to draw a veil over what followed; since I have never approved of the sensational methods of the modern press. It sufficeth to say that Archibald Cowper bravely and rapidly produced his derringer and that the cartridges therein exploded with accurate and deadly effect.

It should be recorded that among the eyewitnesses, all of whom testified in Archibald Cowper's behalf, were Major Clem Whitsett, old man Quincy Murphy and Mr. McCuen, who had hurried over from the bus station.

Archibald Cowper was arrested by Constable Hurly D. Daggett of the Gem City force and taken immediately to the city jail. I accompanied him, as did forty or fifty sympathizers.

"Why did you shoot him, Arch?" Constable Daggett inquired.

"A personal matter," said Cowper.

Judge Tom Cowper, Nina, Amelia, John Sanders and Jacqueline arrived ten minutes later.

"This is positively the worst yet, Uncle Archie!" Nina Cowper said. "Why did you do it?"

"You'll hang for this!" said Amelia.

"Was he armed? Was it self-defense, Uncle Archie?" Judge Tom said.

THEIR Uncle Archie merely sat there fanning himself with a small paper Japanese fan. He did not bother to answer them. But when Jacqueline rushed to him and said, "Oh, Uncle Archie, I never dreamed you would do a thing like this!" Cowper took her in his arms and muffled her face against his shoulder and said: "Hush, not another word—"

Then followed the worst miscarriage of justice that has disgraced our local judiciary. Merely because Archibald Cowper refused to testify at the inquest, the jury ordered him held for manslaughter. And because he could not, being a gentleman, take the witness stand in his own defense, another jury of his fellow citizens sent him to jail. And there, my readers, he sits, while Nina and Amelia calumniate him on the public streets and seek to forbid Jacqueline's daily visits.

But the unruffled philosophy of Archibald Cowper remains with him like a fortress.

"You must let me tell them, Uncle Archie!" Jacqueline insists.

"No, no, child," says Archibald Cowper, "I did what no other Cowper could do in just that style. Don't spoil it, don't spoil it."

And so, dear reader, let us take leave of them, withholding not the tribute of a tear.

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Forgive Us Our Debts

Continued from page 13

which borrowed the money from the banks and loaned it to the Mortgage Corporation. There is a childlike notion among many honest souls that the government took all this money from the rich and gave it or loaned it to the poor—the poor farmer and the poor home owner. No, the government hasn't taken it from anyone yet—just borrowed it. It may get around to taking it from the rich and the poor a bit later.

The net result of all this is that the farmer has kept his farm. Also he continues to owe the mortgage on his farm. The mortgage has not been wiped out. It has merely been shifted. The farmer owes the money to the government now instead of to the private money-lender. The matter is now one between Uncle Sam and the farmer. They'll have to work it out or fight it out between them. The money-lender is out of it. He has been paid off.

But There's a Silver Lining

On the other hand, much good has come of it. Many thousands of deserving farmers have been saved from foreclosure and complete loss. In the shift from the private to the government lender, about a hundred million, perhaps much more, has been shaved away from the farm indebtedness. The farmer's interest rate was reduced to his great advantage. And a plan has been installed to enable him to pay off his principal over the years.

Incidentally, others were helped. The farmers owed their mortgage notes to various institutions. Hence assumption of the mortgages by the government enabled these lenders to get their money back. About 12 per cent of the money went to life-insurance companies and about 10 per cent to commercial banks. The largest part, apparently, went to private lenders. It was this which led some critics of the plan to suggest that it was inspired by a movement to bail out the noteholders.

The next great agency for lending money on behalf of the government is the Home Owners Loan Corporation, better known as the HOLC. This is a subsidiary of the Home Loan Banks. It did in the town what the Farm Mortgage Corporation did in the country. It took over the mortgages of a million home owners who couldn't keep up their payments. In April of this year the HOLC held mortgage notes valued at $2,621,000,000. In addition it had bought a hundred millions in stock of a government savings insurance corporation and nearly two hundred millions of various savings and loan associations.

The corporation got its billions just as the Farm Mortgage Corporation got its billions—by selling its bonds to the banks.

The HOLC was born in the travail of 1933. It appeared at a time when millions of Americans who had answered the siren call of the land developer to "buy a home" were afraid to open the door for fear the sheriff would come in with his trained wolves.

There was a good deal of genuine headache under the rooftree those days. But there was also a good deal of highly flavored hog-wash dished up by congressional orators and professional saviors about the wicked money-lender driving the distracted father and his wife and children from the old homestead. The fact is that a lot of these houses which were holding up the mortgages were not old homesteads. A lot of the "home owners" hadn't been in their "little homes" for more than a year or two. They were good people who had bought little "first- and second-mortgage manors" from speculative real-estate developers, many at highly inflated prices—for something or other down and something else a month. The mortgages on many of these houses were a good deal more than the houses were worth then or are worth now. It really wasn't a terrible favor to the "wretched victim" to save him and keep him tied for a lifetime to a mortgage that is, to say the least, a little heavy.

There were a lot of insurance companies and mortgage companies and banks and plain private mortgage money-lenders who were stuck with great bales of mortgage paper on these new homes. And I recall well the spring of 1933 when a gentleman representing large financial interests in New York's suburbs took me to lunch and tried to induce me to shed some propagandish tears in an attempt to get the government to buy up these mortgages. All this must be borne in mind in order to keep the picture properly compounded of the good and bad elements.

One result of it, of course, is that the government today holds twice as many home mortgages as all the commercial banks in the country put together, more than all the life-insurance companies or more than all the savings banks and more, even, than the 8,000 building and loan associations combined.

When the HOLC was organized in certain counties the home owners literally swarmed into its offices. In Cook County, Illinois, the government holds a mortgage on 13 per cent of all the homes in the county. In DeKalb, Georgia, the government holds the paper on 20 per cent of the home owners. In Detroit, or rather Wayne County, the government holds 25 per cent—one fourth—of all the owned homes in the county. In Tulsa County, Oklahoma, it's 30 per cent. In Finney County, Kansas, it's 32 per cent. The palm, I think, must go to Bennett, South Dakota, a small settlement with 42 houses. Thirty-seven of the owners rushed to the HOLC. Fourteen were taken on. That, however, is 33.3 per cent. You find the percentage of loans highest in places like the Detroit suburbs, Cleveland, Queens County and Brooklyn in New York, where the "developer" and speculative builder were busiest before the depression. In New York City as a whole the government has taken over mortgages on 11 per cent of the homes.

A Record-Breaking Lender

I suppose the biggest and most sensational of all the government lending plants has been the good old Reconstruction Finance Corporation, invented and set going by Herbert Hoover, roundly criticized by Candidate Roosevelt, and then adopted and enlarged by him. It's still going and it has more money owed to it than any other single institution in all the history of the world.

It never had so many borrowers as the HOLC, but they were whoppers. There were only 20,000 who could qualify for RFC cash, but one of them—a railroad—got $61,000,000 to electrify its lines and another one—a bank—got $90,000,000 to keep alive—and then died.

The RFC loaned money to banks, insurance companies, mortgage companies, railroads, deep-sea fisheries, building and loan associations, states and cities and to private business enterprises of various kinds in every state in the Union. It owns stock in thousands of banks.

Where did it get its money? It got half a billion from the government in Hoover's day. Since then, under Roosevelt, it got several billions by selling its notes to the banks. And in addition to buying stocks and making loans to innumerable private concerns to keep them afloat, it has loaned great gobs of millions to many government agencies to keep them afloat.

There are, of course, other agencies lending money. There is the PWA, the Commodity Credit Corporation, the Export-Import Bank, the United States Maritime Commission, the Rural Electrification Administration, the old War Finance Corporation and, of course, in its small way, the Resettlement Administration. Each has loaned out its share of millions. And all together they have piled up the impressive total of I O U's due to the government of eleven billion, three hundred million dollars.

How Big Will Our Losses Be?

And now the question pops up—will the government be able to collect this money? Of course we know it won't collect it all. There will be losses and those who defend the lending policies assure us that the losses will be a small price to pay for the extensive salvage work accomplished by these great outlays. But how much may we lose before the price becomes too high?

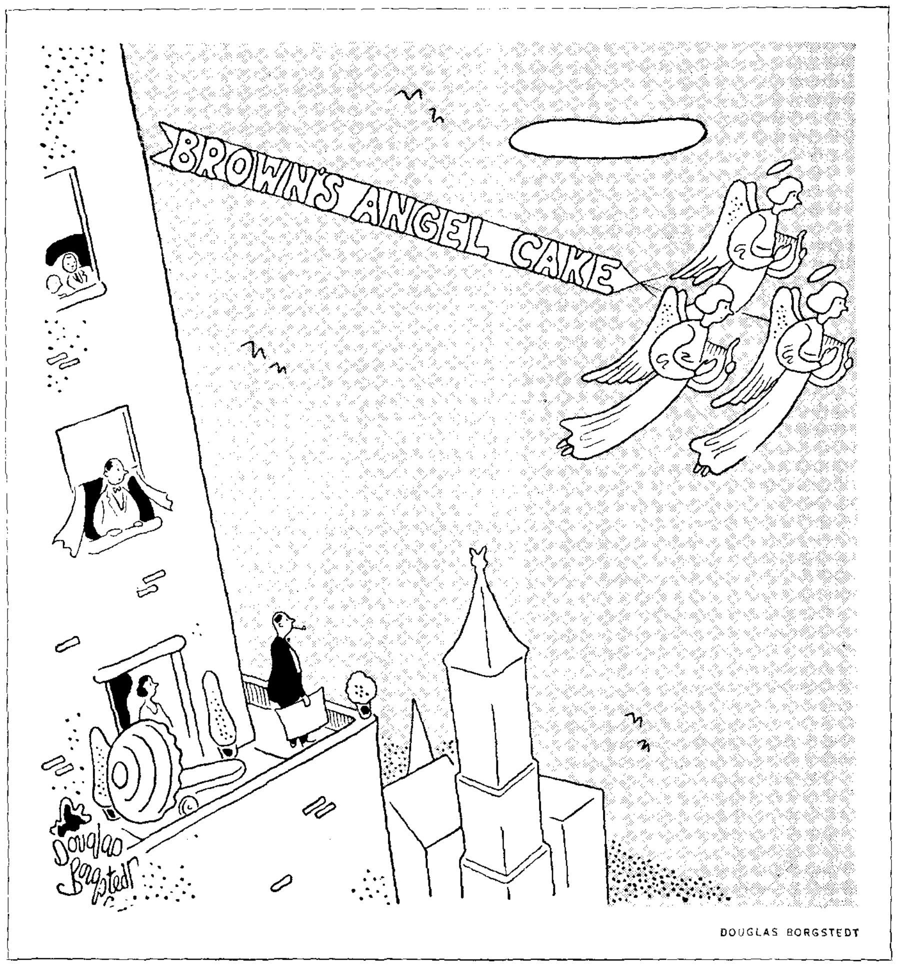
You cannot talk to the men who head the farm and home loan agencies without realizing that they are able and earnest and that they are making a great effort to operate these agencies at the present time along humane, yet sound lines. Also you cannot escape the feeling that there are forces loose in our society which may baffle the good intentions of the best of men.

There never was an abler businessman or a more honest citizen than the late Alexander Legge, who headed Herbert Hoover's Farm Board. Yet it is not so long ago that Senator McNary, who was chairman of the Agricultural Committee when that experiment was launched, was compelled to rise in his seat and admit a little remorsefully that the entire half billion dollars committed to the Farm Board was gone. It was not absolutely necessary for that half billion to have vanished. The Farm Board, had it stuck to strictly sound business, might have saved a great part of it. But sound business at times implies very realistic courses. It entails stepping on many toes. And the government cannot stand on too many toes, particularly farmers' toes. In the very nature of our political and partisan social machine it is impossible to escape the suspicion that the government may turn out not to be a good lending agency. The whole thing comes down, in fact, to the question—how good a lender can the government be? It certainly can do a swell job of passing out the funds. But a good lender must be a good collector. The government can collect, of course, from a few delinquents here and there. But how it will thrive when it has to proceed en masse against its army of farmers and home owners who are also voters, no one can say.

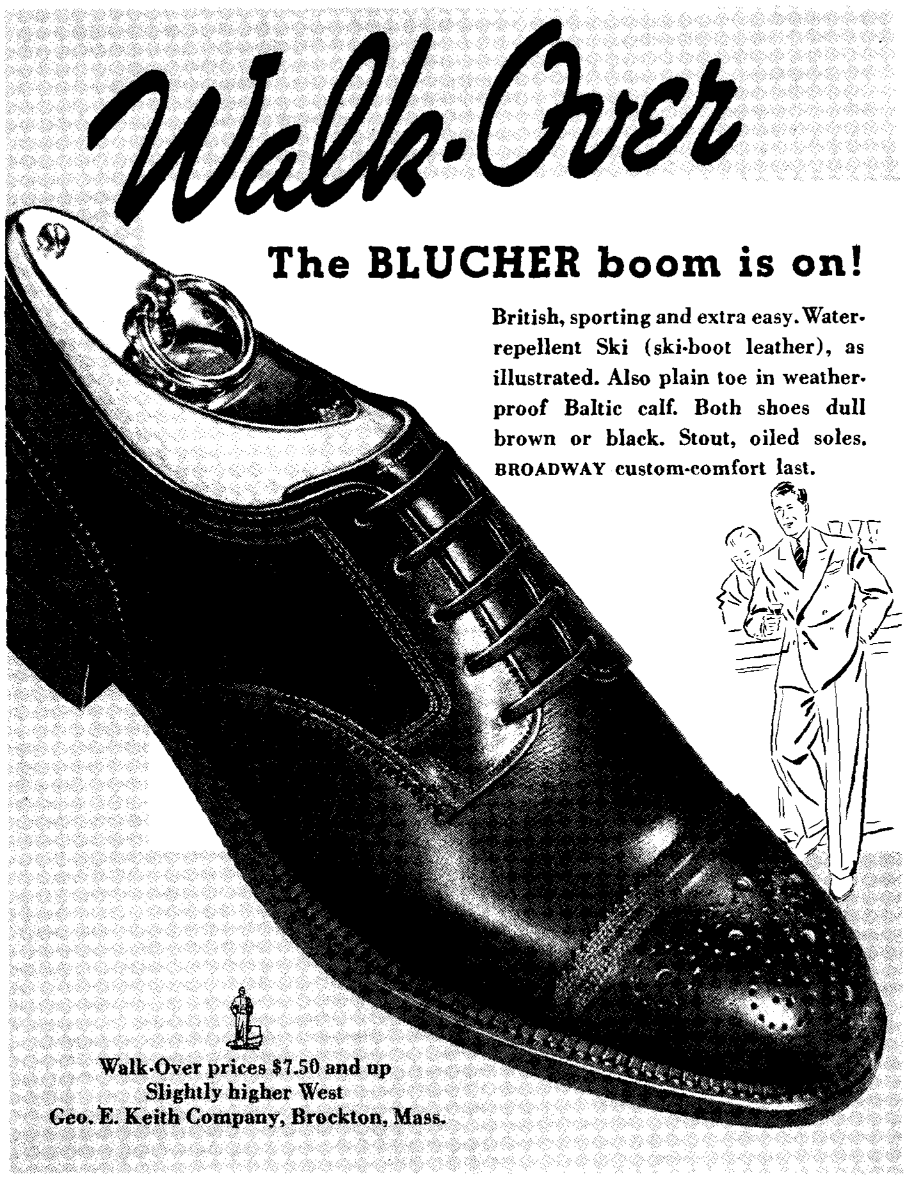
I do not get up a fever over the possibility of the government taking over various functions now performed by private enterprise. But any fair-minded observer will have to concede that if the government plans to do this it ought to rearrange its structure to perform such functions. And, for that matter, there is no business function which so cries out for complete protection from the influences of political forces as this matter of credit.

Take, for instance, the HOLC. Here was an organization brought together in frantic haste to handle billions of dollars of public cash and credit and to assume billions of Grade D mortgages. At the head of it was placed a lame-duck congressman known to fame as "Seaboard Bill" Stevenson of South Carolina. He knew as much about the mortgage business as one of his native boll weevils knows about the Constitution. The board had to select three men in each of 3,000 counties. These 9,000 men were selected by Stevenson on the recommendation of congressmen, which means their appointment was at the tender mercies of the Democratic machines in the congressional districts.

In New York the state manager was Mr. Vincent Dailey, Mr. Jim Farley's lieutenant on the home grounds. In



DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT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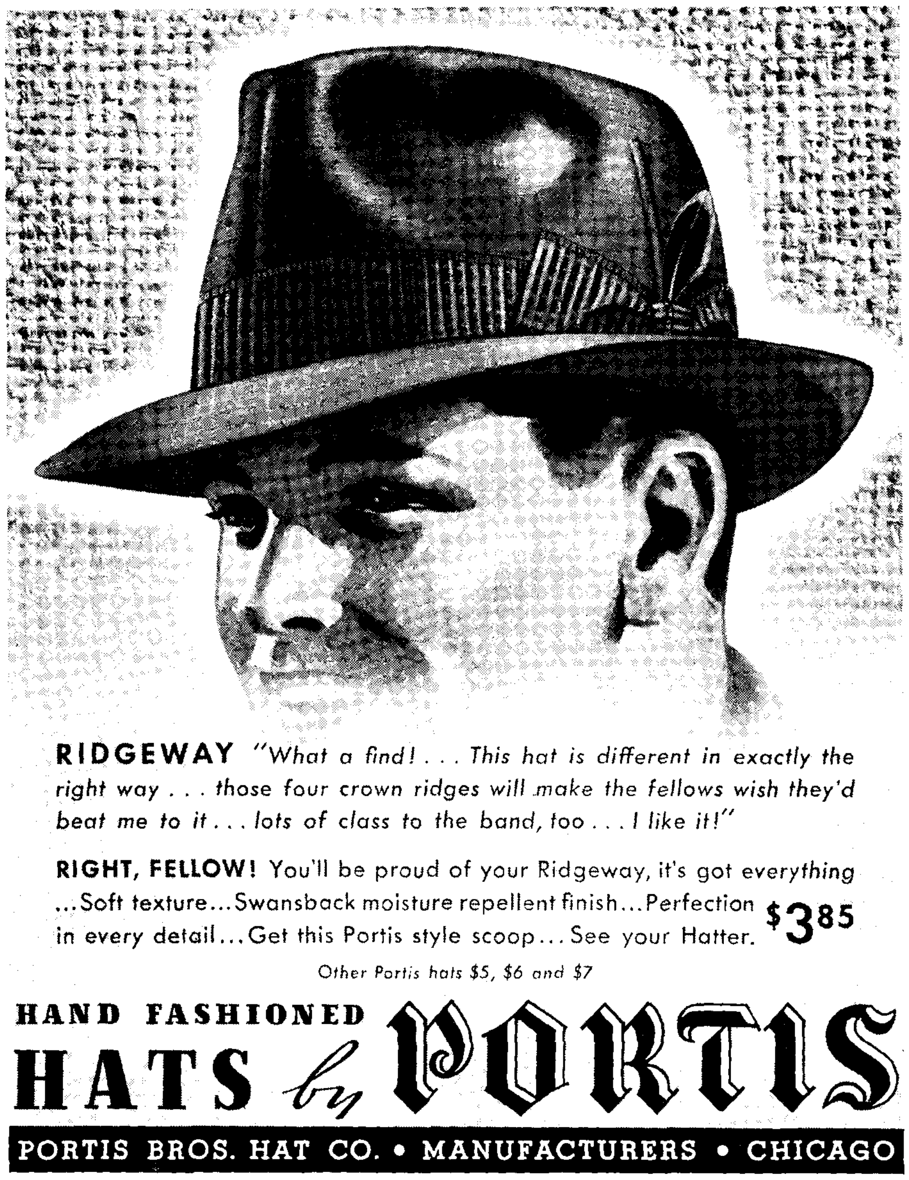
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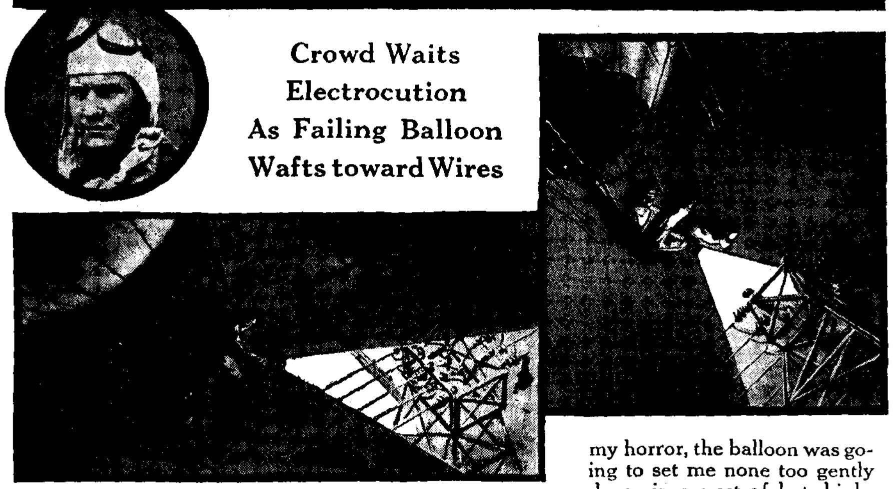


"I never did like jumping from balloons," writes G. W. De Grange, professional daredevil of Martinsburg, West Virginia, "and this time there was a mean wind to make matters worse.

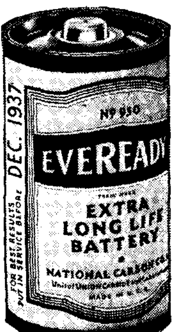
"We finally got the hot air bag filled, and I took off in the dark from the fair grounds at Emmitsburg, Md., intending to make a parachute jump into the town square.

"But the balloon was soggy. She wouldn't give me altitude. I passed about 300 feet over the treetops of the town square, and didn't dare to jump... and then the big bag began to slowly settle.

"I ripped my 'Eveready' flashlight from its straps on my 'chute harness and snapped it on to see what was below me. To my horror, the balloon was going to set me none too gently down in a nest of hot, high-tension wires!

"I've sideslipped by these death-dealing wires with a 'chute many a time... but just imagine steering a lollopy big dying balloon by pulling on the shrouds. But I pulled with everything I had while the crowd waited for an aerial execution... and because those faithful, fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries were on the job, and showed me the wires in time, I slid by certain death by *inches!* Without light *the instant I needed it*, that crowd would have got more than its money's worth. (*Signed*)

George W. de Grange"



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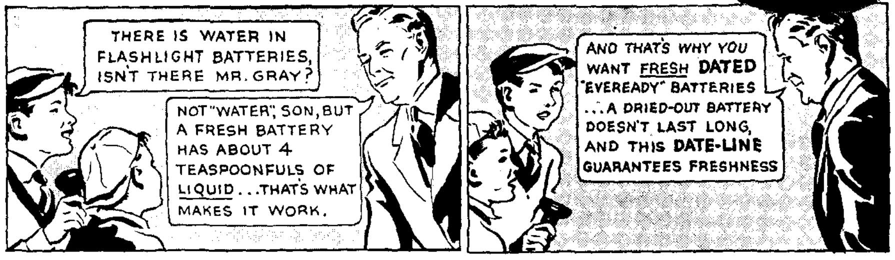
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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
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Maryland it was David I. Stiefel, prominent Democratic leader. In Ohio it was Harry G. Brunner, the Ohio State chairman. It is not necessary to impugn the honesty of these politicos. One need consider merely the innumerable pressures which control their habits of thought. It is also not necessary to observe that this organization ran into plenty of trouble. The President had the good fortune at this time to make one of his excellent appointments—John Fahey, a Boston businessman and publisher of liberal views and fine social vision. He has done a fine job of organizing, but it took a long time to get all of those early agents out of the organization. It will take a longer time to get out of it the fruits of that ministry.

The truth is that an operation like this is subject to many hazards which do not arise from mere maladministration at all, but from the whimsical and unpredictable thing called human nature. A glance at the HOLC's accounts reveals this important fact. On June 30, 1937, there were 904,500 mortgages outstanding. Of these 466,500, or a little over half, were current, as they say; that is, fully paid to date. The balance—438,000—were delinquent.

This is putting it very baldly. It does not mean that all of these accounts are in default. Out of the number, 137,000 are in the 90-day class—that is, behind in payments 90 days or less. The rest are over 90 days delinquent—some six months, some a year or more. The greater part, however, are making payments of some kind, struggling to catch up. About 87,000 are in bad shape.

This is certainly not a healthy condition. These are all comparatively new accounts, some only a year old. Hence this is a pretty heavy delinquency to have developed already. If it is remembered that this has occurred in a period of recovery, we may well ask what will the picture look like when another depression develops? And, of course, no one is so naive as to suppose that the age of depressions is over.

Why Play Favorites?

Of course, as the months go by the situation does improve in one respect; more and more home owners pay more and more on their principal. But also delinquencies become more acute. What the foreclosure program will be no one can tell yet. Mr. Fahey suggested that from 160,000 to 200,000 might be eligible for foreclosure in a year. As time goes on the demand for leniency, for moratoria, even for cancellation of these debts, will be sure to develop. Already there is a Copeland-Curley bill to extend these delinquent home owners a moratorium. And I have heard more than one influential member of Congress say the time would come when we would have to think about cancellation. "We have in effect submitted to a cancellation of their debts to us by foreign nations," one senator told me. "Why should we be less lenient with our own farmers and home owners?"

From another source comes another peril. Banks and financial agencies have urged several times and with great vehemence that, the emergency having passed, the HOLC and the Farm Mortgage Corporation should turn over the sound mortgages to the banks and private lending agencies. Consider that for an instant. The government's only chance to hold down its losses is by averaging the good and bad loans. The financiers now suggest that they will take the good ones and leave the government holding the bag—a bag full of bad mortgages.

You would do well to keep your eyes on this situation. Because the government cannot cancel these obligations. It can merely shift them. At first the bag was held by the money-lenders. They were permitted to withdraw and the government took over the debt. But the government, having no money, was forced to borrow it. If the government cancels all or any part of these debts, it will still owe on its own bonds issued to pay off these mortgages. And you know who owes the government bonds—who must pay the interest and principal of them. You, Mr. Reader and Citizen and Taxpayer. Hence, if the mortgages are canceled in whole or part, to whatever extent they are canceled, the burden will be shifted to you.

The Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation mortgages are delinquent in the same way, but to the extent of about 20 per cent. However, it must be remembered that these mortgages call for payments on principal and interest, and principal payments, under the mortgage contracts, do not begin to fall due until three years after the mortgage is assumed by the government. Principal payments, therefore, are only coming due now. It remains to be seen what effect this will have on the whole account. But apparently these farm mortgages are in somewhat better shape than the home mortgages and, of course, for obvious reasons. The home loans were from the beginning a greater risk.

Some Figures Do Lie

So far as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is concerned it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell how things stand. Mr. Jesse Jones, head of the RFC, recently made a very rosy estimate of its affairs. He said its loans were of two kinds—to private enterprises and to public bodies. The latter were more or less imposed on it by Congress. The former were made on its own discretion. And these discretionary loans, he said, had been 71 per cent repaid. Now, that is subject to a good deal of modification. I once knew a city editor who had as chronic borrowers three reporters. So he put $25 in the top drawer of his desk and used that as a revolving fund to finance his loans to these three scribblers. Each Monday one would borrow $5 and the other two would borrow $10 apiece. They would repay the loans on Saturday. Some years later he said he had made out pretty well on those loans. He said that in a year he had made loans to those three fellows aggregating $1,300 ($25 a week for 52 weeks) and that he had gotten back $1275. All he had lost was $25—which, by the way, was his entire capital. Mr. Jones has collected 71 per cent of the loans he has made and re-made. But almost all of his capital is still outstanding. How much he will ever get back remains to be seen.

The banks still owe the RFC over 800 million dollars. The mortgage companies owe it about 121 millions. The railroads borrowed over 500 millions and still owe well over 300 millions. The self-liquidating projects owe about 78 per cent of their loans while private business concerns which borrowed 87 millions still owe 68 millions. In addition to this the billions loaned or allocated to other great government lending agencies may, for the most part, be counted as gone. What will be the fate of the RFC belongs to the future.

This business of government lending on so vast a scale is a new thing. The test of this experiment will come when delinquencies increase on a vast scale and the government is called upon to play the role of realistic collector. Two and a half million debtors of benevolent old Uncle Sam will form a larger bloc than that of the veterans and one as powerful. And when he assumes the role of Shylock and comes around to collect his eleven billion pounds of flesh he may find that all he will get will be a couple of pounds of hamburger.

Life by the Pint

Continued from page 18

Everybody's blood wasn't the same, any more than everybody's eyes were blue or his legs long. Put one person's blood with another's and it mixed beautifully. But take somebody else's and mix it with that same person's and peculiar things would happen. The red cells would all run together in clumps. That, of course, was why people had been having a way of dying from transfusions, because if their blood was going to go into clumps it couldn't circulate through all the tiny veins and capillaries. And if it couldn't keep circulating, the heart couldn't keep pumping and the person couldn't live.

The thing then was to find out just which bloods you could safely mix. Once you knew that, you could give transfusions without any danger at all. So Landsteiner got to work and he found out. He knew he was making a revolutionary discovery and he tried to tell people about it, just as I'm going to try to tell you in a minute. But nobody seemed to care very much. People weren't interested in transfusions right then. It wasn't till fifteen years later when the war came and men were dying right and left from loss of blood that the idea of transfusions really got across.

Blood Money

Transfusions are so important today that they have almost become a business. A good many cities have regular blood-donor agencies where people who want to give transfusions for money are registered and certified: just what kind of blood theirs is, what condition it is in—how full of red cells, that is, because there is no good in giving a sick person blood that isn't extra healthy—and when they've last given transfusions. In New York City you even have to have a license if you want to be a professional donor. And you have to carry around a little book like a passport with your picture and a record of each transfusion you've given. This is important, not only to safeguard the recipient, but to safeguard the donor. Blood, when people can afford to pay for it, you see, is worth from forty to fifty dollars a pint, and people who are hard up are often tempted to try giving more than is safe.

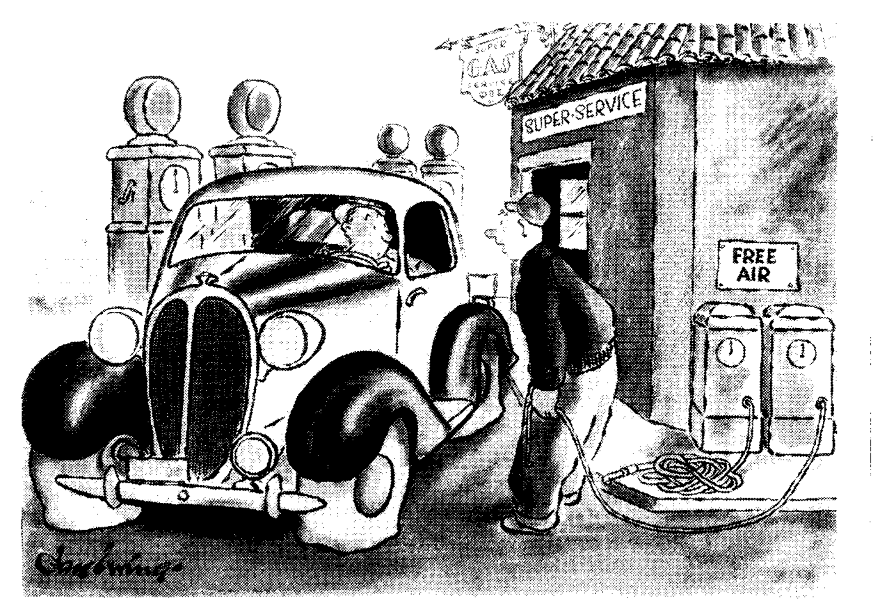
The most one person has ever been known to give at one time was about a quart and a half, doctors tell me, and that was too much, since about all of this precious fluid anybody has in his body is from five to six quarts. Ordinarily a healthy person can spare about a pint of blood every few months without noticing it, but that's all. It's enough, however, to be useful both to a lot of sick people and to a lot of poor healthy people. Many is the medical student who has earned all his spending money this way, and many is the lovely girl who has gone dancing and dining with a handsome young man, blissfully unaware that the check was being paid with blood money pure and simple.

The chief advantage of blood-donor agencies is that through them you can be sure beforehand that the donor hasn't any communicable disease. Syphilis is the greatest danger, and even with emergency transfusions, doctors are pretty apt to make what is known as a Kahn test as a safeguard.

The other big advantage of these agencies is that the donors are already tested and typed, so that a doctor can merely request a type that he knows will mix with that of his patient. Starting from scratch, he might have to test six or eight different people before he found a suitable one, more even if the sick person had a rare type of blood. That was why Dr. Dash kept fifteen or twenty people waiting in the receiving ward of Blank Hospital so as to be sure to find the right type among them. There are, as Landsteiner discovered, you see, four different kinds of blood.

It's pretty complicated the way people's blood can differ, but it's interesting too. What it comes down to is that there are two mysterious substances that can be in the blood, called agglutinins and agglutinogens—fancy names but the first part makes sense to us, because whenever those two substances get together in anyone's blood they somehow make the red cells all agglutinate, clump together, that is. Doctors don't know why yet, but they know they do. The agglutinogens are in the red cells and the agglutinins are in the serum, that liquid part of the blood in which the cells float. To make it still more fun, if you can stand it, there are two different agglutinogens and two different agglutinins—call them each A and B respectively—and it is only the particular corresponding A's and particular corresponding B's that cause trouble when they get together.

There isn't anybody who has none of



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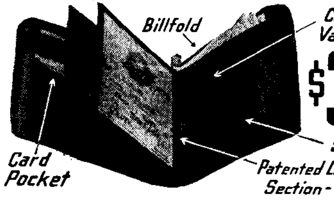

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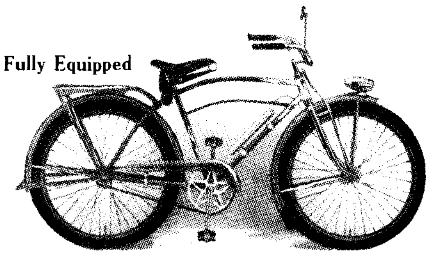

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these substances in his blood, and there isn't anybody who has both A's or both B's. A person couldn't, you see, because if he did his red cells would have clumped and he would have been dead long before he was old enough for anybody to find it out. But some people have just both agglutinogens, and some people have just both agglutinins—that makes two kinds—and some have one of each, one A and one B—that makes the other two—which is all right because A and B can't cause each other trouble.

And all this complication is why some people can't give transfusions to some other people, because, for instance, if a person with A agglutinogens in his red cells should give a transfusion to a person with A agglutinins in his blood serum, the red cells would start clumping as fast as they got in the other person's vein, and that would be very much less than no help at all. So they have to find out beforehand just what kind of blood a person needing a transfusion has and then find a donor who has the same kind—or at least a kind that won't do any damage.

Just the Type

First they type the two of them—take a drop of blood from each person's finger, that is, and analyze it to see which of the four groups it belongs to. For some reason about eighty per cent of the people in the United States belong either to group two, which means they have agglutinin B and agglutinogen A in their blood, or to group four, which means they have nothing but agglutinins. So people belonging to one or the other of these groups are much the easiest to match. If they don't match, the doctor simply has to find another donor. If they do, it looks hopeful, but a good doctor still won't be satisfied. He'll do a thing called cross matching—that is, he'll take samples of the two persons' blood and, separating the serum and the red cells, will put the serum of one with the red cells of the other and vice versa to make sure they're going to mix all right. Doctors have learned to do this because even in people who seem to belong to the same group something occasionally goes wrong and the cells start to clump. Sometimes it is because of an error in typing the blood, sometimes it's because of certain obscure subgroups that doctors are just beginning to find out about, but whatever the reason it's too serious a thing to take chances with because it may mean someone's life.

Brothers and sisters and parents and children are moderately apt to have the same kind of blood—as apt anyway as they are to have the same color hair or eyes or the same shaped noses. For these blood differences are inherited according to a scientific law you may have heard of, which an Austrian monk named Mendel worked out some seventy-five years ago to show which characteristics were handed down from generation to generation and why. And it is these same differences that people are talking about, though they usually don't know it, when they speak of blood tests for paternity.

It's all very complicated again, a lot more complicated even than the nice simple little facts about agglutinogens and agglutinins—science seems to be like that. But all sorts of accurate tables have been worked out telling just what kind of blood it is possible for the children of parents in any two groups to have. Parents without agglutinogens, just for one example, can't possibly have children whose blood shows these substances. They include a lot of subgroups, these tables, to say nothing of two more agglutinogens, M and N, which I've been holding out on you because they weren't important in transfusion typing, and just to look at them is enough to give you more than a slight headache. But they're no end valuable to scientists and lawyers.

As recently as 1931 an Italian was accused in a Pennsylvania court of being the father of a certain little boy. The defense showed by scientific blood tests that he couldn't possibly be. But the prosecution brought the child into court and claimed he looked just like the father. The jury was a lot more interested in the resemblance than in the scientific evidence and, oblivious to the fact that the scientific evidence was proof positive, brought in a verdict against the Italian. But the judge, who fortunately was an unusually forward-thinking man, realized that the jury was wrong and declared a mistrial. The mother didn't bring the case to trial again, and a good thing, for soon afterward the child's features began to change.

Other times that these blood groups can be pretty valuable are when, as very occasionally happens, babies get mixed in the hospital. Then with two fathers and two mothers to work on they have about a fifty-per-cent chance of proving for sure which baby belongs to whom or, to be more exact, which baby doesn't—which is just as good. There was a spectacular case in a Chicago hospital a few years ago, when two mothers left the hospital the same day only to find when they got home that each baby had the other mother's name on it. The question was which was mixed, the babies or the labels. Getting to work with blood tests, the laboratory found that baby X couldn't possibly belong to parents Y, and baby Y couldn't possibly belong to parents X. The labels were all right but the mothers had been given the wrong babies by mistake. So a little science and a simple swap made everybody happy.

There is an amazing variety of things that doctors give transfusions for now. The ones you hear the most about of course are those given for severe hemorrhages: from injuries following accidents, after operations, or in diseases like typhoid fever or stomach ulcers. You hear and read about these because they're dramatic, because in such cases the transfusion very spectacularly saves a life.

Fighting Infectious Diseases

You hear too about transfusions for rare and aristocratic afflictions like hemophilia, that disease, hereditary among Spanish princes, in which the blood is dangerously slow to clot. Transfusions can't cure this hemophilia because it is a basic fault with the person's blood, but it can temporarily stop bleeding from a wound or make it possible for doctors to perform on hemophiliacs operations that would otherwise be fatal. It can do this, you see, by temporarily making the blood more nearly normal and therefore quicker to clot.

But transfusions are given almost more frequently in cases that you aren't so likely to hear about, nice quiet little cases when the patient is transfused before he is in danger and to keep him from getting in danger. One of the most important uses for these preventive transfusions is before any serious operation when the patient is pretty much run down and anemic and the doctor thinks he may not have blood sturdy enough to stand up well under the strain. Then a transfusion given beforehand may often turn a quite serious operation into something with very little risk. In fact it can make so much difference that some surgeons have got in the habit of giving transfusions even to perfectly healthy people if they are going to undergo an operation in which they might lose a good deal of blood.

A transfusion can make the difference between life and death, however, when someone has been poisoned or badly burned. Many poisons, you see, change the chemical composition of the blood, and any serious burn will release dangerous toxins into the blood from the destroyed tissues. So the addition of new healthy blood is an important sort of treatment. Sometimes when the burn or poisoning is very serious, particularly in a poison like carbon monoxide which combines with the red cells so they can't carry oxygen, a doctor may take a still more drastic step and bleed the patient first. Drain out a lot of his damaged blood, you see, and then replace it with fresh, strong blood that is ready to fight the rest of the poison in the system.

Probably one of the newest uses for transfusions is in fighting certain infectious diseases that set germs to circulating through the blood. Pneumonia is one of these, when it is the sort that has no specific anti-serum, and another is childbed fever, that fatal and unnecessary disease that you already know a good deal about if you saw The Life of Louis Pasteur. Sometimes they simply give fairly large transfusions, hoping this will bring fresh defenses to augment the exhausted ones of the sick person. But lately some doctors have been going even farther than that.

The Blood-Brother Idea

If they can find a sufficiently big-hearted donor, they shoot him full of typhoid vaccine, a lot bigger dose than you'd take for typhoid immunization. It gives him a bad shock and fever for a few hours, but that's all right, he's doing it to save a life. While he has this fever his blood is extra full of all its various defense mechanisms, trying to fight the typhoid germs. Then when he's at his very sickest and is fullest of these defenses, the transfusion is given. The new blood pours all its extra defenses into the sick blood, and the fight can go on. Sometimes they have to do this over and over again before they can win a battle, but battles are often won this way that otherwise would be lost.

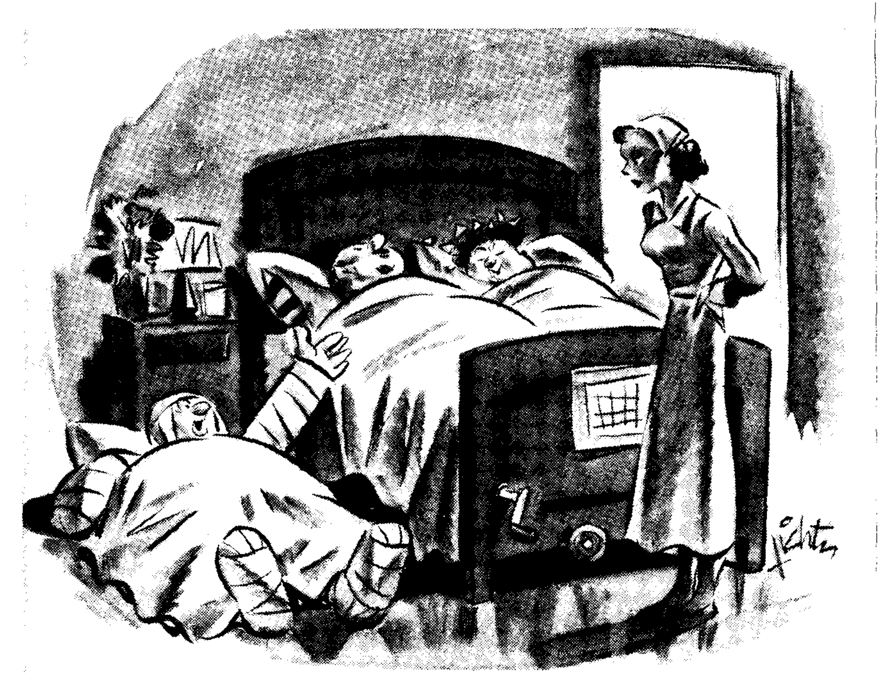
Anybody who saw Little Miss Marker, way back when Shirley Temple was a new discovery, probably has a pretty fixed idea about how transfusions are given. Remember the poor little kid and the big bad man lying in the operating room side by side with their arms joined together by a lot of tubes? And you just knew the blood was pouring into the kiddie's arm to save her life—and it did.

Well, as a matter of fact that's one perfectly good way of giving transfusions, and especially good for the movies because it's so dramatic. But it's only one way, and a good many hospitals don't use it very much.

In the first place, such close contact between the donor and the recipient, especially if they are relatives, is apt to get one or both of them emotionally upset, which is never a help in a crisis. And in the second place, giving a transfusion as directly as this is practically a surgical job, requiring a lot of complicated apparatus and skilled workers, working as fast as they can. Blood, you see, begins to clot as soon as it is out of a person's body, and if it has a chance to do that it can gum up the works.

More often transfusions are given indirectly—the blood being taken from the donor in one room and given to the patient in another. But when this is done it has to be mixed with something that will keep it from clotting in transit. The best stuff for this purpose, doctors have discovered, is a chemical called sodium citrate. They have to be careful that the citrate is pure and that there is just enough to keep the blood in good condition but not enough to give the patient any bad reaction. But except for that it is about as simple a medical procedure as you could ask for, with no necessity for hurry or great surgical skill.

To some people the whole idea of blood transfusions may be a little repellent, and to some, even if the idea isn't repellent, it may be a little shocking that doctors can be so detached and scientific about anything so vital and personal as the blood flowing through our veins. But as a matter of fact this detached scientific attitude is the very thing that is making blood transfusions so much more valuable every year. It started out by being regarded as romantic business, harking back probably to the blood-brother idea of the Middle Ages when two men would slash their arms and let the blood mingle. And it was romantic too, but the modern attitude is more constructive. Blood is just another very valuable medicine, another way of fighting death and disease. It's still romantic that people can and will give their life's blood to save the lives of other people. It's romantic, and when they do it for nothing, especially for people they don't even know, it's pretty splendid too. But it's just as splendid and even more important that doctors are finding new ways all the time to make the most of this human willingness to give.



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GEORGE LICHTY

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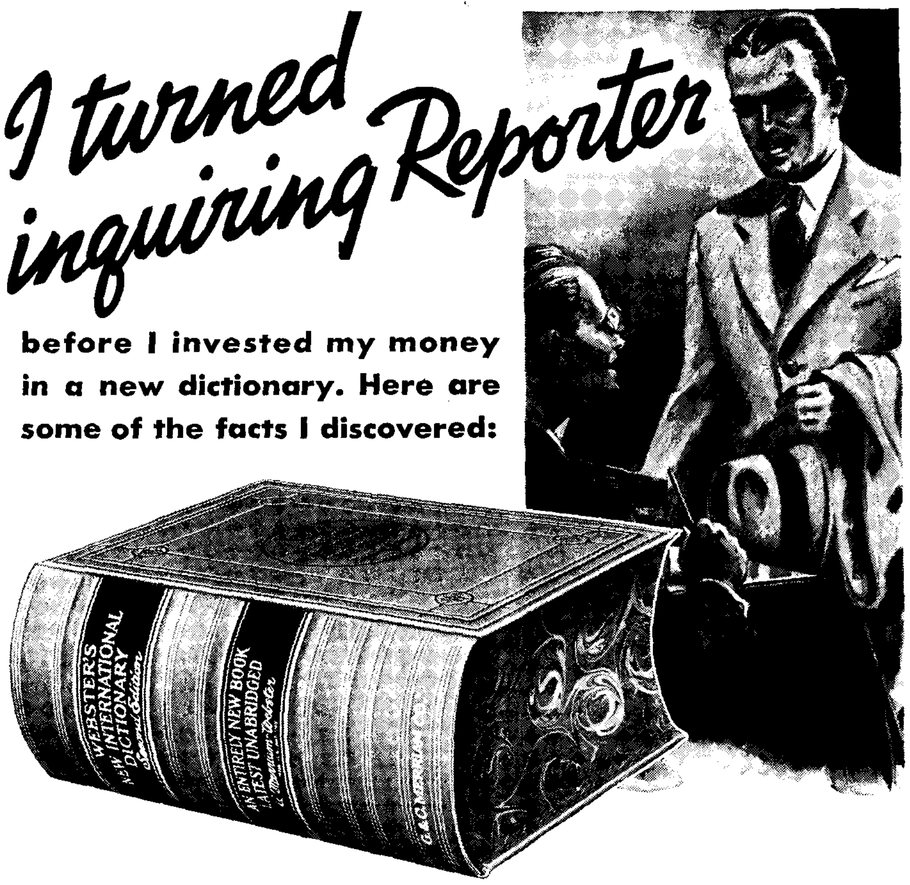
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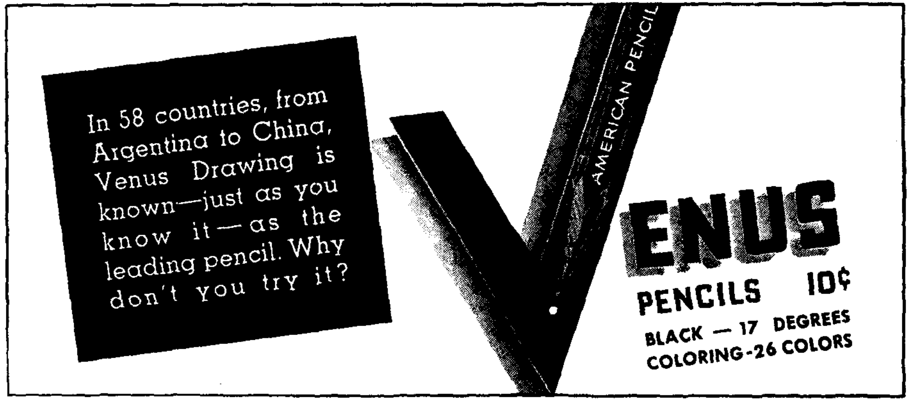

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La Belle Lamour

Continued from page 22

of this unhappy debut had it not been for Dorothy's extraordinary luck. She had a fair, natural voice which was quite untrained. She was a very pretty girl. The luck consisted of the fact that a young band leader was in the audience at the Morrison Hotel. His name, curiously, was not Dorothy. It was Herb Kay, and his band was at the Black Hawk Café, also in Chicago.

Mr. Kay was strangely moved as he listened to Dorothy's pathetic attempt to sing. The emotion which stirred him was really love—but he did not know that. Towed by this mysterious force, Mr. Kay invited Dorothy to join his band as a crooner. His musicians, when they first heard her, decided that he was screwy. The mystery was solved some years later when Dorothy and Herb were married.

"I could tell right at the start that she had a splendid voice," Mr. Kay still stoutly insists. "All I did was teach her some of the tricks."

Destined for a Public Career

Love does not run smoothly, even in jazz bands. Herb Kay was certain that the artist in him, not the man, had picked Dorothy. She went on tour with his band and was the first female crooner to be heard in Texas and the other states of the Southwest. All the while she suffered from unrequited love for her maestro. He remained, alas, just a friend and co-worker. He promised her that she had a great future in radio and on the stage. One day he took her to Maurice Seymour, a Chicago photographer, to have some publicity pictures made. Mr. Seymour emerged from under the black cloth of his camera, after focusing on Miss Lamour.

"You've got a perfect picture face," he said excitedly. "I've seen hundreds and I know. You ought to go to Hollywood right away."

So Herb Kay began to urge her to try pictures as a career. To Dorothy, yearning for a proposal of marriage, this seemed the final run-around. She had received an offer, meanwhile, from the National Broadcasting Company in New York. Disgusted, she abandoned Kay and his band and left for the metropolis. This was not guile, but the result was the same. Herb was soon in New York and was begging her to marry him. The deal was finally negotiated in May, 1935.

Not long after the marriage Mrs. Kay was in Los Angeles on a broadcasting assignment. She had her eye on the picture studios, quite naturally; for one thing, Herb kept encouraging her to crash into movies. Nothing much happened, though. Producers would look at her photographs, whistle with admiration and call her in. L. B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, among others, did this himself.

But Dorothy was a dismal flop at these personal interviews. She was shy. She had no sales talk at all. She lost a chance to sing the Helen Morgan role in Show Boat because the film executives concluded that she was a pretty girl who could sing a little but was, all in all, on the dumb side. They could not forget, no doubt, that she had been Miss New Orleans. Then Lloyd Sheldon, a Paramount producer, decided that he wanted a new, fresh face for the native girl in a little number called The Jungle Princess.

"She won't do," he told himself when Dorothy stood before him, as tongue-tied as usual.

He permitted her to read some lines from the part, though, and quickly changed his mind. An astonishing transformation comes over Miss Lamour when she actually gets down to work. The shyness fades. She puts a high emotional quality into what she says. She conveys the emotion of the scene in her face as well as in her voice. This puzzles all the experts, but it doesn't puzzle her husband.

"Dorothy had to put over so many punk songs when she sang with the band," he says, "that it's easy for her to act. Acting is a cinch after you've been a crooner."

Miss Lamour is a small girl, about five feet four inches tall and weighing perhaps 110 pounds. Her hair is a natural dark brown and is long, not bobbed. Her nicest feature is a pair of eyes which are gray with blue and green glints in them.

Dorothy was destined for a public career of some kind because her mother had thwarted ambitions to go on the stage herself. The child was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Slaton of New Orleans on December 10, 1914. Her father, a businessman, divided his time between New Orleans and Birmingham, Alabama. He was killed in an airplane crash when Dorothy was quite young and Mrs. Slaton was married again, to Clarence Lamour. The daughter took the name of her stepfather.

She was to grow up virtually without formal education, leaving high school at the end of her first year. Nor would she, as her mother hoped, receive instruction in dancing or the dramatic arts, and thereby fit herself for the stage. The Lamours had little money. Mrs. Lamour's second marriage did not work out well. Dorothy left school in order to help her mother.

Her public appearances, fortunately, ceased even sooner. They had been few. When she was three, Dorothy had been costumed as a Red Cross nurse—the war was on—and had piped "Buy a Bond for Your Boy and Mine" from a Birmingham street corner. She sold quite a few, being very, very cute.

A year or two later she went to an amateur night in some vaudeville house and won a basket of groceries. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lamour was getting intermittent jobs as cashier and bookkeeper. Dorothy enrolled at a business college and then got a job with a real-estate concern. In six months she was running the place and it looked as though a career on the stage would be denied her.

Child of Nature

Dorothy Dell got her out of this rut. The two girls were about the same age and lived near each other. In 1930, as they approached seventeen, Miss Dell decided to enter a local beauty contest and persuaded Dorothy Lamour to go with her to the judging. Miss Dell was the winner and went on to Galveston for the national contest. There, she was crowned Miss Universe, the modest title which the Galveston show awarded. She received offers from Earl Carroll and other musical-comedy producers, but she specified that a job must also be furnished for her friend—who had not even bothered to compete in the contest. Thus they signed up with the Fanchon & Marco unit.

It was dreary work for Dorothy, none of whose latent talents had yet been uncovered. In late 1930 she was overwhelmed with homesickness and went back to New Orleans. Mrs. Lamour was distinctly annoyed.

"There's another beauty contest here soon," she said, in substance. "If you enter it, maybe something will happen."

"I don't want to go in it," Dorothy replied.

She was a dutiful daughter, though, so she went in and was hailed Miss New Orleans. The only results were the job as a model in Chicago, the parcel-wrapping and the elevator-running during 1931. It was then that Dorothy Dell entered her life again.

Miss Lamour's debut in pictures, hardly a year ago, was inauspicious. The Jungle Princess was a story about a child of nature who made pals of tigers and other fauna shipped from the wild-animal ranches which surround Hollywood. She fell in love with Sahib White Man after saving his life in the jungle. Then she followed him back to the trading post, accompanied by her tame tiger. But at the post, as invariably happens in such pictures, waited Sahib's white sweetheart from civilization. She was very blond and cool and slick, and she high-hatted the jungle princess unmercifully.

Came the Fan Mail

The rest of the story is equally unimportant. The significant thing is that Dorothy contrived to establish herself as an outstanding screen personality despite the plot and despite such lines as "I good girl," "I love," "I go now, yes?" So impressed were the executives of Paramount Productions to whom she is under contract, in fact, that they assigned her to the role of Panamanian siren in Swing High, Swing Low, with Carole Lombard. In this she did some crooning, wore elegant dresses and tried to steal the hero. She was thoroughly horrid, but a good actress. She annoyed her mother excessively again.

"I hardly knew her," Mrs. Lamour complained after seeing the preview. "I wanted to slap her."

But the fan mail started to flood in after Swing High, Swing Low was released and the Paramount people concluded that they had something hot as well as versatile. So they put Dorothy into The Last Train from Madrid, a drama based on the current unpleasantness in Spain. She portrayed a grand Spanish lady from the interior. The spies of Samuel Goldwyn, it appears, saw the rushes and reported favorably on Dorothy. Sam was preparing to shoot Hurricane, a Nordhoff and Hall epic of the South Seas; he sent for a print of The Jungle Princess and watched her appearance and acting in that, too.

The outcome was one of those complicated Hollywood deals whereby Miss Lamour was loaned by Paramount to Goldwyn. Dorothy is playing in a sarong again. She can snap from a Schiaparelli gown into a sarong in less time than most girls can unzip their girdles. But the girl in Hurricane is the biggest part that has come to her thus far.

So now Miss Lamour is a picture star and is a nice piece of film property, as the phrase goes in Hollywood, because she can play in musicals, heavy dramas, comedies and South Sea Island epics. She lives, like most of the younger and more sensible picture people, in a small house not far from the studio.

Dorothy, by working under various directors, is getting a good deal of instruction in acting these days. She is under strict orders to take no outside lessons in the dramatic arts, however. This puzzles her.

"They seem to think it would do harm," she has told her friends. "They tell me I've a style of acting that is my own." At this point she pauses.

"Personally," she says, "I can't see it."